

The Atlantic

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NATIONAL • INTEREST?



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Charting a new American foreign policy
by Alan Tonelson

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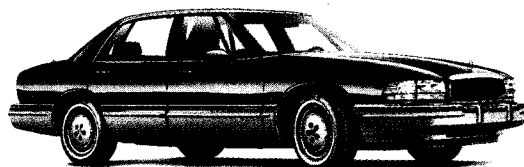
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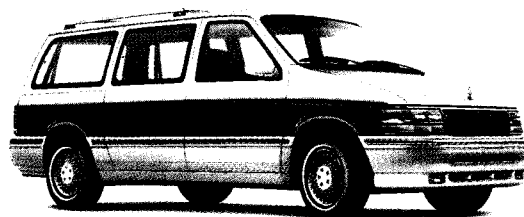
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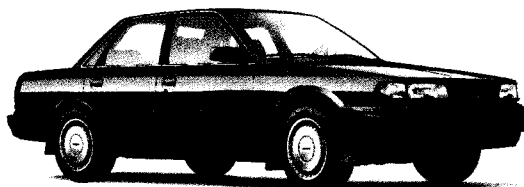
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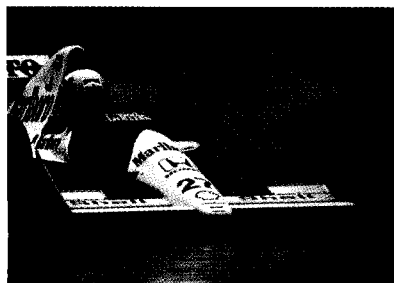


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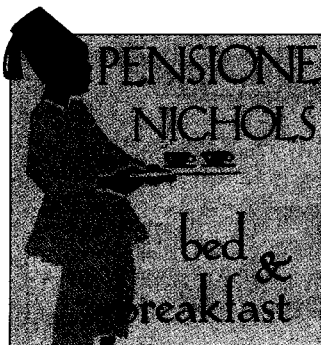


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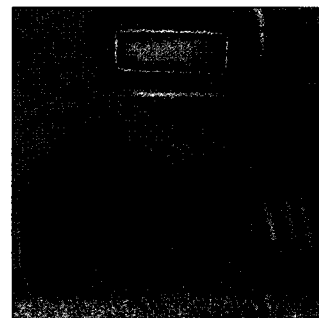
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Why the Gulf War Served the National Interest

American prosecution of the Gulf War was required for three reasons, the author writes: to protect the oil markets, to restore order, and to combat weapons proliferation—vital interests all. The war also offers a timely reminder of the importance of both “hard” and “soft” power.

by JOSEPH S. NYE, JR.

Why the Gulf War Was Not in the National Interest

The Gulf War was unnecessary and unwise. It has also set a dangerous precedent—and has perhaps even become a model for future U.S. global strategy. The United States must not adopt that model.

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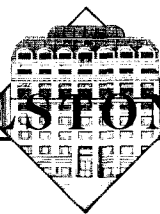
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PETER G. PETERSON, THE former Commerce Secretary and current investment banker, dropped a resonant phrase into the book-length version of an award-winning article he wrote for *The Atlantic Monthly* four years ago. A history of postwar America could be built around the phrase, and a brooding Spenglerian meditation it would be. When he was in the Nixon Administration, Peterson wrote, Henry Kissinger, then President Nixon's national security adviser, used to chide Peterson—whose portfolio as the President's assistant for international economic affairs had to do with measuring the depth of the likely future problems posed by foreign economic competition—for being overly concerned with “minor commercial affairs.” Peterson's was the realm of what Kissinger regarded as low policy. In contrast, what Kissinger did—invalidate Cambodia, tilt toward Pakistan, betray the Kurds, salve the Syrians, intervene howsoever in Chile, Angola, and the Horn of Africa, and, of course, contain the Soviets—was high policy.

Those were the days. Back then we were unabashedly what the economic thinker Jane Jacobs calls a “raiding nation.” She distinguishes such nations from “trading nations,” like the United States in the nineteenth century and Japan today. Raiding nations manage the globe; trading na-

tions manage the store. Raiding nations seek glory, trading nations prosperity. Raiding nations boast of their smart bombs, trading nations of their smart kids. The foreign policy of a raiding nation costs that nation lots of money and takes up much of its attention. The aims of the policy are to invade and tilt toward and betray and salve and intervene and contain and in other ways rectify other countries. The foreign policy of a trading nation is pretty much conducted by its Secretary of Commerce, and is not costly at all. It has just one aim—to increase the wealth of just one country.

High policy has been our national obsession since the Second World War. We spent some \$8 trillion (in today's dollars) fighting the Cold War—and we won. Our foreign policy proved impervious to defeat: Vietnam changed nothing. Will it prove equally impervious to victory?

We are pessimistic on that score. Just when history is hinting strongly that we should become a trading nation, with the low-policy aim of ensuring our fragile prosperity, we have, in the Gulf War, enlisted as the architect-policeman of a “new world order”—as high a policy as one can imagine.

The three articles in our cover package variously deplore, support, and suggest alternatives to the Gulf War and the foreign policy that led to the Gulf War. —THE EDITORS

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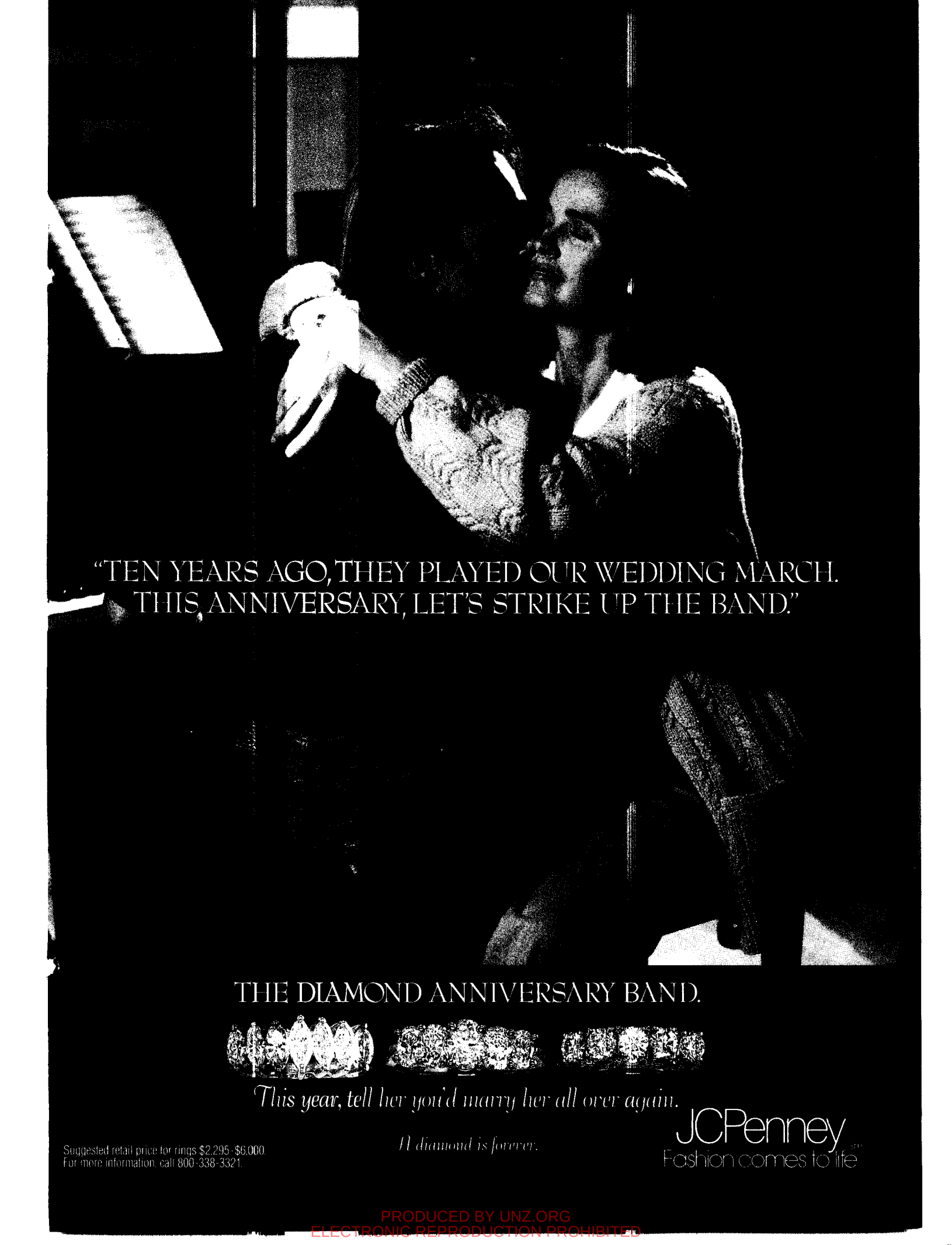
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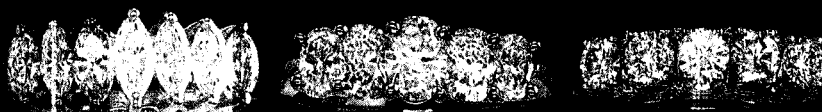
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The July Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere, on behalf of the U.S. Naval Observatory, and the American School Food Service Association.



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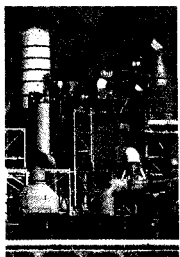
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



MOTHER OF ALL LANGUAGES

As Robert Wright ("Quest for the Mother Tongue," April *Atlantic*) has seen fit to repeat an unprovoked characterization of me as having a "twisted" brain, perhaps you will allow me to make a few substantive observations, from which your readers can judge this claim for themselves.

By discussing historical linguistics only as a foil for the nontraditional and radical-fringe linguistic classifications that are the focus of the article, Wright leaves the impression that the only thing historical linguists do is a pickier form of proto-language reconstruction and classification. In fact historical linguists study the history of languages, and for them linguistic reconstruction is part of a complex of hypotheses about the history of the changes undergone through time by the languages descended from a given proto-language. The reason historical linguists are inclined to give short shrift to ahistorical classifications like Joseph Greenberg's mega-lumping of the extremely diverse native languages of the Americas is that such classifications are not based on explicit hypotheses of linguistic history, even sketchy ones, and hence cannot be evaluated by historical-linguistic techniques. This circumstance leads to attempts to circumvent such classifications by referring to non-linguistic data, such as the genetic data that Wright mentions but whose contradictory and highly controversial nature he glosses over completely.

Greenberg claims that he has developed a general method for classifying languages by comparing lists of words and grammatical elements. Using this method, a nonspecialist can supposedly take unanalyzed and even inferior data and arrive at the correct classification of languages without the fuss and bother of actually employing the established techniques of historical linguistics. One might ask how a comparable claim in any other scientific field could

be expected to be received. Nevertheless, historical linguists who actually are specialists in the history and classification of New World languages have devoted considerable effort to explaining the methodological flaws in Greenberg's work, contrary to the impression Wright leaves—that we have simply dismissed this work out of hand. At least Wright mentions Greenberg's notorious sloppiness, but it defies simple logic for him to argue that by "randomly fuzz[ing] up the data" Greenberg has somehow increased the probable validity of the classification derived from those data. Any sorting of entities on the basis of perceived similarities will result in a classification, but a classification cannot be assigned historical significance except to the extent that it is based on explicit historical hypotheses.

Greenberg has made a great point of the bait-and-switch argument that since his methodology classifies the languages of Europe correctly, it can be assumed to classify the languages of the Americas correctly. The deepest family in Europe is Indo-European, going back something like 6,000 years. In contrast, Johanna Nichols, of the University of California at Berkeley, has recently concluded in a systematic study of the linguistic diversity in the New World that, whether multiple migrations or diversification from a single proto-language is assumed, "tens of millennia" would have been needed for this diversity to have arisen, an estimate consistent with some interpretations of the biological data. There is every reason to believe that the cumulative changes affecting languages over the much longer periods of time involved in the New World would render useless Greenberg's simplistic methodology of tabulating inspectional resemblances. And, in fact, Greenberg has not even attempted to show how his "Amerind" classification was derived from his data by his methodology. This suggests a simple challenge: tabulate the top fifteen or so words on Aharon



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Dolgopolsky's list of most-stable lexical items for a broad selection of New World languages, plus a few others as a control (using accurate sources, please). If this were done we could at least see whether Greenberg's method really does produce his classification. Without such a presentation there will hardly be anything more that can be said about his claims. But even with such a presentation it would, of course, still remain to work out, or at least sketch in as far as possible, the actual linguistic histories that would account for the tremendous diversity of Native American languages that such a table would show.

IVES GODDARD
Curator, Department of Anthropology
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Robert Wright's "Quest for the Mother Tongue," while quite a decent summary of recent disturbances in historical linguistics, nonetheless includes some sins of omission and commission. The major sin was the statement that "Shevoroshkin is largely responsible for an insurrection in the world of comparative linguistics." Said professor believes in his own primacy and seems to have convinced Wright of it. But the rest of us in the rebellion would not agree. In the three key facets of this subject—production of specific hypotheses with supporting data, attempts to persuade skeptical colleagues or recruit the predisposed, and broadcasting to the general public—he has been outstanding in the third only. It is almost unprecedented for linguists to carry an internal dispute to the public, at least in America, but it is not in the Soviet Union. Some of my American colleagues are now worried, as Starostin seems to be in the article, that the conservative ruling circles in historical linguistics will punish us all severely for the heresy of going to *U.S. News & World Report*, *Discovery*, *The Atlantic*, and other magazines to refute them. They should not worry; the world has not paid this much attention to their work in ages! Besides, they forced Shevoroshkin to turn to the media.

The real heart of the rebellion (USSR version) has been in the taxonomic hypotheses of Illich-Svitych, Dolgopolsky, Starostin, and other

Muscovites who are not mentioned by Wright. They created the modern version of Nostratics, improving on Pederson's original conception and fleshing it out with stronger data. The younger Muscovites, aided by Igor Diaknoff, the famous Orientalist, are responsible for the Dene-Caucasic (earlier Sino-Caucasian) hypothesis. This group contacted me in Moscow in 1986, asking me to "represent them to the West." And so I did, starting a newsletter called *Mother Tongue* and later *ASLIP* (for Association for the Study of Language in Prehistory), which is now incorporated in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Our 150–250 members (in various years) would be surprised to learn that Shevoroshkin is largely responsible for our insurrection!

HAROLD C. FLEMING
President, Association for the Study of
Language in Prehistory
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Robert Wright's article was extremely well researched and well presented, and I am glad that distant linguistic comparison is getting exposure in the popular media. I would like to clarify several minor points, however, especially regarding Wright's discussion of my work.

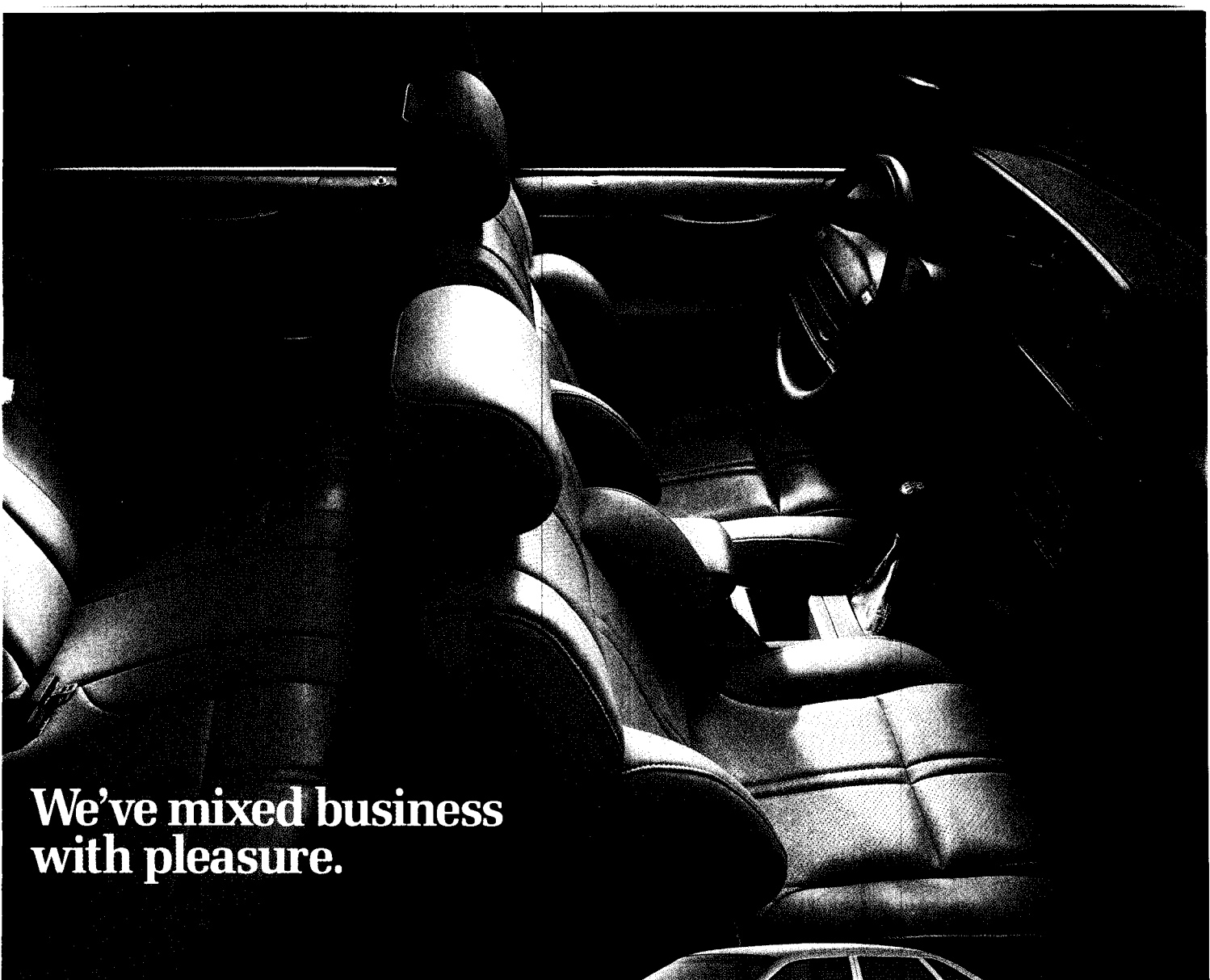
First, Eric P. Hamp's critical opinions about the work of Illich-Svitych were based on his review of Illich-Svitych's work itself and not my interpretations of it. I spoke with Hamp at length about this matter, and he assured me that this was indeed the case. Next, I share Hamp's views on the sloppiness of Illich-Svitych's views on Nostratics, and I have stated so in print, backing up my criticisms with concrete examples. While expressing overall admiration and support for the endeavor, I have also pointed out the laxness in sound correspondences and the questionable semantics that characterize this work. Moreover, there are other problems, such as the failure to take into consideration questions of subgrouping, failure to recognize the differences in time-depth in the various Nostratic daughter languages, failure to deal with problems of root-structure patterning, and failure to set up rules of combinability. In this I am in full agreement with the Indo-Europeanists mentioned in Wright's article. Since I have been so critical, it is no wonder that Shevoroshkin character-

izes my criticisms as "butchering" Illich-Svitych's work. I have not hesitated to point out in print the obvious and glaring flaws. The thing that seems to get Shevoroshkin's blood boiling, however, is that I have not stopped there. Rather, I have proposed an alternative theory to that put forward by Illich-Svitych, and my views have been gaining support. Moreover, I arrived at my opinions on Nostratics (my first article appeared in 1975 in the journal *Orbis*) long before I had seen or heard of Illich-Svitych's work.

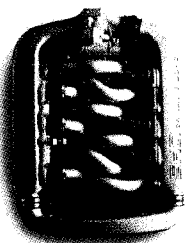
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Robert Wright replies:

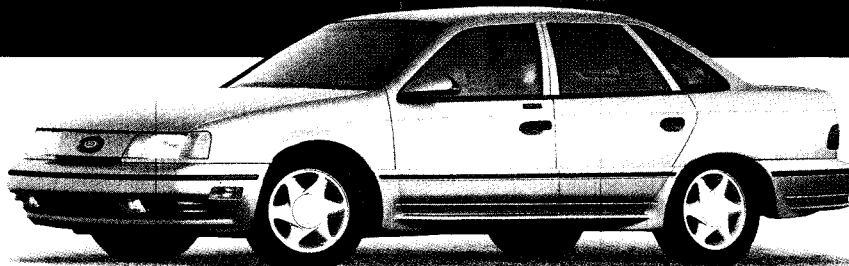
Ives Goddard, in attributing to me the belief that "by 'randomly fuzz[ing] up the data' Greenberg has somehow increased the probable validity" of his classification, exhibits a puzzling imprecision of thought. Consider two statements: (a) "If you've muddied up the water but can still see the sea shells, they must be bright shells"; (b) "If you muddy up the water, you'll see the shells more clearly." I plainly said (paraphrasing Greenberg, actually) the equivalent of (a). Mr. Goddard seems to think I said the equivalent of (b). Mr. Goddard's claim that my article "glosses over completely" the controversy about the genetic data is also misleading, inasmuch as I noted the dispute and spent several paragraphs weighing the uses and misuses of such data. Contrary to a third Goddard complaint, I clearly conveyed both the painstaking retracing of linguistic history that is central to conventional methodology and the "ahistorical" nature of Greenberg's method of classification. To be sure, I did depict any Greenbergian classification as ultimately implying a historical scenario (that is, a unique branching diagram of linguistic descent)—and this bothers Mr. Goddard, who insists that "a classification cannot be ascribed historical significance except to the extent that it is based on explicit historical hypotheses." This pronouncement would have surprised Charles Darwin. He took pre-Darwinian classifications of plants and animals—based on perceived similarity and generally *not* on historical hypotheses—and ascribed to them great historical significance: he showed them to be tantamount to branching diagrams of organic history.



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It is in much this sense that Greenberg believes his “ahistorical” linguistic classifications can be interpreted historically. And, incidentally, his philosophy is shared by many modern biological taxonomists, who insist on classifying organisms without thinking about evolutionary scenarios, and then later draw evolutionary inferences from the results. Mr. Goddard, for all his harumphing, has yet to show what’s logically wrong with such an approach.

For the record: the sentence that Harold Fleming quotes as my “major sin” comes from the table of contents, not from my article, and wasn’t written by me. Still, it does represent my view, as long as its emphasis is taken to be on Shevoroshkin’s role as a popularizer and publicist. I tried to make this emphasis clear (indeed, a central theme of my article was how professors influence academic discourse by way of the mass media) and to pay ample tribute to the several seminal thinkers who created modern Nostratics. I apologize if I failed to credit adequately any other Nostratic thinkers—or any other Nostratic publicists. Still, I insist on reserving the title of leading publicist for Shevoroshkin. His tireless seventeen-year flacking has produced some East-West cross-fertilization directly (as in the unprecedented international assemblage at his 1988 Ann Arbor conference) and more cross-fertilization indirectly, through the media.

In fact, Shevoroshkin’s media-mediated influence may account for the difference between what Eric Hamp told me months ago and what he recently told Allan Bomhard. After my article went to press, I learned that Hamp had just obtained Illich-Svitych’s Nostratic dictionary to examine it more closely, and had done so in response to inquiries from me and other Shevoroshkin-inspired journalists. Perhaps it was after the ensuing examination that Mr. Bomhard spoke to him.

ILLIBERAL EDUCATION

A politicized university is a nightmare. An atmosphere of thought control is out of place there, as it is in democracy as a whole. Yet Dinesh D’Souza’s “Illiberal Education” (March *Atlantic*) is not a constructive intervention.

His article treats American universi-

ties as a monolith aiming to subvert Western culture. D’Souza suggests that there is a conspiracy to overthrow principles of free speech in the service of a political transformation. Is this a realistic picture of American campuses? Or is it the product of a political think tank, with assistants checking the files?

D’Souza’s university is not the university I have come to know. I see a heterogeneous institution, a marketplace of courses and ideas, part forum and part conservatory, with professors struggling to transmit rapidly expanding fields of knowledge as well as training the critical intelligence. But it is also a vulnerable institution: a sense of responsibility for what lies beyond its walls has become very acute, and it teaches young people, who (as every parent knows) tend to experience the adult world as unjust and hypocritical. It is not a subversive conspiracy but this pressure of responsibility that affects faculty and students.

Demands for “political correctness” are a mistaken response to this pressure. Equally mistaken, in my view, is D’Souza’s Cold War mentality, which substitutes “nihilism” for “communism” as the label of choice to discredit critical theories that are often in healthy conflict with one another and foster (at their best) less a suspicion of traditional values than a suspicion of such slogans.

A constructive rather than scapegoating response would address the political-literacy vacuum in education. Courses in Western civilization have suffered collateral damage through efforts to expand the nation’s cultural horizon, while political philosophy remains, alas, neglected. Those who blame the universities for a disturbing state of affairs are simply passing the buck. They have not contributed new ideas to solving social problems or, more specifically, to the pedagogical issue under discussion: how to foster political literacy without reducing culture to culture politics.

GEOFFREY HARTMAN

*Department of Comparative Literature
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.*

Dinesh D’Souza has written a compelling account of American universities, using my own university and

department as examples. It is more reasonable and nuanced than many recent reports. It recognizes, for example, that Duke’s English department is highly diverse and offers a full range of traditional as well as innovative courses. When D’Souza summarizes the history of literary criticism, he does (as he anticipates) get basic facts and lines of influence very wrong—but I do not really fault him for that, because he is not a literary critic. D’Souza gets just enough right in his article to be persuasive. But he also gets enough wrong to mislead a reader seriously.

D’Souza’s essay alternates between the careful compilation of details, with statements from interviews, and stunning leaps into generalization. Often the leaps are tricky. For example, D’Souza implies that current critical theories threaten the downfall of democracy as we know it. Yet “anti-foundationalism” does not support totalitarianism or rule by force or might makes right. It does not say that the choice for democracy or academic freedom is wrong or foolish or arbitrary. It says that such choices must constantly be made and affirmed.

In other words, what D’Souza calls truth, some call values. In fact, one conclusion that can logically be drawn from the new philosophies is that the health of the political body requires constant debate—the very opposite of totalitarianism.

MARIANNA TORGONICK
*Professor of English
Duke University
Durham, N.C.*

ADVICE & CONSENT

I am so tired of reading letters from people who cancel their subscriptions because they’re upset by something they’ve read that I could scream. It seems that every other issue you print one of their letters. Why do you pander to this sort of childish behavior? Why do you encourage it? Why do you waste valuable space and thereby decrease my enjoyment of your magazine? I’m really upset by this. I mean, REALLY UPSET. Somehow I had expected more from you.

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BRETT LANDGRAF
Seattle, Wash.

FOCUSING ON EDUCATION

THIS IS THE SECOND IN A SERIES OF PUBLIC-SERVICE ADVERTISEMENTS SPONSORED BY ROCKWELL INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION ABOUT THE NATION'S EDUCATION CRISIS. THEY ARE PUBLISHED TO ENCOURAGE INFORMED DISCUSSION AND DEBATE.

FEW ASPECTS OF EDUCATION reform are more important or less well understood than performance measurement—tests. For most of us, tests are unpleasant. Behind every test lurks the nagging suspicion that its results will embarrass or humiliate us. Indeed, tests make teachers as uncomfortable as students, for they are no more fun to administer than to take.

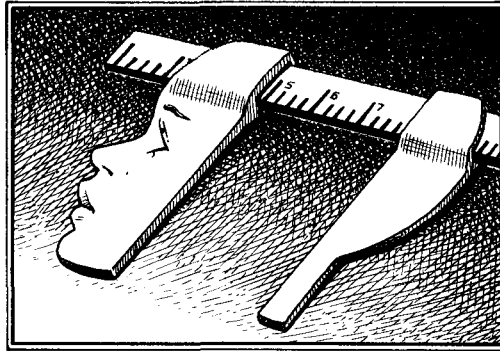
But tests are no less important for that. Their ultimate purpose is to measure performance—what you know and are able to do. If we fail to measure performance, we will fail to improve our schools. But while tests are important, results must be interpreted with care.

The most famous—or infamous—test in widespread use, the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT), reveals what a student knows, not what school has imparted. That's why "advantaged" kids do better than "disadvantaged" kids. Designed to provide a neutral and objective measure of student "aptitude," the SAT predicts student performance in college with a high degree of reliability. Unfortunately, it provides little useful information about how well elementary or high schools perform.

Yet that is precisely what the nation needs: a test or tests that will tell us what students have learned in school, what the "value added" of formal education is.

To understand what difference a school makes, we must first decide what it is our students should know and be able to do. Curriculum and standards are the key. What should today's students be able to read and understand before they are given a diploma? A newspaper editorial? Shakespeare? How much math should they be able to perform? Multiplication of fractions? Geometry? Should they know the important dates of history, the places of geography? If so, which ones?

These are hardly idle questions, because in the knowledge-based economy, what you know determines your future. The College Board, for example, recently released a startling study. Approximately 80 percent of youngsters who take algebra and geometry go on to college. Unfortunately, fewer than 20 per-



Measuring Performance

BY DENIS P. DOYLE

cent of black youngsters take geometry; 40 percent of white youngsters do. Just as algebra and geometry set the stage for college, a failure to take these gatekeeper courses slams the door on opportunity.

Testing should force the creation of a national core curriculum and standards. And these should not be static, nor tested in only one format; they should change as our needs change, and the tests used to measure them should be state-of-the-art. For example, at the local level, portfolios and demonstrations can complement multiple-choice and true/false tests.

Will developing and using new tests be expensive? Perhaps, but as former Harvard president Derek Bok wryly observes, "If you think education is expensive, try ignorance." As in medicine, tests should diagnose to permit prescription. They should help teachers and students reach goals, not just reveal inadequacies.

And take no comfort from the idea that our test scores are low because we test everyone, the competition a select few. Not so. As Chester E. Finn, Jr., former chairman of the National Assessment Governing Board, reports, our test scores are lower because our students know less.

No school is so good that it will not benefit from tests. My associate David Kearns, the deputy secretary of education, said it well: "Every school in America must borrow a time-tested practice from the business world....Bench marking....If you think you have a good school, compare yourself to other good schools, then to better schools, then to the best....The competition is found in Bonn, Taipei, Osaka, Seoul, and Paris."

In the modern corporation, standards are set and measured (and regularly reset and remeasured) to "design quality in" up front, not "test it in" as an afterthought. We should expect no less of our schools.

Denis P. Doyle, a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute, is a widely read education analyst. With David T. Kearns, the deputy secretary of education, he is a co-author of Winning the Brain Race: A Bold Plan to Make Our Schools Competitive (ICS Press).

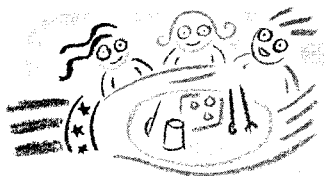
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THE JULY ALMANAC

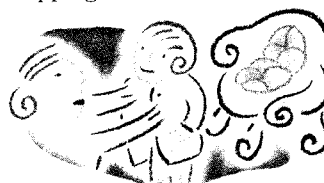


FOOD

July 21–24, the American School Food Service Association (ASFSA) holds its annual convention, which will be conspicuously light on penny-pinching advice. Although state education budgets are tight, the school cafeteria remains sacrosanct: Washington has not cut funding for school-lunch programs in 10 years. “Feeding kids is good policy,” says the ASFSA’s Kevin Dando. Indeed, this year government backing for school food programs will increase, in the form of cheese, milk, and butter that the U.S. Department of Agriculture bought from farmers in an effort to soak up the current large dairy surpluses. (Last year there were no surpluses to distribute.)

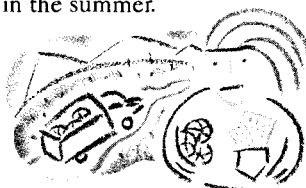
Q & A

Why do men’s shirts button from the right, women’s from the left? According to one school of thought, the difference stems from the fact that while men in centuries past typically dressed themselves, women—at any rate, those who could afford buttons, a status symbol—were dressed by maids. Most men, being right-handed, preferred buttons on the right; maids, who faced the garments to be fastened, had the opposite preference. A second theory holds that everyone buttoned from the left until the 17th century, when the fastening of men’s jackets was reversed, perhaps so that right-handers could draw their swords without snagging overlapping fabric.



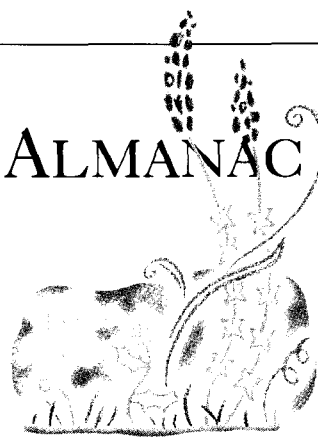
HEALTH & SAFETY

Summer heat begins in earnest this month; if 1991 is a typical year, some 1,000 people will die in the nation’s 15 largest cities during the course of the season from complications caused by excessive heat. A recent study by Laurence S. Kalkstein, of the University of Delaware’s Center for Climatic Research, reveals that heat begins killing people in northern cities at lower temperatures than it does in southern or southwestern ones, probably because people in the North are less acclimated to high temperatures. Kalkstein has identified temperature thresholds, at which heat-related fatalities jump dramatically, for major American cities. In New York the threshold is 92°; in Dallas it is 103°. Also because of acclimation, high temperatures late in the summer are less lethal than they are early in the summer.



GOVERNMENT

July 1, in Idaho today it becomes legal to transport peyote, a hallucinogenic cactus, to Indian reservations to be used for sacramental purposes by permit-holding members of the Native American Church, a national organization. Some 20 other states (most of them in the West, where the Native American Church is concentrated) have already permitted peyote use for religious purposes. Also starting today, in California, a mandatory surcharge ranging from \$12 to \$60 will be levied on all premiums paid on homeowner’s insurance for single-family dwellings. The monies will go into a new California Earthquake Recovery Fund, which will pay policyholders up to \$15,000 in the event of structural damage to their homes.



ENVIRONMENT

Botanists from the Nature Conservancy will soon reveal their picks for the plant kingdom’s winners and losers in the event that significant global warming comes to pass; their two-year study is to be completed this month. The researchers’ model predicts the effects of both a 3° and a 5° increase in the earth’s mean annual temperature on 14,000 native vascular plant species in America north of Mexico. Plants with slow growth rates, isolated habitats, and poor ability to disperse—many of which are already rare—will probably become rarer or disappear altogether. Many of the widespread, hardy, and intrusive plants expected to do well are, like the dandelion and the purple loosestrife, among the several thousand exotic species in North America—that is, species not native to the continent. Rather than a desert, global warming may give us a rank growth of weeds.

DEMOGRAPHICS

A phenomenon known in academe as the domino effect makes its appearance this month. College acceptances typically are sent out in April, and before long institutions know from the response whether they must begin accepting students from the waiting list. There is, of course, a pecking order. Ivy League and other extremely competitive schools try to advise waiting-list students by the end of June; those students who get word of acceptance will leave empty



the spots they were holding with deposits at their second-choice schools. This second tier of schools will need to fill those spots with students from *their* waiting lists, thus affecting schools on the next tier, and so on. July, therefore, sees a lot of students happy and a lot of schools scrambling. This year’s competition is particularly intense. Although the proportion of high school students going on to college is now 60 percent—up from 49 percent in 1980—the number of high school graduates has been decreasing.



THE SKIES

July 11, New Moon. The Moon completely eclipses the Sun today. The eclipse will be visible in its totality from portions of the Pacific Ocean (including Hawaii) and parts of Mexico and Central and South America. The eclipse will last about seven minutes—a duration that will not be exceeded in any other solar eclipse for more than 150 years. 26, Full Moon, also known this month as the Thunder, Hay, or Mead Moon.

75 YEARS AGO

Seymour Deming, writing in the July, 1916, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: “If the world chooses to abandon walking, that is its privilege. If it chooses to unlearn those things which are only learned on foot, that is its penalty. What with rubber tire, gasoline engine, flexible wing-tip, and trolley wire, your modern imagines that the countryside yields its secrets for the price of a carfare. The countryside allows him to think so—and keeps its secrets. But he who walks, instead of seeing more than he can take in, takes in more than he can see.”

I pride myself on my level-headed approach to life. I never stay in the sun too long. But all it takes is one smooth taste of Häagen-Dazs® Strawberry ice cream and I find myself letting go. I savor every plump strawberry. I indulge myself in its creamy richness. I must do something about this Häagen-Dazs passion. Maybe I could organize it, structure it or control it...tomorrow.



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America needs a new fast and effective cleanup

AN ALARMING LACK OF PROGRESS IN CLEANUP.

When Congress enacted the Federal Superfund program in 1980, the goal was to quickly clean up America's most dangerous hazardous waste sites. Congress and many others assumed there would be only a relatively few such sites and that cleanup costs would be limited.

Now, after a decade of trying to make Superfund work, it's clear these assumptions were wrong and that a quick fix was never possible. What's wrong with Superfund and why has so little been accomplished?

The problem is twofold. First, the real scope of our nation's hazardous waste situation is far greater than Congress anticipated. With 1,200 priority sites already identified, growing numbers of sites are being found in every state. The Environmental Protection Agency expects that by the year 2000, there may be as many as 2,000 priority sites.

With rapidly rising cleanup costs, which now average about \$25 million per site, the eventual price tag is staggering. According to a top government agency, cleaning up all of America's hazardous waste sites could take from 30 to 60 years and cost up to \$500 billion!

A second problem is Superfund's alarming lack of progress in cleanup. A decade and billions of dollars later, fewer than 60 out of the 1,200 sites have actually been cleaned up.

Why? One major reason is Superfund's liability system. It requires that cleanup be paid for by establishing liability—who sent what waste, how much and where—and then negotiating or litigating with those believed to be responsible. While this sounds good in theory, it hasn't worked in practice. Instead, the result has been



delayed cleanup and enormous legal, consulting and other costs unrelated to cleanup.

COMPOUNDING THE PROBLEMS INSTEAD OF SOLVING THEM.

This is because working out who pays and how much for cleanup is very difficult. Under Superfund, anyone who simply used or owned the site at any time could be liable for the entire cleanup bill. Users can include major corporations, small businesses, local governments, hospitals, nursing homes, schools, even individuals. And it does not matter who caused the harm or whether they did anything wrong. Superfund's retroactive

A new system to achieve cleanup of our environment.

liability provision makes parties pay for past actions based on today's standards.

For example, at 422 sites almost 14,000 parties have been notified that they could be liable. In turn, many of them are identifying still others who contributed in some way to the presence of waste at each site. And since Superfund liability deals with past waste disposal, the record of users can go back 25, 30 or even 40 years and can number in the hundreds.

The result? The focus on cleanup has been lost as private and public parties spend years in difficult but unavoidable negotiations and litigation, trying to work out agreements that would provide funds for cleanup. At some sites, more money has been spent resolving complex factual issues than on cleanup itself. This does a lot for lawyers and consultants, but very little for the environment. And of course, these costs are eventually passed on to all of us as consumers in higher prices for goods and services. Isn't it time to stop this wasteful process and get on with cleaning up our environment?

At AIG, we think so. There is little to be gained by arguing over waste disposal that happened long ago. America needs a system that will promote fast and effective cleanup, reduce unnecessary legal fees, spread the cost of cleanup broadly, and encourage responsible waste management practices today.

A PROPOSED SOLUTION: THE NATIONAL ENVIRONMENTAL TRUST FUND.

To accomplish this, we have proposed creating a National Environmental Trust Fund, similar to the National Highway Trust Fund. Its resources would be used exclusively for cleaning up old hazardous waste sites. Superfund's tough

liability provisions would still apply for future pollution, as would all other state and federal environmental laws designed to promote responsible waste management.

One way this fund could be financed would be by adding a separate fee to commercial and industrial insurance premiums in the United States. Even a modest assessment, say 2% of premiums and an equivalent amount for self-insureds, would provide about \$40 billion over the next decade - more than enough to clean up the 1,200 highest-priority sites. Without endless time and money spent on legal debates about liability.

A national advisory board consisting of private individuals, industry and public officials could be charged with overseeing the program. We also suggest giving consideration to establishing local technical monitoring committees in each community. These groups of local citizens, representatives of industry and others would work with the Environmental Protection Agency and their own state on the particular cleanup site - from the very beginning of the cleanup effort.

YOU CAN HELP.

We've waited long enough and spent enough money in the courtrooms. Now it's time for action. A cleaner America should be all Americans' shared goal and shared responsibility.

To express your views, or if you would like further information about AIG's proposed National Environmental Trust Fund, write to Mr. M.R. Greenberg, Chairman, American International Group, Inc., 70 Pine Street, New York, NY 10270.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

Dear Me

The end of a beginning?

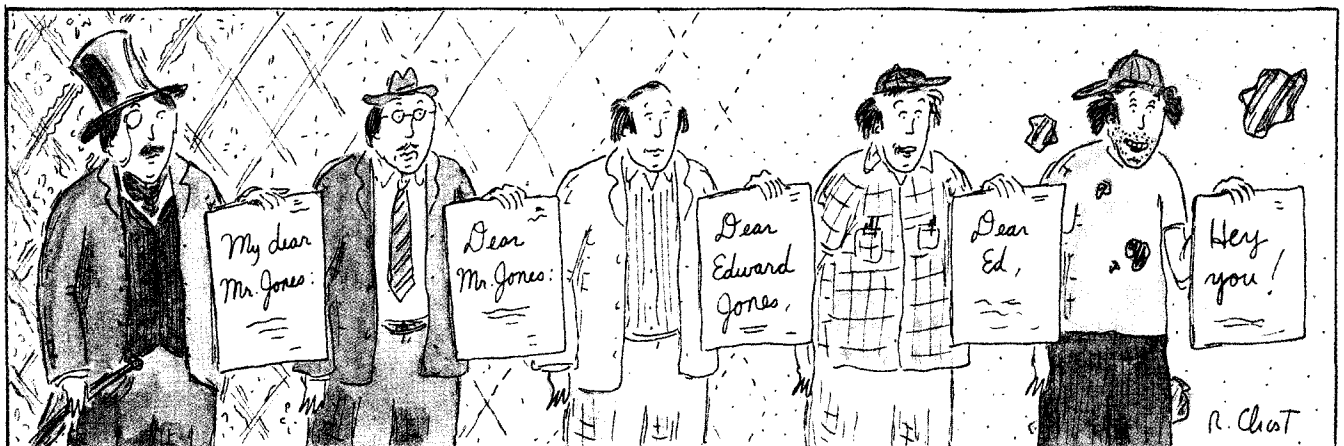
DO YOU HAVE an office job? If you do, does a lot of mail land on your desk every day? If it does, is a large portion of that mail from people you don't know? If it is, do a lot of those people, instead of addressing you in the salutation as "Dear Mr. Surname" or "Dear Ms. Surname," address you as "Dear Forename Surname"—"Dear John Smith"?

Quite a few of them do, I'll bet. Where I work, which happens to be at this magazine, one letter out of every four that arrive addressed to a specific person and that come from someone unknown to that person begins with a Forename-Surname salutation. Let's be clear on this point: The "Dear John Smith" at issue is not the tactical "Dear John Smith"—the one that serves, after a cordial and sufficiently

extensive correspondence, as a hint that the gulf between courtesy title and first name is ready to be spanned, the one whose function is similar to that of an arm moving with studied carelessness to the back of the car seat occupied by a date. The "Dear John Smith" here is the one penned by a complete stranger, the one leveraged on the assumption that intimacy is but a small, inevitable step away. I have been asking friends in lines of work other than my own if they encounter this formulation with any frequency, and they have each replied, in essence, Yes, now that you mention it.

I bring the matter up not simply because it represents yet another small incursion of the outside world into the battered preserve of the self—yet another indication of how many of the gentle and perhaps even wise social conventions developed during the past million years or so have in the course of a generation been breached or dismantled—but also because it begs for understanding. Why has it become so common to begin letters in this way? One possibility is that epistolary etiquette has been infected by the technology that enables billions of comput-

erized letters to be sent out with the space after "Dear" simply filled in with the addressee's name as it appears on whatever mailing list is being used. Another possibility is that many Americans reach adulthood without ever having learned the basic rules of conducting a correspondence. The program director of secretarial science at a college in Boston was strongly of this opinion. She fairly threw up her hands when I described the phenomenon I was looking into. "So many people just don't know how to write a proper business letter," she said. A third possibility is that having to use "Mr." or "Ms." seems impossibly quaint to people who have come of age since roughly 1965 (although one would think that the atavistic "Dear" might also seem a little ridiculous). Most of today's social tendencies, according to this view, are urging us toward greater familiarity and informality, even at the risk of seeming insincere, self-conscious, or odd. The consequences are on display everywhere; one medical technician was quoted recently in *The New York Times* as saying to a patient on a gurney, "Hello, my name is Tim, and I'll be taking your CAT-scan."



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by Lance Richbourg

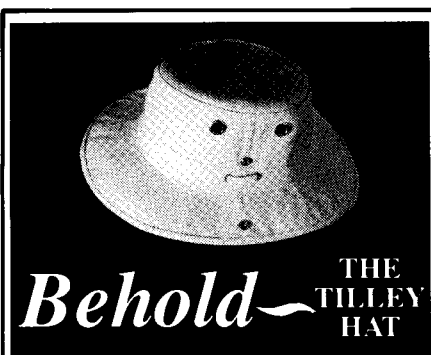
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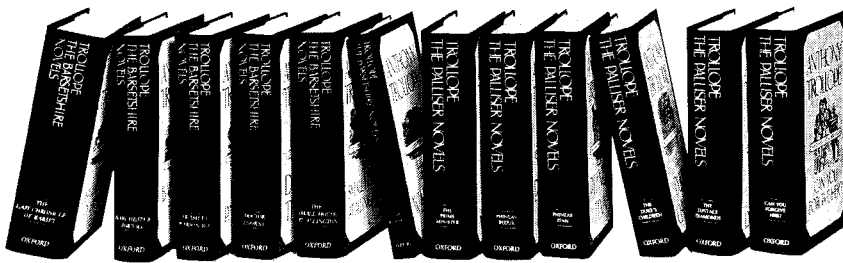
I HAVE NO DOUBT that these larger forces contribute to a climate in which a salutation like "Dear John Smith" can flourish, but I also suspect that something else is at work—indeed, has been the primary catalyst. There is only one situation in which any published manual of style that I've consulted either proposes or is willing to countenance the use of a Forename-Surname salutation: as the authors of the *Katharine Gibbs Handbook of Business English* (1982) explain, "If it is not possible to determine the gender of the addressee, omit a courtesy title in the inside address and in the salutation." The Katharine Gibbs manual goes on to give the example "Dear Meredith Riker." *The New American Handbook of Letter Writing* (1988) likewise endorses this practice, giving the examples "Dear M. J. Shell" and "Dear Leslie Gowan." Certainly most of us have at some time been confronted in writing by an ambiguous Courtney, Lindsay, Robin, or Shawn and had to guess at the person's sex—and guessed wrong. "Dear Lindsay Wagner" or "Dear Robin Leach" offers a safe and sensible way out.

Are unisex names now so common that the stylistic device invented to cope with them is making inroads beyond its sanctioned domain? Several recent conversations with experts in the field of onomastics—the study of names—give reason to believe so. Leonard Ashley, a professor of English at Brooklyn College and the author of the book *What's in a Name?*, says that people born during the past few decades are far more likely to have unisex names than people of earlier generations, and that the trend is accelerating. This development can be traced, he says, not to any major change in the names that boys are given but to a quiet revolution in the naming of girls. Two things have been going on. First, female babies have been given once unambiguously male names in such large numbers that droves of these names—for example, Tracy, Stacey, Jody—are now considered unisex. (For that reason they are somewhat less likely in the future to be given to male babies.) Second, female babies are increasingly being given as forenames the kind of surnames, often family names, that males have been getting all along—Montague, Fairleigh, Brennan—and that have no inherent gender content (and may have

no relation to the baby's own family). Professor Ashley says he hears repeatedly from parents that they have given daughters genderless names so that as the girls grow up, they can "better compete with men," at least insofar as the competition is waged with résumés, applications, and other written documents and communications. Many parents also believe that women who do not have exclusively feminine names will be deemed by others to be more competent than women who do. (These same rationales have been encountered among parents of daughters by another specialist in onomastics, Ralph Slovenko, a professor of law and psychiatry at Wayne State University.) The ascendance of unisex names is being reinforced by their predominance among the names for female characters in soap operas and elsewhere on television. According to Professor Ashley, now, more than ever, the names of characters in movies and television programs influence name selection of every kind.

AS IT BECOMES more and more difficult to tell the sexes apart on paper, I fear that trying to hold the line on "Dear Mr." and "Dear Ms." will become untenable. One can imagine, of course, a variety of initiatives that could help preserve gender distinctions and thus the use of courtesy titles in salutations. In some cultures male and female names, no matter how similar in essence or provenance, are differently inflected: Aleksandr and Aleksandra in Russian, for instance. Perhaps we could adopt something along those lines. Or perhaps some sort of typographical convention might be devised to distinguish female and male versions of the same name: !Marion and ?Marion, say. The problem with both proposals is that the erasure of distinctions, and not their preservation, is precisely what many people want. There is ample precedent for government intervention in the matter of names—a footnote in a scholarly paper by Ralph Slovenko some years ago cites several of them, including the measures adopted in Argentina in the 1880s to help ensure the assimilation of large numbers of Europeans—but nothing of the sort is conceivable in the United States. Neither, I expect, is the hale British manner of salutation ("My dear Holmes"), which

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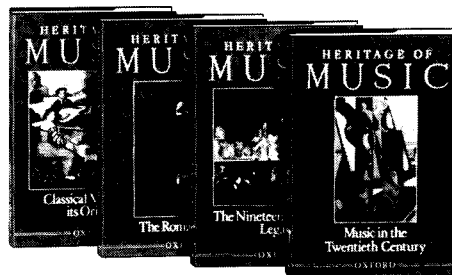
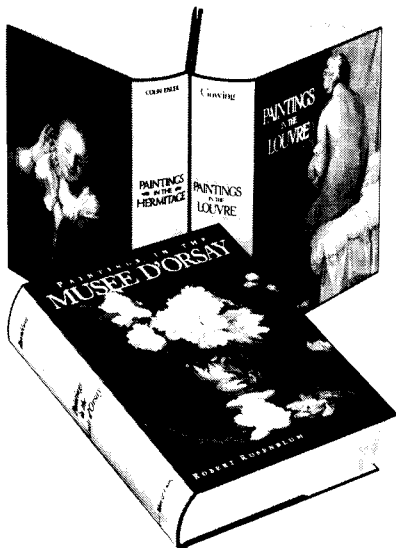
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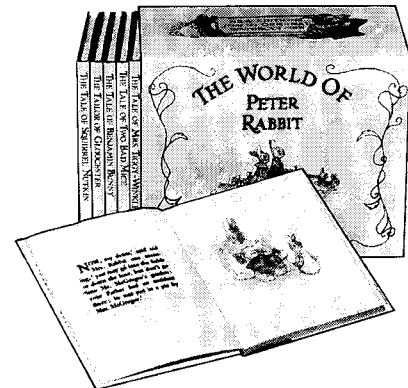
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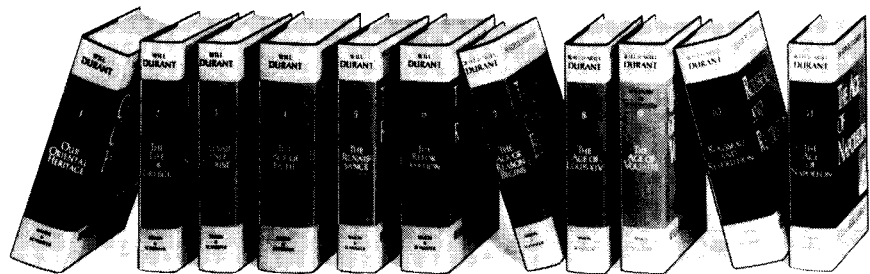
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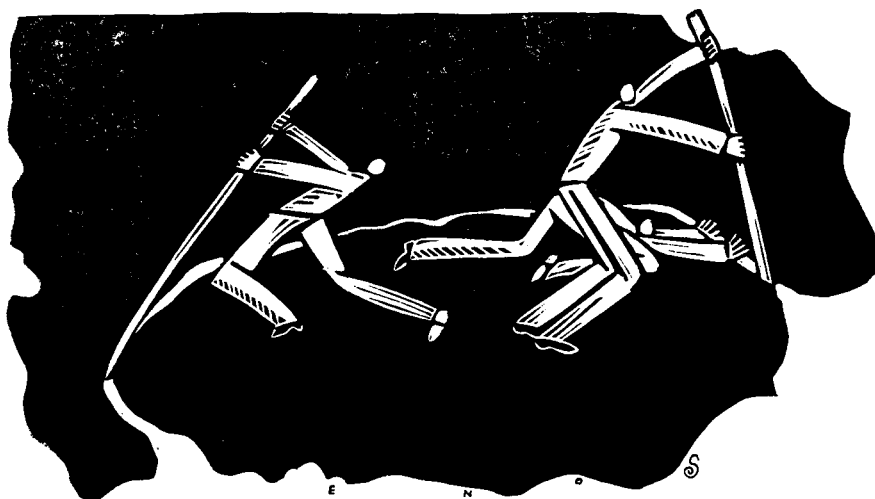
dispenses with gender and title altogether yet achieves a blustery dignity nonetheless.

I will not be surprised, then, if within the next few decades we emerge into a world in which business communications either are curt memos or begin with the Forename-Surname salutation, a world where "Mr." and "Ms." survive mostly in speech (though not in every social class), and maybe for a while on envelopes (as when a couple shares a last name). It may be that in the end "Ms." will slightly outlast

"Mr." as a courtesy title, if only because mizzes tend to outlast misters, but it will surely begin to atrophy as soon as its opposite number is gone.

I feel a momentary sense of loss whenever, in collections of letters, I meet up with a Johnsonian "Sir" or a Dickensian "yr. obdt. svt." It is painful to watch as other serviceable conventions of long standing prepare to join them. It is painful, too, to realize that, far from being part of any solution, I am part of the problem.

—Cullen Murphy



EUROPE

My Country, Right . . . or What?

*As regions of different countries
seek to profit from a united Europe,
nationalism seems an ever
quainter notion*

NO DISRESPECT to Kuwait and its right to life, but its temporary disappearance does invite a question that can be crudely summarized thus: What use are countries these days? The United States, comfortable with its nationhood, is surely in no mood to ask itself what purpose it serves. But the countries of old Europe are. The continent that gave us the modern notion of country—or nation-state, as the political scientists would have it—is wondering what future its invention has.

There is nothing sacrosanct about countries as we know them. Most are too young. Half the countries of the world are less than forty years old. To peruse a nineteenth-century map of Europe is to recognize the reckless impermanence of history, with its squandered Prussias, Bohemias, and city-statelets, its departed Hapsburg, czarist, and Ottoman realms. It would be unreasonable to think that a map drawn in the twenty-first century won't hold larger surprises. Rearranging countries by one means or another is among man's favorite activities. Communism has been a great cementer of countries; it bullied them into staying the way they were. Its end is causing territorial havoc, not least by permitting the lid to come off ethnic rivalries that had been contained. At the moment, the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia are prime candidates for redesign.

The modern nation-state is little more than 200 years old, dating from around the time of the French Revolution. Only a few countries with long and coherent histories, like Britain, France, and Spain, had backgrounds perfectly suited for the role. Many Eu-

ropean states exist because worried kings and wily statesmen simply hammered bits and pieces of land together.

The objective was not only to maintain a centralized government but also to graft a new popular awareness of national identity onto it. This latter goal grew out of overwhelming pressure to extend to ordinary people the political powers that monarchs, aristocrats, and churchmen had hitherto kept for themselves. As time went by, the goal came to be associated in the West with capitalism and democracy. So it is ironic that one of the crisper definitions of the modern nation (and a perfect explanation, for that matter, for why the Soviet Union is now falling apart) comes from Stalin: "A nation is a historically evolved, stable community of language, territory, economic life, and psychological makeup manifested in a common culture." Put a centralized government on top of that, allow for neutralized monarchs to remain in place where the populace retains a lingering respect for royalty, and you have the kind of modern country with which we are all familiar.

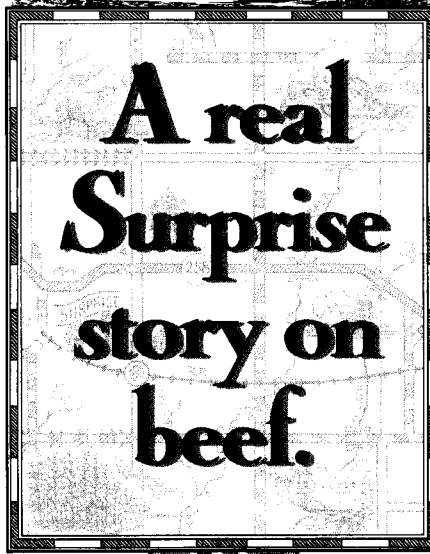
In the West the concept has brought great economic advances, though the nationalism it also encourages has at times had an abominable downside—as Nazi Germany illustrates. From the start much ingenuity and social engineering on the part of new political leaders was required to turn people into nations with a sense of patriotism, territory, and common purpose. "We have made Italy; now we have to make Italians," the Italian patriot Massimo d'Azeglio declared, with perhaps a touch of pessimism, as Garibaldi completed his territorial roundup. Hence national anthems, flags, and symbols were contrived. "They are much less ancient and traditional than everyone supposes," says the London University historian Eric Hobsbawm, the author of *Nations and Nationalism Since 1780*. The most reliable ruse for bonding together stray folk speaking miscellaneous dialects and having no particular sense of motherland, Hobsbawm says, was to unite them against outsiders.

KNOW YOUR ENEMY: this was always Britain's national forte, and it still is. Margaret Thatcher offered her people Europe to dislike, until finally her prejudice appeared counterproductive to her political princes.



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**Here are the respective averages for saturated fat, fat and cholesterol in a 3 oz. serving. Lean beef: 3.2 gms; 8.4 gms; 73 mgs.

Skinniest Six Cuts: 2.3 gms; 0.2 gms; 69 mgs. Skinless chicken: 1.7 gms; 0.3 gms; 76 mgs. ©1991 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board.



She was wrenched from her post as guardian of British sovereignty. But disregard for outsiders is in the nation's bones. Though Thatcher's successors are turning pro-European, Britain's diminishing sovereignty retains a vigorous defender in a tabloid press that curses "Argies," "Huns," and "Frogs" with equal relish. Similarly, Canadians seem to pursue their uneasy existence as a nation mainly to keep separate from the United States. In contrast, Americans stick together through an uncommon attachment to their institutions, which may be a healthier way to sustain national pride.

Even the French, so confident of their identity, are having nightmares about it. The Paris government has wanted to pander to the Corsicans by designating them the "Corsican people." Since the autonomy-minded Corsican islanders are, as clearly as the Danes or the Basques, a "people" with their own identity, this would not seem a startling departure. But it sets a most disagreeable precedent, opponents say. Soon the Bretons and the Alsations will demand to be official peoples too. And when you are designated a people, you get big hitters on your side like the United Nations, which holds that all peoples have the right to self-determination. Where will it all end?

Disillusionment with the nation-state is also strongly felt in Germany. Germans have been running away from nationalism since 1945. Reunification was carried out with not a hint of aggressive nationalist fervor. The accent was instead on the successful federal system that gives Germany's local regions more political responsibility than regions anywhere else in the European Community. East Germany was taken into the new Germany not as a state but in the form of six regions (Berlin included). Chancellor Helmut Kohl means to lock the door against a centralized system like those still operating in France, Britain, and other EC countries: "I believe there can be no return to the nation-state of the nineteenth century," he says. In the hesitancy of politicians to switch the capital from provincial Bonn to Berlin, with its patina of imperial power, one senses the German misgivings about re-emphasizing national identity.

Italians spend much time complaining about the futility of their government. Though the country seems to

keep booming, one can see their point. The administration, dominated since Mussolini's fall by a single party, the Christian Democrats, settles for a budget deficit proportionally three times as big as the U.S. monster. Italy's public transport and postal services are awful by regular European standards. Enterprising Milanese firms send Alpine bearers north to Switzerland with the company mail to post it from there. "The Mafia is better organized than the Italian state, and more powerful," a Milan City Hall spokesman confided to me recently. Italians are fond of saying that in America the Mafia runs rackets while in Italy it runs the country. But the habitual complaint of the Milanese, and of most northerners, is that the wealth they create through their hard work is carried off to Rome in taxes and transferred as aid to the backward south, where it ends up in the Mafia treasury. Some \$300 billion has taken the southbound route in the past forty years, but personal income in the south has slipped even further behind that in the north, so there must be something to the north's grouching. I asked Indro Montanelli, the editor of the Milan daily *Il Giornale* and the grand old man of Italian journalism, about this. Sadly he told me, "Our state is completely decomposed."

A new Italian political movement succinctly demonstrates the quandary of the nation-state. The Lega Lombarda (Lombard League) wants to undo Garibaldi's work and split Italy into several autonomous parts. This would allow plump, serious Lombardy to exploit its talents in more suitable company—that is, in the company of the European Community heartland to the north. History has always put Lombards in closer contact with industrious Germans, Austrians, French, and Swiss than with southern Italians. Lombardy extends from the Alps to the River Po and from Piedmont to Lake Garda. Its nine million inhabitants, around 15 percent of Italy's population, are among Europe's high-flyers, hovering near the top of the living-standards lists. The province hums with small and medium-sized industry, accounting for some 25 percent of Italian national output. It retains a solid sense of administration from the disciplined Hapsburgs, who formerly ruled it.

If the Lega ruled Lombardy, it would take full control of taxes raised

in the region, guarantee preferential jobs, social security, and housing to Lombards, and protect their culture and dialect. That done, it would slip Lombardy into the EC's direct embrace under cover of participation in some loose kind of new Italian confederation. "Europe has three levels now—the EC, the state, and the region," says Francesco Speroni, a founder of the Lega. "The weakest of these is the state. The state may well disappear. You can't tell me that states really represent the people in the new Europe. Often they were formed for the wrong reasons, by diplomats and generals." With an air of total conviction Speroni adds, "Italy is not a nation." Indro Montanelli, though more moderate politically, would agree with that. He holds that the country was never unified, not by Garibaldi and certainly not by Mussolini, with his bizarre dream of re-establishing the ancient Roman Empire. He sees Lega Lombarda supporters as simple people who feel more at home in Europe than in Italy.

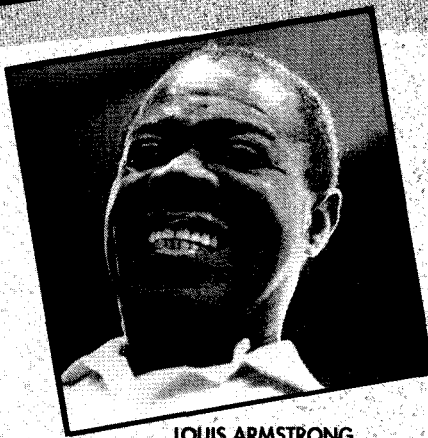
WHAT WENT WRONG with the nation-state? Eric Hobsbawm reckons that the world economy became too big for it. Just ten years ago the new President of France, François Mitterrand, tried a free-spending socialist experiment within French borders to get the national economy moving and make the poor rich, but was forced to abandon the experiment he had been elected to conduct. It was essentially the opposite of what the rest of the industrial world was then doing. "The nation-state has lost control," Hobsbawm concludes. "The world economy became so transnational that the state was bypassed."

Europe's established countries are, then, in an uncommon squeeze. The classic nation-state is too small for big things and too big for small things. The British political scientist David Marquand says that the growth of the EC—which could become a United States of Europe before the 1990s are out—has forced individual countries to recognize that they are too small to carry out their own separate economic, monetary, and environmental policies, let alone manage their own defense. Such matters used to lie at the jealous heart of sovereignty. They will be more effectively handled at the EC

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level. And yet, Marquand argues, European states remain too centralized or "big" to be effective in developing their own regions; they are simply not sensitive to local needs.

So the European state is squeezed by the EC on one side and by local regions that largely pre-date any sense of nationhood on the other. The economic and cultural identities of some of these ancient regions—Catalonia in Spain, Scotland in Britain, Bavaria in Germany, and so on—are far stronger than those of the countries in which they lie. These days, for self-advancement such regions are increasingly

tempted to leapfrog their central governments and look straight to the EC as the mistress of their future.

What bids to replace the nation-state in Europe is a peculiar contraption, one that at first view seems a contradiction. The countries of Europe are simultaneously splintering into local units and consolidating into something bigger than any of them. If this begins to look a little like the United States, perhaps it's with good reason. An American, Hobsbawm says, is someone who wants to be one. Many Europeans have a like aspiration.

—David Lawday

port, hailed by the international travel industry as the finest airport in the world. The city is carpeted with vast green stretches of painstakingly manicured parks—settings for glittering steel-and-glass office towers and intelligently conceived apartment blocks where Singaporeans live in modern comfort. Though some might regret the passing of the old, picturesque Singapore of stucco shophouses and rattan huts, no one I know would choose to live in them again. The 2.7 million Singaporeans enjoy one of the highest living standards in Asia, second only to Japan's.

Singapore today is the house that Lee built. And his methods defy the conventional wisdom used to explain political upheavals in Eastern Europe—that only democracy can deliver the goods. "Authoritarian" fairly describes the style and substance of Lee's thirty-one years of iron-fisted leadership—and that style seems certain to continue, though Lee nominally retired last November. American-style democracy, Lee told me on my most recent visit, has no place in his country or anywhere in the developing world, because the checks and balances interfere with governing in a developing country, "where executive action must be swift to forestall disorder."

For more than three decades Lee decided what would and would not work in Singapore. The tightly controlled structure he crafted rests heavily on the innate entrepreneurship and pragmatism of the ethnic-Chinese majority and its Confucian father-knows-best ethic. Unlike the other authoritarian capitalist regimes of Asia, Singapore has not only survived but thrived in its original form.

The usual explanation for Singapore's success is that Lee is and always has been puritanically, almost incomprehensibly, uncorruptible. Not even his most antagonistic foes, and his foes are legion, accuse him of any form of graft. As far as anyone I've ever spoken to knows, the only real money Lee has is what has been earned by his wife, Kwa Geok Choo, who, along with her husband's brother, Dennis, heads the Singapore law firm of Lee & Lee.

Kwa Geok Choo certainly is the most successful solicitor in Singapore. I've never heard her achievements ascribed to nepotism, but oblique references are made from time to time.



The house that Lee built: office buildings command the business district of Singapore City

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Brave New Singapore

Despite failures elsewhere in Asia, authoritarian capitalism is thriving in Lee Kuan Yew's tiny fiefdom

WHEN I FIRST visited Singapore, in 1969, the war in Vietnam was raging, and Lee Kuan Yew, who had been elected Prime Minister ten years earlier, lived in dread that his tiny city-state would become a domino. Economic development was occurring in dribs and drabs

here and elsewhere in Southeast Asia, on time bought by the American intervention, but a widespread lack of confidence made the going slow. The future looked hazy: Singapore's two-year federation with Malaysia had collapsed, and people seriously doubted its ability to exist as an independent nation. A British royal, Princess Alexandra, had just arrived, and an embarrassed Lee attempted to hide decrepit *kampongs* of thatched huts along her route from the airport behind miles of plywood fence.

Twenty-two years later most Southeast Asian nations have prospered, and none more so than Singapore. Today Lee Kuan Yew has nothing to hide, even from princesses. Everything is new. A flower-banked coastal highway, built on reclaimed land, emerges from the stunning Changi International Air-



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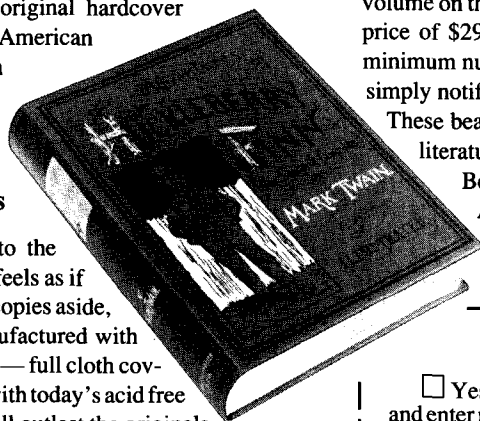
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"There's a natural flow of business toward Lee & Lee," an American high-technology executive who has worked in Singapore for more than a decade told me during a recent visit. "Not that you expect favors, but it makes sense."

Kwa is anything but an Imelda Marcos, though. She dresses simply, almost dowdily, always in a Chinese-style *cheongsam*; wears little if any jewelry or makeup; and has her hair cut in a style that could be achieved without cost with a bowl and scissors. During my latest visit I nearly fell over her in a crowded Orchard Road shopping mall. She was holding the hand of one of her grandchildren. A lone security man stood discreetly at a distance, and the First Lady failed to attract the attention of a single gawker.

The Lees live quietly in a modest home on leafy Oxley Rise. When he was Prime Minister, Lee's teak-paneled office, on the grounds of the old British governor-general's *istana* ("palace"), although spacious, was no more imposing than that of, say, a well-to-do Los Angeles real-estate agent. One of the few trappings of power Lee has opted for is a bodyguard of Gurkha soldiers, whose reputation for ferocity is built on a propensity to behead foes with heavy-bladed kukris.

Lee's explanation for his spotless record is that good behavior was forced on him and his young companions in the People's Action Party more than thirty years ago, during the party's struggle for supremacy with the local Malaysian Communist Party. The two organizations had come together in the mid-1950s in order to put an end to British colonial rule. Lee's present-day politics make him seem an improbable associate of Communists. In those days, though, he was a socialist—owing, he now says, to youthful ignorance. Following the city-state's first full-scale elections, in 1959, which brought Lee to power, the PAP and the Communists turned on each other. Lee told me that he and his lieutenants, who at the time dressed for all ceremonial occasions in pristine white open-necked shirts and trousers, swore that they would never be corrupted by power or greed. "It meant that we must prepare for a life that demanded sacrifice and discipline," he told me, "because if we offered hostages to fortune, we would be destroyed."

One allegation Lee has never man-

aged to shake is that he is unremittingly bourgeois. A lifelong affliction with respiratory allergies has made him particularly vulnerable to tobacco smoke; long before the international battle against smoking was being waged, Lee would dispatch aides to ensure that all cigarettes had been snuffed out thirty minutes before he was to enter a public meeting. He still insists that air-conditioning be set precisely at 68°, and he works in a worn beige golf jacket. The Communists, he told me, used to sneer at him for his bourgeois tendencies. "I lived in an air-conditioned room; my house had an air-conditioned bedroom; my office was air-conditioned. If we were on the take, we'd be destroyed."



Lee Kuan Yew at a National Day ceremony

When, last November, Lee Kuan Yew installed his forty-nine-year-old protégé, Goh Chok Tong, as Prime Minister, he stepped aside rather than down, remaining at Goh's shoulder as Senior Minister in the Cabinet. In another two years the job of President, now held by the former journalist Wee Kim Wee, will become vacant. Originally an appointive, ceremonial post, it was recently upgraded and is now an elective position with executive power. Though Lee is expected to run, and win, at some point, he has said that he does not want to be the first elected President.

Left unstated is the fact that Lee's greatest source of power, far beyond anything the presidency could provide, is his leadership of the ruling party. Although the rabidly anti-commu-

nist Lee would be reluctant to acknowledge it, the PAP is every bit as dominant in its nation as is the Communist Party in China, with which it shares distinct characteristics. In a recently published book, *Singapore: The Legacy of Lee Kuan Yew*, R. S. Milne and Diane K. Mauzy quote Lee as saying, "I make no apologies that the PAP is the Government and the Government is the PAP." The party's constitution is secret; its membership list is secret; its cadre list is kept secret from ordinary members. By some accounts, only Secretary-General Lee knows where the skeletons are.

"It would be a very fair analogy to call him the Deng Xiaoping of Singapore," said a diplomat I called on, a China specialist. "In fact, Lee has even greater power, because for years after Deng gave up his party posts, all he had was his position in the Military Commission. Lee will have a much more direct and commanding role in the party and within the Cabinet."

Lee's health seems unlikely to upset this prediction. At the age of sixty-seven, he jogs daily and diets assiduously. As we spoke at his office, I was struck by how little he'd aged since I first interviewed him, some twenty years earlier. His hair had turned white, and the pockmarked skin of his craggy face had smoothed out somewhat. But his body was as trim and lithe as ever, dominated by a large head and a heavy, overhanging brow. Certainly his verbal combativeness has not diminished, and lifelong friends, as well as enemies, are certain he'll continue to wield considerable power. He expects to; it is an axiom of political life in Chinese-influenced Asian states that power follows the man, not the office.

"Lee Kuan Yew is not retiring from politics," Sinnathamby Rajaratnam, Lee's former Foreign Minister and a PAP comrade-in-arms, told me. A courtly gentleman of the post-colonial school, "Raja" sees Lee's continuity as essential to both the man and the country. "His brain, his engine, is still fully active. He must use it or he'll go gaga," he said. "He must keep his hand in, lest something go wrong. The new generation of leaders are fair-weather captains, technocrats who know how to run corporations, departments, professions. One day there'll be a storm. Then what? So he'll continue to provide inputs."

Why has Lee bothered to leave office at all? Some who know him well say that he has come to terms with his mortality and also realized that the time has come for easing up, before people find that material well-being is not all that life offers. The signal sent in 1988, when the electorate returned the PAP to power with a mere 62 percent of the vote, is said to have hit Lee hard, even though only one opposition member was elected to Parliament.

"It's time for a change, and he knows it," Tommy Koh, a personable former Singaporean ambassador to Washington, said when we met. "Lee Kuan Yew's political career was marked by struggle—against the British, the Communists, the Chinese chauvinists, the religious extremists—and as a result he's a very hardened street fighter. Goh Chok Tong is not; he's a mandarin, a scholar, an administrator. He hasn't had to struggle. Neither he nor the new generation has the same interests. Goh's administration will be more consultative, more willing to listen. This will resonate well, because younger Singaporeans no longer want the government saying what's good for them."

GOH CHOK TONG, a former shipping-company executive with a master's degree in economics from Williams College, is widely perceived, however, to be a "seat-warmer" for Lee's rough-hewn son, Lee Hsien Loong. In separate conversations with the two Lees, both failed to deny seriously that the younger man was waiting in the wings, where he now occupies the positions of Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Trade and Industry. Hsien Loong, in appearance, mannerisms, and speech a replica of his father in the old days, like him established an enviable academic record at Cambridge University, from which he graduated with honors in mathematics and computer science. He also earned a master's degree in public administration at Harvard.

Despite his obvious intelligence, the thirty-nine-year-old Lee until recently cultivated a tough-guy persona, frequently taking it on himself to act as mouthpiece for the government on some of its touchier issues. Although he is still referred to by the local press as "BG," for the rank of brigadier general that he holds in the Singapore armed forces, of late he appears to be

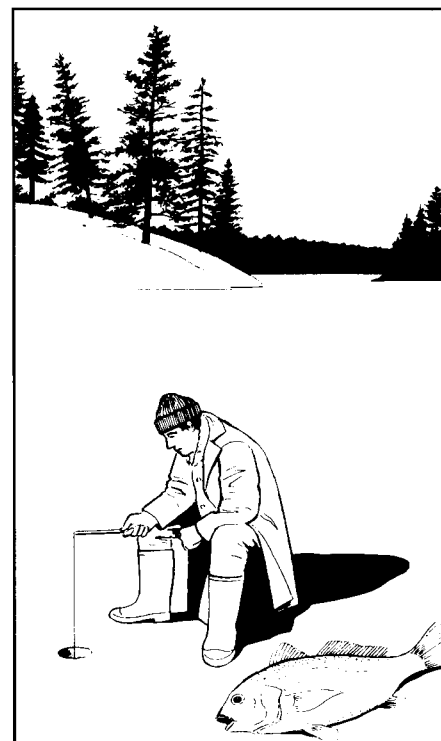
working at softening his image. Reflecting this new sensitivity, he has expressed concern about the charges of nepotism that would surely be leveled if he became Prime Minister. "The question will always be asked," he says. "'Are you there because the public supports you and your colleagues moved you up there, or are you there because your father was secretly behind you and placed you at the pinnacle, where you don't deserve to be?'" His father is quick to refute any suggestion of nepotism but nonetheless maintains that Hsien Loong's succession is "on the cards."

The succession issue has not, however, led to political unrest in Singapore. On the contrary, life in the Garden City appears to be a bed of bougainvillea. Young Singaporeans, outfitted in tropical-weight high fashion, equipped with belt beepers, portable phones, and signature briefcases, stride determinedly along flower-decked boulevards and zip around the city on a state-of-the-art subway system. During the brief wait between trains they challenge themselves with mathematical brainteasers posted on the station walls.

Ostentatious symbols of wealth, private and public, abound. High-rise shopping malls carrying the world's finest goods at duty-free prices are jammed with locals and foreign tourists. Hotels and restaurants serve international cuisine to a well-heeled clientele. Although a decade-long building boom has finally slowed, a forest of construction cranes still hovers over the skyline.

At home in their comfortable flats—80 percent of the population are homeowners, thanks to mandatory participation in a superbly invested government fund—Singaporeans lead the kind of pragmatic, materialistic life that the Communists condemned Lee for leading thirty years ago. In the 1960s, when I ran the Associated Press bureau here, Singaporeans worked as household servants for expatriates. Today Singaporeans employ 50,000 foreign maids, most of them Filipinas. More than 100,000 laborers from Indonesia, Malaysia, and elsewhere in Asia do the construction work and other jobs that locals no longer fancy.

"They're fat and happy," I was told by a Japanese trading-company executive who has lived in Singapore with



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his wife and family for the past three years and has loved every minute of it. "Even though we Japanese earn more per capita, the quality of life in Singapore undoubtedly is much better—bigger apartments, servants, lower prices." Then he paused, savoring what any businessman from the land of the rising greens fee would consider the *pièce de résistance*: "And the golf courses. Ah, the golf courses."

But appearances here, as elsewhere, can be deceptive, and indeed, Singaporeans are far from wholly content. Resentment runs deep. During long, gossipy evenings I found old friends chafing, as always, under Lee. They resent his intellectual bullying, his arrogant conviction that he alone knows what's best for them; that he and his meticulously handpicked team of confidants continue to make Singapore's vital decisions; that anyone who disagrees is at least suspect, if not regarded as outright seditious. This climate has prevented public-spirited people like my friends from attempting to contribute their talents to the government. Yet I heard few arguments of a kind common a decade ago, in favor of removing Lee and the PAP government. Now people worry that once Lee goes, so, too, will the good times.

With a population that is 76 percent Chinese, 15 percent Malay, and six percent Indian, with a few thousand Eurasians completing the mix, Singapore has had its share of bloody ethnic violence, principally in the 1960s. Pincered between the Malay Muslim giants of Malaysia and Indonesia, the tiny island still never feels fully at ease. Lee and his PAP colleagues have long played on this insecurity, which is exacerbated by linguistic and religious antagonisms at home, to rationalize their running Singapore on a short rein. Lee has compared his nation's plight to that of Israel, and has built an Israeli-style army of citizen-soldiers, comprising 260,000 regulars and reservists, or nearly 10 percent of the population. For years, in fact, Singapore quietly employed Israeli military officers to transform its fledgling armed force into one of the most cohesive in the world.

SINGAPORE'S high level of creature comforts, along with Lee's meticulous personal conduct, may explain why the populace accepts tight controls with only minimal complaint.

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Don't spit, don't smoke, don't litter . . .

Most grumbling is about Lee's inclination to regulate matters normally thought of as private. He has made it the business of government to determine who should mate with whom and how many children they should produce, what they may read and watch, how many automobiles they may own. Restaurants, responding to official guidance, have formed a kind of nationwide clean-plate club at buffets, imposing a surcharge if patrons take more than they can eat. Whopping fines are assessed for a variety of offenses. The maximum penalty for littering is nearly \$600, for smoking in

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. . . and please breed intelligently

restaurants, government offices, or the subway, or for spitting, half that much. Failure to flush a public toilet can bring a fine of nearly \$100.

Near the top of Lee's agenda is his obsession with a falling birth rate among college-educated women. By failing to marry early and bear often, these privileged women are contributing to a drop in national intelligence, Lee contends. Himself a top-ranking Cambridge law graduate, Lee married a woman who had won even higher academic honors, a step, he told me, that flew in the face of Asian custom—"that a man should always be the boss in the home, that the wife must be subordinate, and be seen to be subordinate, or he loses face." But, Lee continued, "if everybody does that, the whole population will suffer, because we're leaving behind, unmarried, more than sixty percent of our best women."

Absorbed by the apparent potential of social engineering, Lee first bolstered the country's family-planning program and adopted the slogan "Two Is Enough." In 1987, after it had become apparent that the birth rate was declining too sharply, the government instituted measures to encourage larger families, including a tax rebate for a third child. In the meantime, concerned by indications that birth rates were highest among poorly educated and low-income groups, Lee launched policies to give the offspring of "graduate mothers" who have at least three children preferential entry to the best schools (a measure that was subsequently abandoned) and to raise hospital delivery fees considerably in wards used by low-income patients. He has established a government-run "graduate matchmaking service." Officially known as the Social Development Unit, this computerized organization provides each applicant with up to ninety blind dates over five years, including romantic cruises along the Malaysian peninsula on a luxurious, government-run love boat, so as to pair off the educated and launch them into fruitful family life. In 1989 only 239 couples (out of thousands of enrollees) married after a unit-arranged date, but Lee's son told me that such efforts are worthwhile. "Sometimes correspondents laugh at us for taking on even very sensitive issues, like whom you marry and how many children you



have," he said. "But I don't see why we shouldn't continue."

The government's relations with foreign correspondents are frequently contentious. In the past four years the authorities have restricted circulation of three American-owned publications based in Hong Kong, all of which intensively cover Singapore and the rest of Southeast Asia. (*Time* also had its circulation cut, for several months.) Their coverage, Lee maintains, amounts to "meddling" in domestic affairs and is therefore intolerable. Lee's longtime press secretary, James Fu Chiao Sian, has often done battle in the letters columns of foreign publications, defending the government against perceived slurs.

Perennial among such provocations are articles on the roughshod manner in which Lee treads on his political opponents. The government retains the British-imposed Internal Security Act, which permits suspects to be arrested and locked away indefinitely without trial, and many of Lee's foes have suffered accordingly.

Chia Thye Poh, a forty-nine-year-old physics teacher, spent twenty-three years in prison on suspicion of being a member of the Communist Party, which is illegal. Chia never admitted the allegation, nor was he ever tried. Two years ago he was released, only to be transferred to a loose form of house arrest on Sentosa, an islet whose Disneyesque theme park attracts day-trippers. At the moment, foreign diplomats say, no other political prisoners are being held.

Joshua B. Jeyaretnam, the leader of the opposition Workers' Party, found himself in trouble with Lee after winning an election in 1981, and becoming the first non-PAP parliamentarian. Jeyaretnam was convicted on criminal charges, expelled from Parliament, and barred from his legal practice. Last August he lost a \$150,000 libel suit brought against him by Lee. He has been forced to sell his house, and faces bankruptcy.

"The Jeyaretnam case has become more the norm than the Chia case," a businessman told me. "Of course they can arrest you and hold you indefinitely under the Internal Security Act—that's the biggest lever of all—but they have more subtle ways of exercising control." He talked about the susceptibility of professionals and entrepre-

neurs to financial pressure from their chief clients, government-controlled corporations and holding companies. "That kind of leverage assures compliance," he said.

OVERWHELMINGLY, though, except for those few who have truly suffered at Lee's hands, Singaporeans blanch at the thought of their country without Lee Kuan Yew. The fact that Lee is remaining at Goh's side assures the public that the kinder, gentler Singapore the new man has promised won't spin out of control.

They really needn't worry. Having vowed to make Singapore a more cultured place, Goh has tiptoed into terra incognita by establishing a new Ministry for Information and the Arts. Its Minister is George Yeo, at thirty-six the youngest Cabinet member. Shortly before assuming the position Yeo made clear that he considers the development of national culture akin to enhancing the gross national product. "It may seem odd," he said, "but we have to pursue this subject of fun very seriously if we want to stay competitive in the twenty-first century."

Those who want a less authoritarian climate are free to leave, and thousands do so each year—estimates range from 4,000 to 6,000 for 1990 alone—going mainly to Canada and Australia. The younger Lee acknowledges concern about this brain drain, but he discounts those who left as unable to rise to the top in Singapore's "high-pressure environment."

A father of three sons in their twenties, all of whom have emigrated in the past few years, told me that he sees the issue differently. "For every aspect of life we're told what to do, so we have no psychological attachment to this place," he said. "We've had no role in creating the place. There's no loyalty. We stay or go strictly for economic reasons."

Still, Singaporean emigrants are outnumbered by immigrants, mainly from Malaysia and—as 1997 and Chinese control loom larger—from Hong Kong, but also from a variety of other countries, including the United States. American businessmen find the order, the cleanliness, the high level of education, the widespread use of English, the reliability of the work force, and the dynamism of the economy ex-

tremely attractive. The GNP rose from \$1 billion in 1965 to \$35 billion last year, while the country firmly established itself as a hub for international shipping and air traffic, oil refining and financial services, and the manufacture of semiconductors and other high-technology products. Last year Singapore imported \$9.7 billion worth of U.S. goods while exporting \$11.2 billion to the United States, half of it produced by wholly American-owned, locally based companies. Although office rents run higher than in Manhattan, some American firms realize greater profits from their Singapore operations than they do from their operations back home. The United States has long been the largest investor in Singapore.

The Bush Administration, too, likes Singapore. Last November, during a pause in the opulent enthronement rites for Emperor Akihito, in Tokyo, Lee and Vice President Dan Quayle attended a quiet little ceremony of their own at the Hotel Okura, signing a naval- and air-facilities agreement that Pentagon officials say meshes handsomely with the post-Cold War "forward deployment" strategy for the Indian Ocean and the Middle East.

Fittingly, the first foreign leader George Bush received at the White House after declaring war on Iraq was Lee Kuan Yew. "He's about the only Third World leader a guy like Bush, or almost any American President, can understand and talk to pretty much as an equal," a retired CIA analyst told me in Tokyo.

Ultimately, what separates Lee from the standard-model strongmen, the Marcoses and Sukarnos, the Park Chung Hees and Chiang Kai-sheks, is his integrity. Singaporeans, whom I've watched move up from rat-infested shophouses and ramshackle *attap* huts to air-conditioned high-rise apartments with shiny sedans parked below, are nothing if not pragmatic. They see in this man someone who has tied the gratification of his own monumental ego to the public welfare. Most are willing, so far, to forgo free speech in exchange for material prosperity. What remains to be seen is how much longer Lee, without undercutting the initiative and aspirations that have contributed to Singapore's success, can keep his heavy hand on the nation he created.

—Lewis M. Simons

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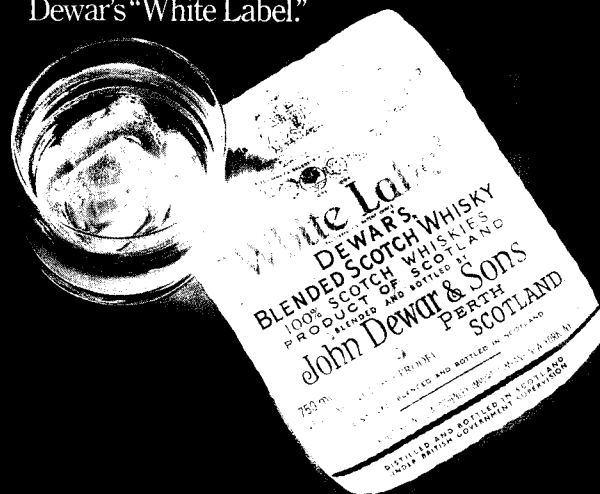
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WHAT IS THE NATIONAL INTEREST?

BY ALAN TONELSON

For almost half a century U.S. foreign policy has been based on internationalism—on the assumption that the security and prosperity of every place on earth is vital to America's own. Internationalism, the author argues, has entailed enormous risks and costs—more than we can continue to bear or need to pay—and offers scant promise of success. It is time, he argues, for a new foreign-policy blueprint—a stripped-down strategy whereby the United States looks out for itself and recognizes that building its own strength, not creating a perfect world, is the best guarantor of its safety and well-being

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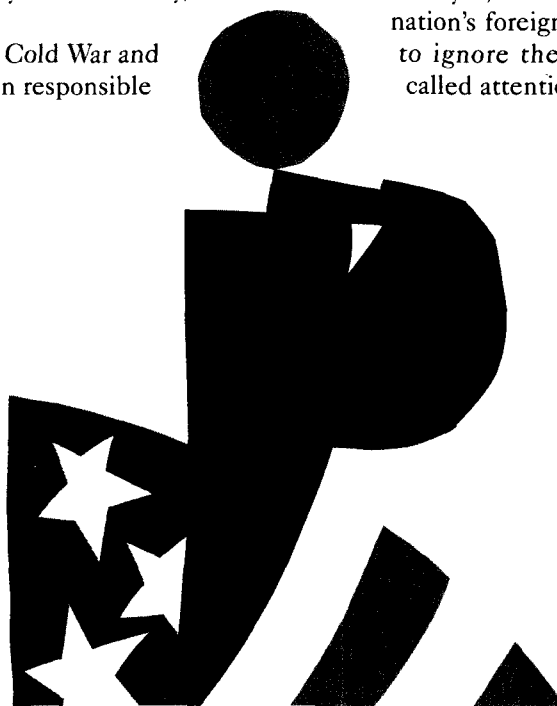
FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE END OF THE Second World War the United States faces the need to redefine the international requirements for its security and prosperity. Circumstances today demand that the United States rethink the ends of its foreign policy—that is to say, its national interests.

With the recent victories in the Cold War and the Gulf War, those who have been responsible for U.S. foreign policy are in a triumphant mood. There is little reason for it. The world continues to fray; ever more threatening weapons become ever more widely available. The gap between the stated ends of U.S. foreign policy and the means to achieve and pay for them remains wide and unbridgeable, as it has been for decades. Nor is it clear that the ends of U.S. foreign policy, when they are achieved, do more good than harm—for ourselves or for those we seek to assist. Perhaps most important, the recent victories have brought few benefits to the home front; indeed,

they seem scarcely relevant to the daily lives and pressing concerns of most Americans today, or to the economic and social problems that bedevil the nation. The disconnection between the nation's needs at home and its ambitions abroad is at once bizarre and dangerous.

And yet, faced with all these facts, much of the nation's foreign-policy elite has chosen variously to ignore them or to berate those who have called attention to them.

Since the end of the Second World War, Americans have by and large defined their foreign-policy objectives in what may be called globalist or internationalist terms. Internationalism has been protean enough—liberal and conservative, hawkish and dovish, unilateralist and multilateralist—to have commanded the loyalty of figures as different as Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter. But its essence springs from three crucial lessons learned by most Americans and their leaders from the Great Depression and the rise of fascism during the 1930s, from the global conflagration



gration that those events helped produce, and from the emergence of a new totalitarian threat almost immediately after that war.

The first lesson was that the United States would never know genuine security, lasting peace, and sustained prosperity unless the rest of the world also became secure, peaceful, and prosperous. The second lesson was that international security was indivisible—that the discontent that produced political extremism and, inevitably, aggression was highly contagious and bound to spread around the world no matter where it broke out. The third lesson was that the only way to achieve these fundamental goals and prevent these deadly dangers was to eliminate the conditions that breed extremism wherever they exist, and somehow to impose norms of peaceful behavior on all states.

The result of all this was a global definition of vital U.S. foreign-policy interests, with globalist international-security and economic structures to back it up. The United States supported the United Nations and forged alliances with scores of countries to guarantee security in all major regions and to deter aggression everywhere. In the process Washington expanded the definition of the U.S. defense perimeter to encompass literally every country outside the Communist world. At the same time, the imperative of resisting subversion as well as aggression everywhere in the world created an equally vital interest in the political and economic health of all these countries, which was fostered by U.S. foreign-aid programs and by an international economic system built on such mechanisms as the International Monetary Fund, the World Bank, and the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

The internationalist approach led U.S. foreign-policy makers to insist that no corner of the world was so remote or insignificant that it could be ignored. Of course, not all parts of the world were given equal attention or resources. But disparities emerged not because foreign-policy makers viewed certain regions as expendable but because they perceived no serious threat either to these regions per se or to crucial international norms at the moment. Whenever a serious threat did appear, America's leaders usually favored a prompt response. The power of internationalist impulses has been underscored by military interventions, paramilitary operations, peace-keeping missions, and diplomatic initiatives in marginal countries and regions such as Angola, the Horn of Africa, and Lebanon, and also by a foreign-aid program that continuously sprinkles funds on virtually every Third World mini-state, micro-state, and basket case that has won its independence since 1945.

Internationalism has insisted that U.S. foreign policy should aim at manipulating and shaping the global environment as a whole rather than at securing or protecting a finite number of assets within that environment. It has yoked America's safety and well-being not to surviving and prospering in the here and now but to turning the

world into something significantly better in the indefinite future—into a place where the forces that drive nations to clash in the first place no longer exist. Internationalism, moreover, has insisted that America has no choice but to “pay any price, bear any burden” to achieve these conditions, even though humanity has never come close to bringing them about. In so doing internationalism has sidestepped all questions of risk and cost. In fact, it has defined them out of existence.

YET EVEN BEFORE THE GORBACHEV REVOLUTION IN Soviet foreign policy—during the Cold War years, when the case could be made for a total response to the ostensibly total Soviet threat—the problems created by the internationalist approach to foreign policy were beginning to loom as large as those that it was meant to solve. Militarily and strategically, internationalism identified America's foreign-policy challenges in such a way as to turn any instance of aggression into an intolerable threat to America's own security, whether or not tangible U.S. interests were at stake, and no matter how greatly the costs of intervention may have outweighed any specific benefits that the United States could plausibly have realized. Vietnam is the classic example. Internationalism also drew America into nuclear alliances—notably, in Europe—deliberately structured to entrap the country in nuclear conflict even in cases when our own national security had not been directly affected.

Economically, as early as the late 1960s internationalism showed signs of turning into a formula for exhaustion. Richard Nixon brought the post-Second World War international monetary system to an end, in 1971, precisely because America could no longer meet its foreign-policy obligations and its domestic obligations simultaneously. Politically, the internationalist strategies and rhetoric employed by U.S. leaders throughout the post-war era generated tremendous pressures on these same leaders to follow through. Remembering the political fire storms that followed the “losses” of China and Cuba, they repeatedly resolved to prove the nation's mettle when the next outbreak of trouble occurred, reducing to almost nil the possibility that non-involvement would even be considered as an option, much less chosen.

Now, in the post-Cold War era, internationalism has become even more problematic. As our chronic budget gap shows, our foreign policy is politically unaffordable in today's America—as opposed to the America of the 1950s, when popular satisfaction with the barest skeleton of a welfare state and the country's economic predominance permitted levels of military spending two and three times as high as those of today (as a proportion of total federal spending). Internationalism continues to deny us a strategic basis for selectivity, a way of thinking about our international goals that would enable our leaders to resist the temptation to plunge into every crisis and right every wrong that life brings along, and to stand

aside without being perceived by the American people as impotent or callous.

In fact, internationalism dismisses as morally reprehensible questions that other nations ask routinely in order to inject some discipline into their decision-making: What is it that we need to do in the world to secure a certain level of material and psychological well-being? What is it that we simply would like to do in the world? What are we able to do? How can we pursue our objectives without wrecking our economy, overloading our political system, or convulsing our society?

At best, post-Cold War internationalism is a recipe for intense, genuinely worrisome domestic political frustrations. Repeated failure to achieve declared foreign-policy goals and especially to avert foreign-policy outcomes officially characterized as intolerable or disastrous could poison and destabilize American politics and democracy. A string of such failures could bring calamitous internation-

al consequences by undermining America's ability to conduct a minimally responsible, rational foreign policy. At worst, internationalism raises the threat of drawing the nation into dangerous conflicts for the slightest of stakes. And even if such political and military disasters are somehow avoided, internationalism will continue to drain the nation to its core, especially if U.S. allies do not lend enough help.

Internationalism has not only locked the foreign policy of this nation of self-avowed pragmatists into a utopian mold; it has led directly to the primacy of foreign policy in American life and to the consequent neglect of domestic problems which has characterized the past fifty years. Internationalism encourages us to think more about the possible world of tomorrow than about the real world of today. Thus the strange irrelevance of our recent foreign policy, and even its victories, to the concerns of most Americans.

A NEW FOREIGN-POLICY BLUEPRINT

IF INTERNATIONALISM IS NO longer an acceptable guide for U.S. foreign policy, what should take its place? What *can* take its place? Assuming that the means available to U.S. foreign-policy makers will not change significantly anytime soon—that American scientists will not devise a new ultimate weapon and preserve monopoly control of it; that U.S. allies will remain reluctant to increase their military and foreign-aid spending dramatically or to compensate the United States for its leadership role in other ways; that the American public will remain unwilling to make the sacrifices needed to carry out an internationalist foreign policy effectively (through some combination of higher taxes, reduced consumption, and reduced demand for public services); and that the unprecedented increases in national economic productivity needed to finance such a foreign policy soundly will remain nowhere in sight—the United States will have to make some profound adjustments.

If the United States cannot hope to achieve the desired level of security and prosperity by underwriting the security and prosperity of countries all over the world, and by enforcing whatever global norms of economic and political behavior this ambition requires, then it must anchor its security and prosperity in a less-than-utopian set of objectives. It must therefore distinguish between what it must do that is absolutely essential for achieving this more modest set of objectives and those things it might do that are not essential. It must, in other words, begin to



think in terms not of the whole world's well-being but rather of purely national interests.

The adjustments that are required would produce a foreign policy largely unrecognizable to Americans today. The U.S. government would still be a major force in world affairs, and the American people would still trade with, invest in, work in, and travel to other lands. But the preferred instruments of the new foreign policy would differ radically from those of internationalism. And

the policy itself would spring from a completely different vision of America, of its strengths and weaknesses and, most important, its basic purposes. The new orientation, moreover, would reflect the manifest (if seldom articulated) wishes of the great majority of Americans, rather than those of the small, privileged caste of government officials, former government officials, professors, think-tank denizens, and journalists whose dreamy agenda has long dominated foreign-policy decision-making in America. For surely American foreign policy has been conducted with utter disregard for the home front largely because it has been made by people whose lives and needs have almost nothing in common with those of the mass of their countrymen.

Unlike internationalism, interest-based thinking rests on a series of assumptions drawn both from common sense and from classical strategic maxims; and it can help prevent counterproductive outcomes by forcing decision-makers continually to examine the impact of their poli-

INTERNATIONALISM

CONTINUES TO DENY US A WAY OF THINKING ABOUT OUR INTERNATIONAL GOALS THAT WOULD ENABLE OUR LEADERS TO RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO PLUNGE INTO EVERY CRISIS AND RIGHT EVERY WRONG.

cies on national security and well-being within a finite time frame. In the first place, a foreign policy derived from interest-based thinking would accept today's anarchic system of competing nation-states as a given. It would neither seek to change the nature of this system nor assume the system's imminent transformation. Instead, the new policy would confine itself to securing certain specific objectives that are intrinsically important to America's security and welfare—for example, the protection of regions that are important sources of raw materials or critical manufactured goods, those that are major loci of investment or prime markets, and those that by virtue of their location are strategically vital.

Interest-based thinking holds that in such a world U.S. national interests can and must be distinguished from the interests of the international system itself and from those of other individual states. This is just common sense. Because states differ in location, size, strength, natural wealth, historical experience, values, economic systems, degree and type of social organization, and many other particulars, their foreign-policy needs and wants—their interests—cannot always be identical or harmonious, and will in fact sometimes clash with those of certain other countries and those of whatever larger international community those states are supposed to belong to. Internationalism's assumption of an ultimate harmony of interests among states and between states and the larger system often obscures these critical truths.

In addition, interest-based thinking assumes that since the world lacks a commonly accepted referee or means of resolving clashes of interests, states cannot count on other states or entities to define their interests or to protect them. States therefore need the means to accomplish these tasks on their own. Interest-based thinking assumes that because countries can in the end rely only on their own devices, national self-reliance and freedom of action are intrinsic goods. With an internationalist foreign policy, these imperatives tend to get lost in the shuffle.

Further, interest-based thinking maintains that because resources are always relatively scarce (if they were not, the discipline of economics would not exist), once foreign policy moves beyond the quest for what strategists call core security—the nation's physical, biological survival, and the preservation of its territorial integrity and political independence—the specific, concrete benefits sought must be brought into some sustainable alignment with the policy's economic, social, and politi-

cal costs. And the payoff of policies cannot be put off into the long-term future. A country with finite available resources simply does not have the luxury of infinite patience.

THUS AN INTEREST-BASED FOREIGN POLICY WOULD tend to rule out economic initiatives deemed necessary for the international system's health if those initiatives wound up siphoning more wealth out of this country (in the form of net investment, interest on debt, military expenditures, foreign aid, trade credits, jobs destroyed by imports versus those created by exports, and so forth) than they brought in. Similarly, it would oppose economic policies that actually destroyed wealth—for example, by stimulating inflation, by committing excessive resources to economically unproductive military spending and research and development, by necessitating excessive currency devaluations, by requiring exorbitant interest rates that discourage productive investment, or by blithely accepting the loss of industries that have been technology and productivity leaders for the sake of free-trade ideology or alliance unity.

Unlike internationalism, an interest-based foreign policy would not emphasize alliances and multilateral institutions, or promote worldwide economic efficiency to the point at which U.S. dependence on other countries is seen as a good in and of itself. Rather, the new policy would recognize the importance of maintaining the maximum degree of freedom of action and self-reliance in a still dangerous world. Indeed, an interest-based policy would also recognize that the related realms of economics and technology are as nakedly strategic as the military-political realm. While the Cold War was raging, internationalists viewed economic initiatives and technology as little more than assets to deny the Communist world or as a collection of baubles, to be doled out periodically as political favors to allies and neutrals. The end of the Cold War has produced many acknowledgments by internationalists of the rising importance of economic power. But even this outlook still tends to be nonstrategic. Internationalists still assume that, economically speaking, winning and losing have no meaning whatever—unless one cares about national pride—so long as the competition takes place among nonhostile states. And they continue to believe that economic competition can always be kept reasonable and constructive, as if it were an athletic contest.

Despite its heightened sensitivity to questions involving resources, the new foreign policy would proceed from an assumption of American strength, not weakness. While conceding that the United States is neither powerful nor wealthy enough to remake the world in its own image, or to achieve security and prosperity for itself by securing these benefits for every country on the planet, it would recognize that America is powerful, wealthy, and geopolitically secure enough to flourish without carrying out this ambitious agenda. And it would understand that the cultivation of America's economic and military strength, not the creation of international institutions or global norms of behavior, is the best guarantor of national independence and well-being over the long run. The emergence of transnational threats such as environmental destruction and drug trafficking does nothing to reduce the importance of national power. The nations whose preferred solutions are adopted will be those bringing the most chips to the table.

PERHAPS MOST IMPORTANT, AN INTEREST-BASED U.S. foreign policy would firmly subordinate international activism and the drive for world leadership to domestic concerns. Indeed, it would spring from new and more realistic ideas about what can be expected of a country's official foreign policy in the first place. The new approach would acknowledge that the modest policy tools actually at a government's command—weapons, money, and suasion—cannot build a fundamentally new and more benign or congenial world political order, or change the millennia-old patterns of poverty, tradition, and misrule in which so much of humanity is trapped. Such changes can occur only on the organic level of international relations, as the result of informal social, cultural, and economic interactions over long stretches of time. And even if modern science and technology have greatly accelerated the pace of change, there is little reason to think that change can be controlled or manipulated at the operational level of international relations—by a state's day-to-day foreign policy.

The interest-based approach would also eschew any notion of foreign policy as first and foremost a vehicle for spreading American values, for building national character, for expressing any individual's or group's emotional, philosophical, or political preferences, or for carrying out any of a series of additional overseas missions that, however appealing, bear only marginally on protecting and enriching the nation: promoting peace, stability, democracy, and development around the world; protecting human rights; establishing international law; building collective security; exercising something called leadership; creating a new world order; competing globally with the Soviets (or whomever) for power and influence. None of these sweeping, inspiring, quintessentially internationalist goals can serve as guides for U.S. foreign policy. They are simply free-floating ideals. From time to time

they may represent ways of advancing particular and advanceable American interests. But first we have to know what interests we want to advance. An interest-based approach would also reject the idea that meeting a set of global responsibilities can be the lodestar of U.S. foreign policy. Whose definition of this unavoidably subjective notion would be chosen? And on what basis?

Nevertheless, the interest-based approach would recognize that in a democracy such views—that is, simple national preferences—frequently influence foreign policy. That is to say, Americans from time to time favor a course of action (invading Grenada, for example, or aiding the Kurds) not because it serves vital national interests but simply because they like it. An interest-based foreign policy would acknowledge that the citizens of a democracy have every right to choose whatever foreign policy they please; certainly they are answerable to no one but themselves. And it would hold that there is nothing intrinsically wrong with sometimes basing a foreign policy on the whim or preference of the majority. The new approach would insist, however, that the American public be willing to finance its whims soundly—something the United States government has not done for decades. If the public favors aid to insurgents around the world, or fighting poverty in developing countries, or helping new democracies in Eastern Europe or Latin America, or defending certain parts of the world because of a shared cultural heritage, then it should be willing to raise the revenues needed to pay for these policies. If the revenues are not forthcoming, the whims are probably not very strong to begin with and are probably best ignored.

The new foreign policy certainly would not preclude acting on principle. But it would greatly de-emphasize conforming to abstract standards of behavior. In fact, the new foreign policy would shy away from any overarching strategy of or conceptual approach to international relations. Unlike isolationism, for instance, it would not elevate non-intervention to the status of a commandment. And it would view other popular doctrines of American foreign policy—containment, détente, multilateralism, unilateralism, idealism, realism, the achievement of a global balance of power—with skepticism. It would be free to use whatever approach or combination of approaches seemed likeliest to achieve the best ends for the United States in a given situation. Its only rule of thumb would be “whatever works” to preserve or enhance America's security and prosperity and—provided that Americans are willing to pay the bills—what the country collectively wishes to define as its psychological well-being.

Internationalists worrying about this policy's potential lack of moral content might think harder about channeling more of their compassion into good works at home—where there is no shortage of grievous wrongs to be righted and where, as is not the case in many other countries,

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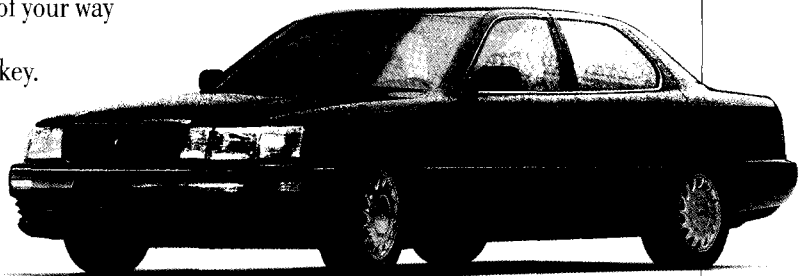
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As for the issue of defining the ends of U.S. foreign policy beyond core security, there are no magic formulas to rely on. Once national survival and independence are assured, all the major objectives of U.S. foreign policy must be subjected to a rigorous cost-risk analysis. If objectives are truly vital—if physical survival or the continuance of America's democratic values and institutions are at stake—costs and risks can never exceed benefits. But if objectives are less than vital, costs and risks can exceed benefits. For a country with America's built-in geopolitical and economic advantages—with its capacity for achieving security, prosperity, and independence—the top priority is not to settle on a fixed definition of vital interests. It is much more important to learn to think rigorously and strategically about foreign policy, in order to ensure that whatever set of interests is chosen is not so ambitious that it exposes the country to more risks than it repulses, drains it of more strength than it adds, and makes Americans feel bad about themselves and their nation more than it makes them feel good.

The new policy's aversion to grand doctrines and frameworks would be in keeping with the conviction that the fundamental purpose of U.S. foreign policy should be nothing more glamorous than attempting to cope with whatever discrete developments arise abroad that could endanger American security and prosperity. The stress would not be on comprehensive initiatives to get at the root causes of the world's ills and conflicts, on promoting greater international cooperation or integration, or on getting on the right side of history—for these favorite internationalist aims entail enormous costs and offer scant promise of success. In a perilous strategic world, it is usually a mistake to consider foreign policy to be an activist instrument at all. Rather, Americans should start thinking of foreign policy in terms of avoiding problems, reducing vulnerabilities and costs, maximizing options, buying time, and muddling through—objectives that may be uninspiring but that are well suited to a strong, wealthy, geographically isolated country.

Still, how might the new approach affect specific aspects of U.S. foreign policy? What alternatives would it entail?

THE SOVIET UNION: ONLY TREAT THE SYMPTOMS

THE INTERNATIONALISTS' utopianism has been evident even where utopia has seemed furthest away—in dealings with the Soviet Union. Since the beginning of the Cold War, Washington has been striving to achieve genuine, durable superpower cooperation. For all the hostility and conflict that has marked U.S.-Soviet relations in the postwar era, American leaders have aimed to create a relationship that would have the capacity to elicit desired Soviet behavior irrespective of power considerations. Yet even in the Gorbachev era this objective is badly misconceived.

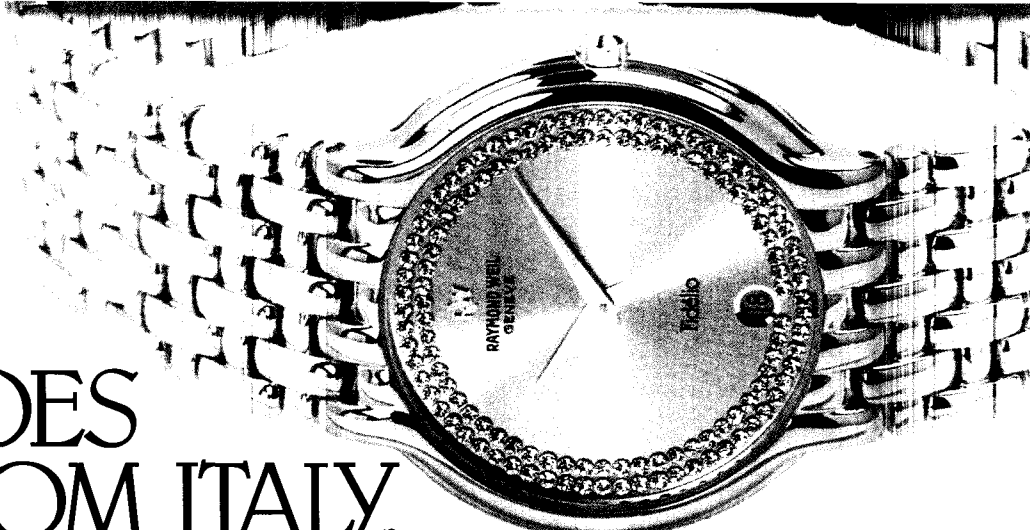
It may seem strange to describe postwar U.S. policy toward the Soviets as a quest for community. Through the mid-1980s America built a vast, globe-girdling military machine to contain Soviet power, fought what it viewed as Moscow's proxies in the Third World, placed tight clamps on Western economic dealing with the Soviet bloc, and fenced with the Soviets diplomatically in countless forums. Yet from its inception Soviet containment has been portrayed as the first stage in a process aimed at ending East-West hostility by transforming the USSR and other Communist countries into model international citizens.



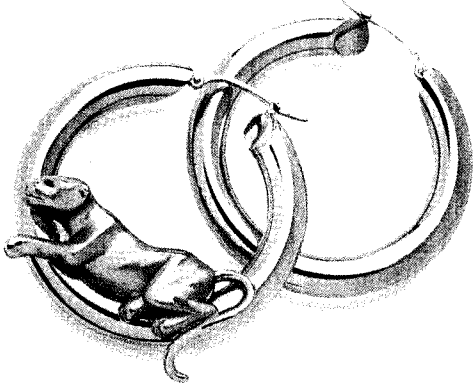
Since 1985 the revolution in Soviet foreign policy sparked by Mikhail Gorbachev has created a widespread impression that Moscow has been converted to American ways of thinking, even to the point of denouncing the militarism of its past foreign policy and spouting the rhetoric of international law and common security. Internationalism's goal seems closer than ever.

Nothing, however, could be further from the truth. Moscow's unconditional acquiescence in German unification should have made this obvious. A country that accepts the rebirth of a mortal enemy because its political survival may depend on substantial foreign aid from that erstwhile enemy is not a country that has seen the light but one that has been defeated. Since the late 1980s the West has not been negotiating with a sovereign equal but has been unwittingly dictating the terms of surrender. Moscow is de-emphasizing classical concepts of strategic and economic self-interest because those options are no longer available. It speaks of transcending power because it has none—at least none to prevent outcomes that it has understandably dreaded for decades. It is taking a leap not of faith but of desperation.

The moment the Soviets become stronger, or feel stronger, the cooperative veneer will be stripped away.



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And even if a candidate endorsed by Mother Teresa were to win power in Moscow, geography alone would guarantee that Soviet and U.S. aims will not always be compatible. Recall the U.S.-Soviet tiff that developed near the end of the Gulf War. Whatever they thought of Saddam Hussein, Soviet leaders were understandably uncomfortable with a Western and Arab force of half a million soldiers, armed with aircraft carriers, tanks, self-propelled artillery pieces, bombers, cruise missiles, and a swarm of other smart weapons, perched close to their southern doorstep.

How can internationalism cope with such problems? The theory behind our quest for East-West community holds that such tensions aren't supposed to break out anymore. How can this provide helpful guidance for policy-makers? Here internationalism's shortcomings result from its assumption that viable U.S. policies can be based on analyzing international threats and conditions rather than on identifying U.S. interests. The Bush Administration and most outside analysts have justified a new course for America's Soviet policy—notably involving cuts in defense spending—by pointing to Gorbachev's foreign-policy spectaculars and, to a lesser extent, his domestic reforms. By the fall of last year, however, the pace of Soviet diplomatic surrender began to slow. The cause of domestic reform also began to lose ground. If the situation worsens, the internationalist method of divining U.S. interests indirectly might dictate reversing the current modest decline in U.S. military budgets. But who believes that an increase in the Pentagon's budget will occur, even after the Gulf War? And which internationalists will call for the tax increases or domestic-spending cuts needed to finance a new military buildup responsibly? The alternative internationalist recipe for Soviet policy holds no more promise: promoting reform by aiding the Soviet economy. Even most internationalists admit that Moscow's problems are so vast that no realistically available amount of American or even Western resources can suffice to solve them—assuming that the main problem is lack of resources.

Thus the quandary looming before us, thanks to internationalism: We supposedly have a vital stake in bringing democracy and capitalism to the Soviet Union, but we are powerless to do so. And we will not go back to a Cold War military posture if reform fails. It's hard to imagine clearer proof of policy breakdown.

A POLICY THAT DERIVED FROM SERIOUS THINKING about national interests would look very different. Because the United States, acting on the basis of such a policy, would regard the root causes of international conflicts as basically uncontrollable even in a post-Communist age, and because it would doubt that in achieving important foreign-policy goals any arrangements or institutions could adequately substitute for power, it would concern itself primarily with the symptoms of U.S.-Soviet

rivalry should this rivalry heat up again. Moreover, because it would be acutely conscious of the cost of and limits on U.S. power, it would address only those symptoms that directly affected regions or activities important to the United States. Thus the United States would concern itself with the activities of the Soviets (or other hostile powers) in Third World trouble spots mainly when the fate of such trouble spots bore directly on America's core security (for example, Mexico and the Caribbean Basin). Regarding countries that represent major markets or sources of critical raw materials or manufactures, the new policy toward the Soviets would require officials to ask whether the costs and risks of securing these assets outweighed the benefits of non-internationalist solutions. Because the United States under the new policy would not see international peace and security as a seamless web, it would respond to many instances of Soviet (or any other) troublemaking by doing nothing at all.

The new policy would also strictly curb U.S. objectives when responses to Soviet or other hostile challenges were necessary. Unlike internationalism, it would not see every one of these challenges as a golden opportunity to advance the cause of global cooperation or to go after the roots of the troubles that hostile powers were seeking to exploit. An interest-based policy would view such crises as discrete problems that, no matter how alarming, America could realistically hope only to deter or beat back as they arose.

The new policy toward the Soviets would not rule out aiding Moscow economically or technically—provided that U.S. taxpayers were willing to foot the bill or take the revenues out of other programs. But it would focus on ensuring that America could tolerate the consequences if Soviet reform fails. In this respect, Washington's top priority must be coping with the possibility that a breakdown of order in the Soviet Union will fragment control over Soviet nuclear weapons and increase the odds of an accidental launch or a launch by extremists. A non-internationalist policy would address this specific military problem not by vainly trying to hold the Soviet Union together but by constructing the kind of thin missile-defense system that seems technologically within our grasp. Above all, it would recognize that without nuclear weapons the Soviet Union is itself today little more than what Walter Lippmann, in 1947, described the regions adjacent to the Soviet Union as consisting of: a collection of "disorganized, disunited, feeble or disorderly nations, tribes and factions." For America, the only available option worse than strategic detachment would be futile engagement.

In essence, America's Soviet policy should be to have no overarching Soviet policy as such. Rather than seeking positive objectives, the policy's goals would be predominantly negative—to make sure that Soviet actions do not damage the security or welfare of the United States or interfere with any ambitions that it truly holds dear.

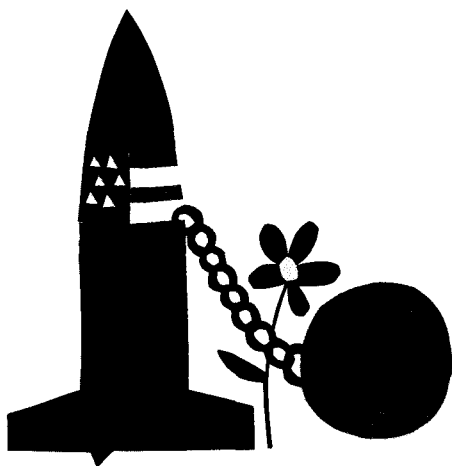
FRIENDS AND ALLIES: AN END TO SMOTHERING

IF U.S. INTERNATIONALISTS have viewed relations with the Soviet Union as the wilderness they have been trying to civilize, they have seen relations with major treaty allies as a promised land they have already reached. Nevertheless, U.S. policy toward Western Europe, Japan, and the countries where we maintain military bases vividly represents how the internationalist approach to securing U.S. interests can heighten more security risks than it neutralizes and drain America of more wealth than it brings in.

Since 1945 this internationalist alliance strategy—especially regarding Western Europe and Japan—has aimed at more complex, even more grandiose, goals than has generally been realized. The objectives have involved far more than protecting Western Europe and Japan against Soviet military aggression and political intimidation, as should now be clear from Washington's insistence that sizable U.S. nuclear and conventional forces remain in place in these regions even after most Soviet forces pull back. Nor does U.S. alliance strategy limit itself to that task of protection plus the task of preventing German and Japanese revanchism. Instead, both aims flow from a larger strategy: one of meeting all the major needs—principally those for security and prosperity—that historically led the Western European countries and Japan to conduct their own foreign policies in the first place.

This is why America has been determined to provide an enormous, guaranteed market for these now wealthy, heavily trade-dependent, and heavily protected countries (often at considerable cost to its own fortunes) as well as to cover them with a nuclear shield. In the case of Japan, the strategy has gone even further. Not only did America write the constitution that was instrumental in turning Japan into a political and military midget. (Unlike the members of NATO, Japan is not obliged by its security treaty with Washington to come to America's aid in the event of attack.) It provided the economic blueprint that Japan followed to become a highly bureaucratized, monomaniacal, mercantilist powerhouse, and encouraged Japan to rely on America, not the rest of Asia, for most of its export market. Since 1945, then, the United States has been struggling to contain not only the Soviet Union but all the world's great nations—to do nothing less than prevent them from acting like great nations in the first place.

This strategy of smothering the foreign-policy (and



economic) independence of Western Europe and Japan initially constituted an effort to balance two deeply held but conflicting goals set by U.S. foreign-policy makers shortly after the Second World War. On the one hand, they were determined to put these regions back on their feet—in order to create both markets for American goods and powerful allies capable of resisting Soviet power and of helping the United States manage the rest of the globe. On the other hand, U.S. officials knew that re-

building these nations raised the possibility of restoring the pre-1914 global balance of power, which had proved highly unstable and in fact had collapsed into two terrible conflicts. In a nuclear age the next world war might very well be the last.

As the Cold War intensified, American internationalists convinced themselves that they could have it both ways: their allies could be strong enough to help in the struggle against the Soviets but not so strong as to challenge U.S. world leadership. Smothering, the means to this end, was conceived of gradually during the 1950s and involved a huge forward deployment of U.S. conventional and nuclear forces in Europe and the Far East; guaranteeing the allies' prosperity by opening U.S. markets wide to their exports; tolerating and even encouraging their own protectionism (the European Community, a discriminatory trade bloc, was avidly promoted by Washington); and upholding a stable international monetary order.

The most obvious problems with this strategy have been difficult enough. America has paid the lion's share of the free world's defense costs. And it has borne the lion's share of the nuclear risks in its major alliances as well. In Europe, in particular, the strategy of "coupling," by deploying nuclear weapons in such a way as to deny Washington any choice in whether or not to use them, has sought to convince the Soviets that the United States would indeed use nuclear weapons if necessary to repel an attack and run the risk of all-out nuclear war—something that U.S. leaders have understandably been loath to tell the public. In fact, from the signing of the first U.S.-Soviet strategic-arms agreement, in 1972, to the breakdown of communism in Eastern Europe, in 1989, the story of intra-alliance relations was the story of Western Europe and America trying to foist the bulk of this risk onto each other. Meanwhile, Washington's indifference to maintaining U.S. economic strength led America to make most of the near-term sacrifices demanded by

IN A PERILOUS STRATEGIC WORLD, AMERICANS SHOULD START THINKING OF FOREIGN POLICY IN TERMS OF AVOIDING PROBLEMS, REDUCING VULNERABILITIES AND COSTS, MAXIMIZING OPTIONS, AND MUDDLING THROUGH.

the allies to hold the common military front together and to keep the Western economy stable.

This strategy has entailed a less obvious but more troubling long-range cost. Numerous analysts have written—and many Europeans have complained—that America has frequently exploited the dollar's key currency role in the world economy for its own advantage. Specifically, the United States has been able to lean on its allies to finance the huge balance-of-payments deficits it has run, and thus to avoid the painful discipline imposed by the international economic system on other deficit countries, ranging from Brazil to Britain. What these complaints have overlooked, however, is that this arrangement has been bad for the United States in the long run. It is at most a second-best strategy, a substitute for repairing the mounting structural problems of the U.S. economy. It is second-best because it suffers a fatal internal flaw: ultimately, the real political and military clout on which it is based cannot be wielded without that real economic strength which it neglects, and has in fact squandered.

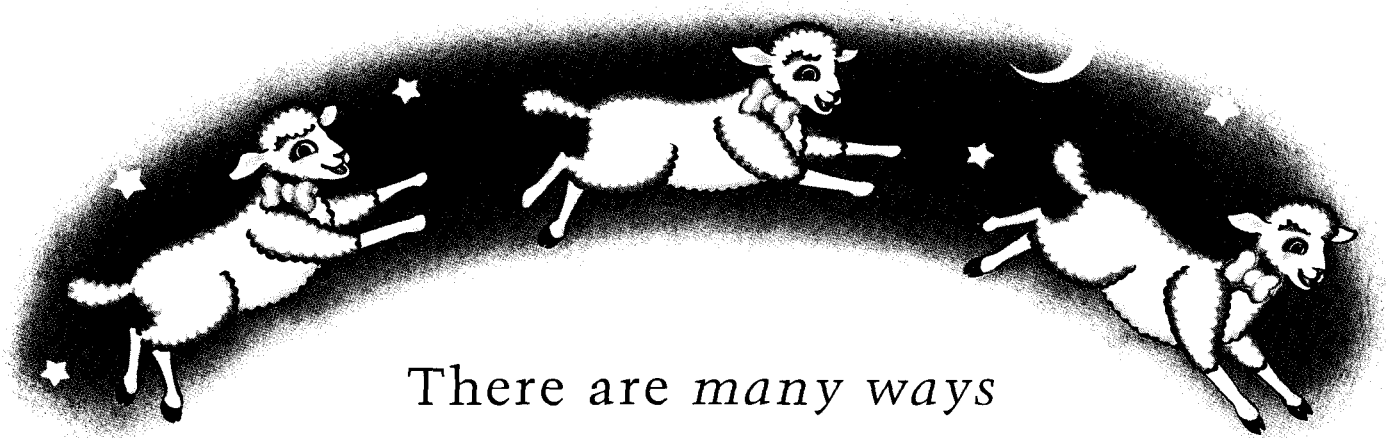
Mainly because the circumstances that made it possible have changed, the smothering strategy needs to change. The overwhelming nuclear superiority that enabled America to deter Soviet conventional attacks without worrying about Soviet retaliatory strikes is gone, and Europe has known this ever since the goal of superpower strategic parity was formally endorsed in the U.S.-Soviet strategic-arms agreement of 1972. Gone, too, is the overwhelming relative economic strength that enabled the United States literally to buy Western European and Japanese cooperation without requiring visible sacrifices from the American people—or exacting tribute from the allies themselves. In fact, by the late 1960s the smothering strategy had turned hegemonic in all but name. The United States brazenly exported first inflation and then sky-high interest rates in order to run larger and larger budget and overall payments deficits. As the price of alliance has risen for Western Europe and Japan, their willingness to accept subordinate status and entrust their fate to U.S. leadership has understandably diminished. And the three power centers will surely continue to drift apart strategically as the Soviet threat that helped hold them together fades. Worse, the short-term gains reaped by the United States came at the expense of its long-term ability to create wealth.

Internationalists advance powerful arguments for per-

sisting in adherence to the smothering strategy. Stability in Europe and the Far East has indeed been achieved, and America has undeniably benefited. But, as usual, internationalists miss the main question. It is not whether smothering is necessary, a so-called vital interest. Smothering is not in fact necessary, because the stability of Europe and the Far East no longer bears on America's physical survival; our nuclear arsenal affords whatever military protection we need. The main question is whether these benefits of smothering can be achieved at tolerable cost, and for two related reasons the answer increasingly is no.

One reason is that the strategy is now completely unsustainable for America. The military budgets required to provide the degree of military protection or stabilizing "assurance" that the allies still want are a formula for the continued hemorrhaging of U.S. economic strength and the fall of American living standards vis-à-vis these countries'. This decline has become unacceptable. The other reason is that although Western Europe and Japan and the rest of the Far East plainly wish to remain stable, they no longer wish to be contained. However these regions wind up organizing themselves, they will increasingly assert control over their own destinies no matter what America wants or does, cultivating their own strengths, pursuing their own goals, and placing their own interests above everyone else's. This increased Western European and Japanese independence will undoubtedly make the world less stable. Will the United States continue to try to stop the inevitable? Or will it focus on coping with the consequences of a less stable world?

The Bush Administration currently seems torn between two inconsistent beliefs. One is that there is no alternative to smothering—hence the President's repeated insistence that smaller but still sizable American conventional and nuclear forces will remain in Europe and the Far East. The other is that institutional arrangements—for example, a U.S.-European-Japanese troika—can be devised to make up at least partly for a diminished American military presence. Neither belief seems promising as a basis for policy. The first assumes that a level of military deployments in Europe and the Far East can be found which is low enough to grant the United States real budgetary relief and just high enough to provide real assurance and stability for those regions. The second suffers from a practical flaw: institutional arrangements cannot substitute for a power shortage. Had such arrange-



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ments been important in shaping America's alliances, in theory they could be rejiggered—burdens and risks could be shifted. But U.S. alliances have been predominantly creations of power—the power to smother. The burden of proof rests on internationalists to show that the leap to true cooperation can be made—that America can get from here to there.

In fact, one danger created by the Gulf War is that America's smashing victory will tempt Washington into a new burst of hegemonism. After all, the current European and Japanese weakness outside the economic sphere has been exposed anew. The allies' willingness to join or finance a U.S.-dominated military operation has been demonstrated—even in a case when all except the United Kingdom obviously had serious misgivings. Add in that George Bush is manifestly uninterested in domestic economic revitalization, and it is easy to envision him concluding that he has given new life to an internationalist arm-twisting strategy.

YET EVEN IN A POST-SADDAM HUSSEIN WORLD THE fatal flaw of smothering remains: a strategy of manipulation and arm-twisting is not viable because it neglects and even fritters away the economic strength that it depends on. A new, non-internationalist approach would reorient U.S. policy around two objectives. The first would be to decouple America's security from that of its allies, and above all to eliminate—not reduce but eliminate—the automatic nuclear risks built into the alliances. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with a decision by the American people to help their allies resist aggression militarily. But they should be free to make this choice. Coupling and forward-deployment strategies (deploying enough U.S. troops and their families on allied soil to make the threat of nuclear response credible) are designed to lock Americans into what is by far the most important decision they could ever face as a people—the decision to precipitate a nuclear war. Once America's overwhelming nuclear superiority faded, adherence to this strategy became nothing less than depraved, especially since it grows out of the Western European countries' refusal to pay for an adequate conventional defense. The United States should announce the unilateral withdrawal of all of its nuclear forces and all but token conventional forces from Europe within a fixed period—say, two years. And the vast majority of these forces should be demobilized. Removing most of our armed forces from Europe is doubly important given the new potential for instability on the Continent caused by the fall of the Soviet empire. If order breaks down in Eastern Europe, the last thing we should want is large numbers of American soldiers and nuclear weapons right next door.

Second, the United States should seek to maintain access to European and East Asian markets not by wielding military and political clout but by the much more reli-

able strategy of insisting on complete reciprocity in trade and investment and restoring our leadership in a wide range of major industries. The aim must be to produce goods of such high quality that even the most protectionist nations will be forced to buy them or fall behind economically and technologically. The savings achievable through troop cuts could provide much of the financing that a domestic-revitalization strategy would need. Of course, it would still be up to Americans to spend this money wisely. But first we have to give ourselves the option.

Regarding the Far East, the coupling problem is less serious, since the U.S. allies (except Korea) lie offshore and therefore have never been vulnerable to sudden ground attacks from the Soviet Union or China. Moreover, the cost of maintaining America's forces in the Far East is lower than the cost of maintaining its forces in Europe. Still, the prime mission of the Far East forces, especially in a post-Cold War era, is completely misconceived. Japan can no longer be contained at a reasonable cost to the United States. Until that distant day when China attains modernity, Japan will be the region's natural predominant power. It is already East Asia's leading supplier of private capital and foreign aid, by far. And despite America's historical opposition to the emergence of anything like Japan's wartime Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, the Japanese-supervised integration of the region is well under way.

If Japan (which has every interest in using its power peacefully and constructively in the Far East) and its neighbors (who still fear the Japanese, even as they pursue Tokyo's economic vision) want U.S. forces in the region to ease their anxieties, Washington should provide them—as long as the local countries pick up the tab (including the “rent” that America pays for its Philippine bases, if maintaining those bases is something the local countries want). If they refuse, the United States should simply go home (and in the process end the degrading practice of submitting to Philippine blackmail for something that Manila needs much more than we do). Whatever U.S. forces remain in the region, moreover, should be deployed so as to maximize America's freedom of choice in using them. And any U.S. nuclear weapons should be deployed in naval units well offshore, especially from Korea, which remains the region's most dangerous flashpoint.

U.S. alliance policy should vigorously seek opportunities for cooperation with the countries of Europe and East Asia. But advancing U.S. national interests will depend on keeping this cooperation ad hoc—abandoning the illusion of restoring perfect control and establishing idyllic relationships—and on our maintaining the strength to drive hard bargains. We need both the diplomatic skill to create healthy partnerships when specific interests coincide and the street smarts to protect our interests when they do not.

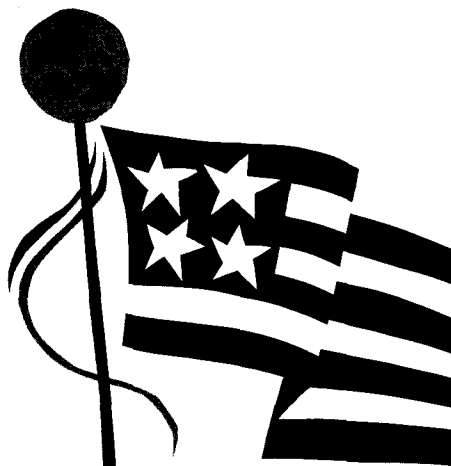
THE THIRD WORLD: TIME TO DISENGAGE

INTERNATIONALISM'S GENIUS for focusing U.S. attention on sideshows has nowhere been more evident than in America's relations with the generally weak, poor, politically fragile nations of the Third World. During the Cold War, internationalism's characteristically exaggerated fears—of Soviet power and prestige, and of losing valuable military bases, raw-material deposits, and export markets to hostile forces—turned the Third World into the only theater in which U.S. and Soviet ambitions clashed violently, and the theater in which these conflicts most often threatened to ignite wider war, from Korea to Indochina, from Cuba to the Middle East, from Afghanistan to Central America. Meanwhile, internationalism's equally excessive hopes led U.S. policy-makers to try to combat the Soviet threat not only by helping protect these countries militarily and organizing them into facsimiles of alliances but also by spending hundreds of billions of dollars trying to turn them into modern, subversion-resistant societies.

The Cold War is over, but similar fears continue to drive U.S. policy in the Third World. The specter of local tyrants armed with weapons of mass destruction and long-range delivery systems has replaced the specter of the Soviets, while access to the same markets and raw materials and even most of the same bases is considered as vital as ever. Archetypal internationalist policies—regional security arrangements, multilateral arms and technology export curbs, and aid programs to promote economic development and democracy—are still being proposed to deal with potential Third World problems.

With or without the Soviet threat, internationalists have portrayed America's extensive involvement in Third World countries as a security and economic imperative, resulting from tight, indissoluble links between the Third World's fate and our own. To the extent that these links exist, however, they are largely artificial—the products of internationalist policy. Since well before the Cold War ended, the importance of the Third World to the United States has been shrinking steadily. America's internationalist foreign policy perversely has sought to reverse this process, and to bind America's future ever more closely to these generally woebegone lands and their desperate problems. Worse, where troubles in the Third World do cause America difficulties, internationalism has prevented the United States from pursuing superior non-internationalist solutions.

With respect to security, the value to America of most



Third World military bases on the Soviet periphery has been eliminated by the deployment of intercontinental nuclear weapons, which enable U.S. nuclear warheads to strike any spot on earth. And although the military arsenals of many Third World countries will continue to expand, America's military edge over the developing world will probably widen for the foreseeable future, as the latest advances in microelectronics and other technologies are built into American weapons systems. The

Gulf War should have made that clear. In this vein, the Vietnam debacle should have taught us only that the United States will have problems using its military to serve its interests in the Third World when those interests are absurdly peripheral, and also when its objectives (in this case, nation-building) are utopian.

As for America's economic stakes in the Third World, they have always been small and they continue to shrink. Take the idea of the Third World and its teeming billions as the world's last great untapped market and the potential salvation of U.S. industry. Meaningless aggregate figures make this broader version of the myth of the China market seem credible. In fact America's Third World trade is dominated by a handful of countries—the so-called newly industrialized countries (the South Koreans and Taiwans of the world), Mexico, and the OPEC oil producers. U.S. trade with the rest of the Third World rose impressively during the 1970s, but only because the West lent those countries so much money that some increase in their purchasing power was inevitable. Unfortunately, when the loans came due, it became clear that the money had been used not to encourage sound, self-sustaining growth—and thus the creation of reliable markets for U.S. products—but to line rulers' pockets and to finance politically popular national shopping sprees. The resulting debt crisis represents simply the return of those nations to their historical state of economic stagnation following an artificially induced spending boom. Consequently, private U.S. and other Western banks are falling all over themselves to cut their losses and get out of the business of making new loans to most Third World countries (except for loans made involuntarily, as part of government-mandated rescue packages). Indeed, on the whole, all forms of private foreign investment in the Third World are in relative decline. In 1956–1960 direct Western private investments in the Third World amounted to 27.4 percent of the \$126.5 billion (in constant dollars) in net Western financial flows to those countries. In

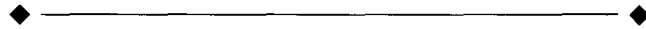
1981–1985 such investments represented only 11.1 percent of the total Western financial flow of \$442.4 billion—and this period included some of the peak foreign-lending years.

The United States is heavily reliant on Third World countries for many strategically and economically critical raw materials. But resource availability is hardly a cut-and-dried concept. Appearances to the contrary, statistics on the availability of such resources as petroleum and metals do not tell us definitively how much of these substances remains in the ground. Geologists simply do not know enough to provide credible numbers. And the domination of world production of certain resources by certain countries does not mean that those countries possess the planet's sole deposits. It simply means that their easily accessible supplies can be extracted and refined at costs that the market considers profitable at a given time. Import dependence, moreover, is not the same thing as vulnerability to supply cutoffs. Specifically, the more countries that supply a given material, the less likely it is that a price increase or a supply interruption from any single source will be damaging to the United States.

In addition, materials science today is an exceptionally promising research field, and many new forms of plastics, ceramics, and composites are superior to naturally occurring metals and the alloys made from them. As a result, the smokestack industries now use decreasing amounts of Third World raw materials in their products. (The new information-intensive industries, of course, have never relied heavily on Third World raw materials.) And the development of synthetics will only accelerate, further lessening our reliance on Third World raw materials.

AMERICAN INTERESTS IN THE THIRD WORLD IN FACT boil down to a handful of concrete issues. On the security side the United States needs to worry about only one region: the Caribbean Basin. And in this region it has only two important concerns: that no hostile outside force establish any significant military or intelligence presence, and that Mexico not fall apart economically and socially.

The United States cannot live with social and econom-



THE COUPLE

Day after day their deep love softly decays.
This makes them wise. It makes them want to sing.
Sometimes, over cups in the kitchen or stirring
a warm soup in the dark, they feel such tenderness
as to turn quietly weeping for each other's arms.
Weeping. Song. They are so much alike, after all.

—David Baker

ic chaos on its southern border, or insulate itself from the consequences. Yet turning such an enormous, corruption-ridden country as Mexico into a success story seems impossible using standard internationalist tools like economic- and political-development programs. The United States might do better to abandon the dream of remaking Mexico and aim instead at keeping the lid on—helping Mexico muddle through as long as possible. Desperation has forced the Mexican government to make some promising economic-liberalization moves. It should be pressured to make more. The proposed U.S.-Mexico free-trade agreement might help as well, provided that Mexico is not permitted to become either an export platform that gives European and Asian companies easy access to the U.S. market, or more of a sweatshop for American firms seeking to evade strict U.S. environmental, child-labor, and occupational-safety laws.

America's policy toward the Caribbean Basin in general has been wasteful and roundabout. Thus, for a decade after the Sandinista revolution, in 1979, liberal and conservative internationalists alike convinced themselves that securing U.S. interests in Central America required turning that region's countries into something they had never been—stable, democratic, and prosperous societies that would never think of hosting unfriendly foreign presences. The Carter and Reagan Administrations both pumped hundreds of millions in aid into the region and oversaw reform programs down to the village level.

Central America isn't in great demand today as a base for operations against the United States, but if this threat returns, Washington should remember that the lack of democracy, development, and social justice in Central America—however unfortunate for people who have to live there—has never appreciably affected U.S. fortunes. We are strong enough to rely on simpler responses than those chosen by Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan. The United States should keep unfriendly foreign powers out of the hemisphere by using and threatening to use force unilaterally. Washington could implicitly propose a new regional compact: local populations would be allowed to mismanage themselves to their hearts' content, provided that no foreign-policy decisions were made that America deemed troublesome. Washington alone would be judge, jury, and court of appeals. Countries that disobeyed would be punished—perhaps in the form of air or naval bombardment, or full economic embargoes. Countries that obeyed would be left alone, no matter which political faction happened to be in power in a given week.

The United States also needs to think about the proliferation of advanced weapons and long-range delivery systems throughout the Third World. Even after the Gulf War, however, the most commonly proposed internationalist solution to the threat of missile attack from Third World countries is one that has already failed: multilateral controls on the military and commercial technologies needed to make missile weapons. This solution has

THE NEW APPROACH WOULD ACKNOWLEDGE THAT THE MODEST POLICY TOOLS ACTUALLY AT A GOVERNMENT'S COMMAND—WEAPONS, MONEY, AND SUASION—CANNOT BUILD A FUNDAMENTALLY NEW AND MORE BENIGN WORLD POLITICAL ORDER.

failed for entirely predictable reasons. The worldwide economic integration to which internationalists love to point means that technology—knowledge—is excruciatingly difficult to contain. It is all the more so when the line between military and civilian technology in the crucial high-tech sectors is blurry, when, consequently, many of the key technologies are in private hands (or heads), and when demand is high. In other words, the problem cannot be legislated out of existence. It is hard to see that diplomacy can do much either. How could the West possibly convince Third World countries that nuclear and other high-tech weapons are not valuable assets, especially in the dangerous regions in which many of the countries are located? And regional security agreements aimed at obviating the need for such weapons are little more than pieces of paper. If states felt secure enough to rely on such arrangements, they wouldn't want the weapons so desperately.

Therefore, it's time for approaches recognizing that the genies are out of the bottle. One approach would replace denial with destruction. Israel understood this first: its bombing of Iraq's nuclear facilities in 1981 bought the world ten years of valuable time. Operation Desert Storm has bought much more. Better yet, such operations—especially if they are restricted to bombing runs over weapons factories—can easily be repeated against militarily and technologically inferior nations whenever necessary. The United States could also replace denial with protection. Ronald Reagan's dream of shielding Americans from the kind of mammoth nuclear strike that the Soviets could launch was never attainable. But a thin-shield defense against the kinds of much smaller strikes that developing countries can launch would be fairly easy, and if we lack the capability now, we should hurry up and get it. Financing would require only a small fraction of the money currently spent on protecting Western Europe and Japan.

ON THE ECONOMIC SIDE, AMERICA NEEDS TO MAKE sure that its banking system is not damaged by further Third World stagnation, and it needs more-reliable supplies of key raw materials found in the Third World. In each case, the internationalist solution has been more complicated, more expensive, less direct, and less reliable over the long term than non-internationalist alternatives. Creating flourishing Third World markets for American goods where none currently exist

would be marvelous, but it does not seem possible at any cost that the United States could afford. It is true, as foreign-aid advocates note, that America spends a pittance, in relative terms, on development assistance. But aid has been the same kind of bargain as one on a used car with a bum engine. The prospect of any return at all on the money is so remote that the waste is likely to be total.

Moreover, the chief obstacle to modernization and self-sustaining growth in most of the Third World is not lack of money but, rather, the social, economic, and political disorganization and the official corruption from which Third World countries suffer. Indeed, many of these places are not real countries—at least not in the sense that states in the industrialized free world and parts of the Far East are. Third World countries may belong to the UN, they may have their own flags and airlines and armies and postage stamps, but many of them lack the critical attributes of statehood—the institutional structures and the bedrock cohesion needed both to generate resources and to use them productively.

Rather than persist in trying to solve problems that may be unsolvable, the United States should make the best of a less-than-ideal but eminently tolerable situation, and focus on insulating itself as completely as possible from the consequences of prolonged economic stagnation in the Third World. However significant, the costs could be a bargain compared with the costs and the uncertainties of continued bailout attempts and conventional aid programs. The United States should assume that any real economic promise shown by any of these countries will eventually be recognized by the private sector, however gun-shy it is now.

Since the end of the Second World War the United States has generally accepted its dependence on Third World supplies of strategic materials and has sought to secure them through a combination of military and political means—fielding the forces needed to protect the supplies from hostile powers, using foreign aid and diplomacy to court the regimes that controlled the resources, and, when necessary, helping the regimes fend off internal challenges. These national-security programs represent costs that must be added to the price tag of Third World raw materials. In fact, when one considers all the costs and uncertainties of securing access to these materials, the entire policy equation changes. It becomes clear that many “cheap” Third World raw materials are not cheap at all. In some cases the true cost of these materials

may approach or even exceed the true costs of supposedly uneconomical alternatives. Oil provides the most striking example. The cost of the U.S. military forces maintained even in peacetime primarily to protect the flow of oil from the Middle East, together with the cost of U.S. regional-aid programs—not to mention the cost of the Gulf War—increases the real price of Middle Eastern oil to U.S. taxpayers by a staggering sum. Estimates of the actual amount vary, and preoccupy a small cottage industry; the estimates *start* at tens of billions of dollars a year.

These hidden costs of “cheap” foreign raw materials mean that in many cases the United States has the option of greater self-sufficiency. And because in a strategic world self-sufficiency and freedom of action are intrinsic goods that are worth much, Washington should be aggressively exploring alternatives to Third World supplies. The United States should be looking into developing artificial substitutes for both fuel and nonfuel minerals, stimulating alternative international sources of supply, encouraging exploration for new domestic supplies, and more fully exploiting low-grade domestic deposits.

In the Third World as elsewhere, internationalism has

its hopes and fears backward. The modernization of most Third World societies may be out of the question for the time being. As a result, integrating those societies into the tightly interconnected, efficiency-oriented global economy envisioned by internationalism may be indefinitely delayed. Those countries cannot be counted on as strategic assets or substantial markets anytime soon. The United States must not concentrate on turning the situation around, and risk its own exhaustion in the process. Strategic and economic disengagement from the Third World, which has already begun, should be allowed to continue unimpeded.

The greatest obstacles to adopting this new Third World policy are plainly psychological. It is difficult in this era of Spaceship Earth, amid rampant talk of interdependence and globalization, to envision a future in which the developed and developing halves of the world are largely decoupled—in which one half continues to make great economic, social, and scientific progress while the other languishes in decrepitude and anarchy. Tragically, it is even more difficult to envision the kind of effort that would be needed to prevent this scenario from unfolding.

DOING FOR OURSELVES

A TIGHTER FOCUS ON AMERICA's national interests could remove many of the political and institutional influences responsible for the seeming otherworldliness of our internationalist foreign policy. If internationalism has not been serving the interests of the nation as a whole especially well lately, it may be, as noted, because few influential internationalists have to live with the domestic consequences of their positions. Many—probably most—are affluent enough to bear a heavy tax load and to secure the best financial advice money can buy. Their children have not, for the most part, been the ones who have fought in the military conflicts of the past. Their jobs rarely are eliminated when predatory foreign trade practices close American factories. They can also shield themselves from the impact of internationalism's indifference to domestic decay. Their neighborhoods are not haunted by violent crime and drugs. Their sons and daughters are not educated at ineffective public schools. They are not struggling to pay medical bills and send their children to college.

Surely one explanation for internationalists' success at making their priorities those of U.S. foreign policy at large involves their belief that, given our perilous world



and America's particular vulnerabilities, a democratically made foreign policy could be a dangerous luxury. The notions of globalization and interdependence and the indivisibility of peace and security all reinforce the belief that foreign-policy makers cannot waste time playing by the rules and seeking the consensus that democratic governance rests on. National security in particular, the internationalists seem to believe, is too important to entrust to the ignorant, fickle masses and their only slightly

less ignorant, fickle representatives in Congress.

A foreign policy cognizant of America's considerable strengths and dedicated to enhancing them would automatically allow domestic quality-of-life issues priority on the national agenda. And it would also no longer implicitly accept the need for control by an elite. In this more relaxed environment internationalists would find it harder to portray their prejudices and obsessions as urgent national needs. Their priorities would no longer command automatic assent. Their world-order ideas would enjoy no automatic claims on the country's resources, its attention, or the lives of its young men and women.

After half a century of predominance, internationalism would be superseded by a foreign policy for the rest of us. □

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WHY THE GULF WAR SERVED THE NATIONAL INTEREST

BY JOSEPH S. NYE, JR.

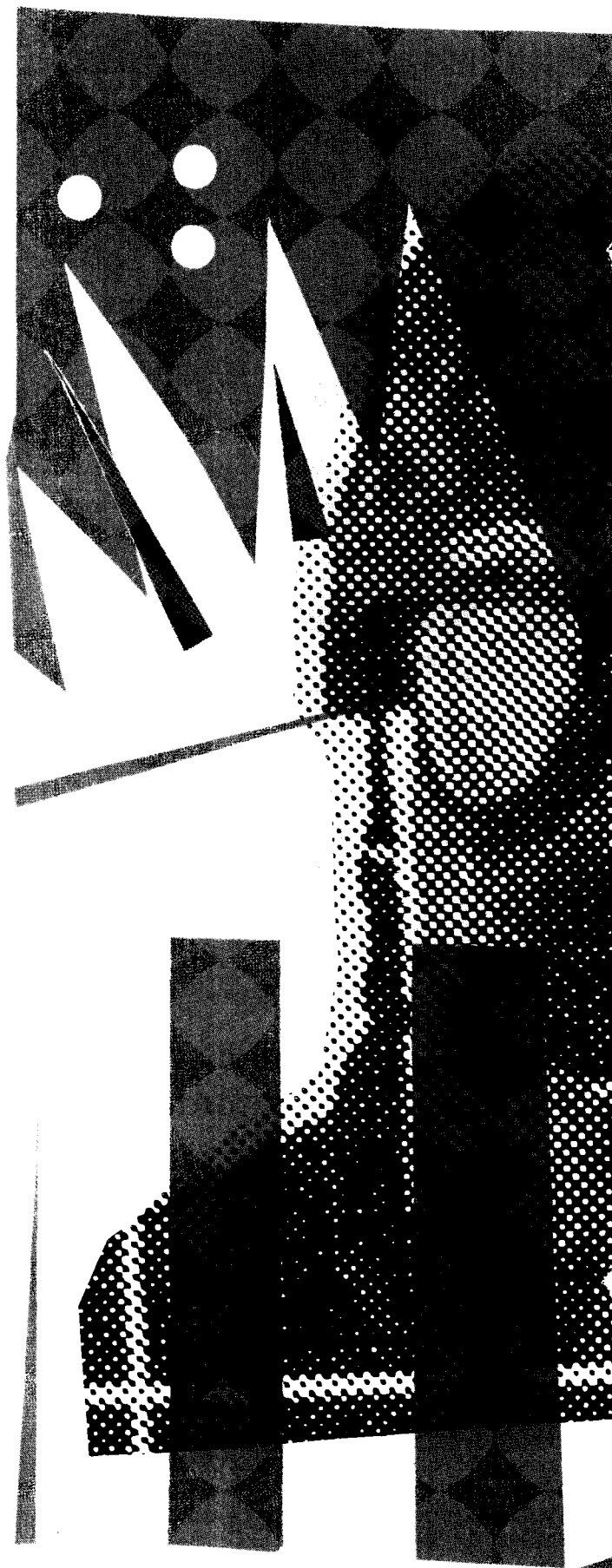
LET'S START WITH A PUZZLE. WHY DID A MAJORITY of the people living in the central part of North America think it in their interest to send half a million soldiers 6,000 miles away to the Persian Gulf? The simplest answer is one word: oil. To quote one of the better placards at a peace march, "If Kuwait exported broccoli, we wouldn't be there now."

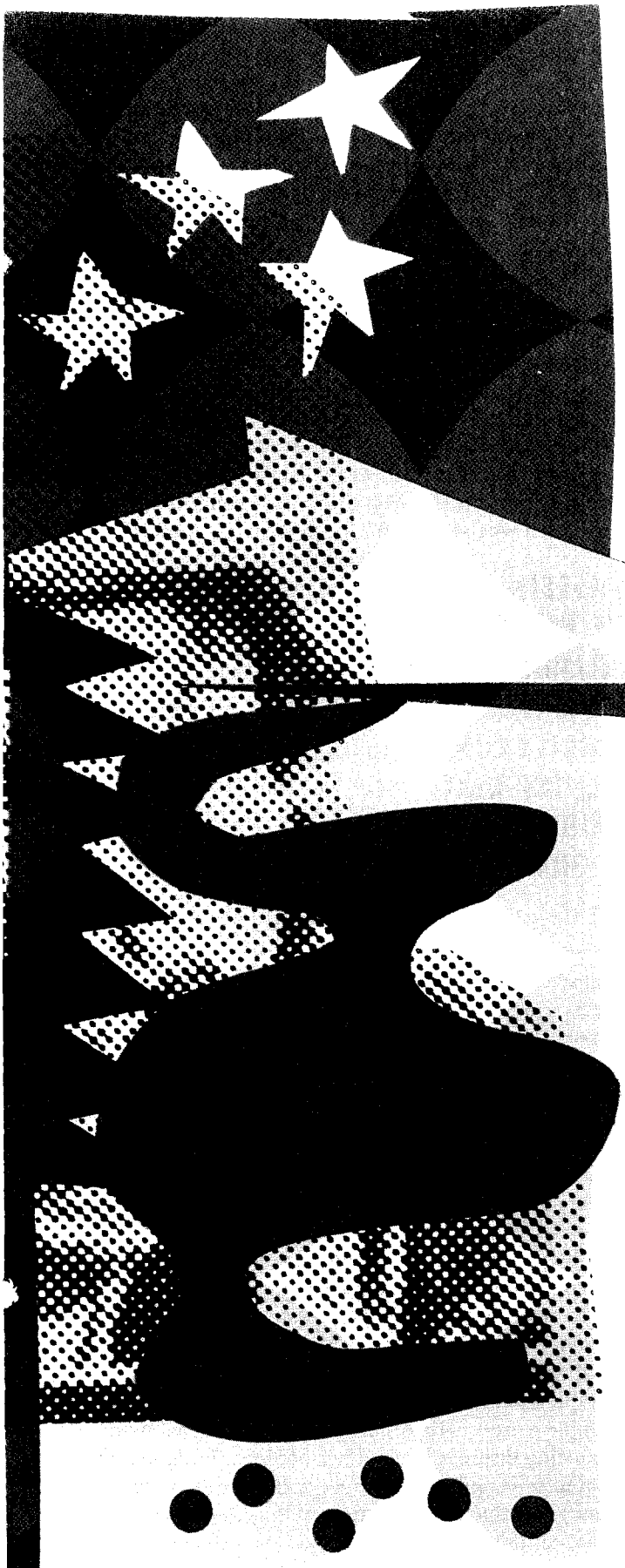
Like most slogans, however, that one oversimplifies the truth. Persian Gulf oil accounts for less than five percent of America's energy consumption. Japan, which is highly dependent on Gulf oil, did not send troops, while Britain, which exports oil, did send troops. So oil is not the whole answer. Other possible aspects of the answer include "a new world order," collective security, interdependence, prevention of regional hegemony, and reversal of American decline. But big words sometimes substitute for clear thought. Let us unpack the abstractions and see what they're made up of as we search for the national interest in the Persian Gulf.

Defining the National Interest

SOMETIMES GEOPOLITICIANS ACT AS THOUGH determining the national interest were an arcane science, or at least an occult art. But there is nothing mysterious about the national interest. It is simply the set of interests that are widely shared by Americans in their relations with the rest of the world. The national interest is broader than private interests, though it is hardly surprising that various groups try to equate their interests with the national interest. And despite what self-pro-

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WHY THE GULF WAR WAS NOT IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST

BY CHRISTOPHER LAYNE

THE FUNDAMENTAL QUESTION OF STATECRAFT has always been, What are a nation's vital interests—those for which the nation will go to war? What considerations of national interest prompted the Bush Administration to believe that the United States had to wage war in the Persian Gulf? As U.S. policy evolved during the pre-war crisis, three national-interest justifications emerged as bases for it: the need to guarantee an uninterrupted flow of Middle East oil (which entailed defending Saudi Arabia); the need to counter the threat to the Middle East posed by Iraq's military arsenal, especially its chemical, biological, and prospective nuclear weapons; and the need to ensure peace and stability in the Middle East.

The Oil Argument

LAST FALL, IN A CAMPAIGN SPEECH, PRESIDENT George Bush said that the Gulf crisis was about aggression, not oil. Clearly, aggression was a factor, but, as Bush himself repeatedly stated, so was oil. Admittedly, oil is important—but not important enough to justify the Gulf War. Several points need to be made about the oil argument. First, given the centrality of the Arabian Peninsula's oil reserves, a case can be made that no hostile power should be allowed to dominate the region. The need to prevent an Iraqi invasion of Saudi Arabia was, therefore, a key consideration for Washington, and the Saudis would not have asked for U.S. assistance unless they had reason to believe that an attack was imminent. However, this threat could have

(continued on page 65)

WHY THE GULF WAR SERVED THE NATIONAL INTEREST

(continued from page 54)

claimed realists say, the national interest is broader than protection against geopolitical threats. The strategic interest is part of, but not necessarily identical to, the national interest. In a democracy the national interest is what a majority, after discussion and debate, decides are its legitimate long-run shared interests in relation to the outside world.

What can Americans agree on? Most want a sense of security—the absence of threats at home or abroad. Economic well-being is also high on the list. Many jobs that Americans hold and products they consume depend on the world beyond their borders. But Americans don't define themselves by bread alone. They also care about their identity, self-image, and moral values. Here the list becomes fuzzier, as people differ in the extent to which they want their government's foreign policy to express their preferences for democracy, human rights, or a sense of national pride.

Foreign-policy experts who call themselves realists often deny that such values can be part of the national interest. They prefer to identify the national interest with the strategic interest. The realists are right to warn about the strategic costs and pitfalls of indulging such moralistic preferences, but in a democracy the experts have no right to assert that their amoral preferences are the only correct way to define the national interest.

Some analysts, myself included, say that the American people share an interest in world order. But order is instrumental, valuable only insofar as it serves the more basic shared interests in security, economic well-being, and identity. So why should Americans care about order in distant parts of the globe? The simple answer is that even distant disorder can have effects that hurt, influence, or disturb the majority of people living within the United States. The various ways in which these effects are transmitted are lumped together under the abstraction "rising interdependence." They add up to a world in which it is ever more difficult for us to isolate what happens inside the United States from what happens outside.

There are various forms of interdependence: economic, military, social, and ecological. The changing technology of communications and transportation has had a revolutionary impact on economic interdependence. World trade has grown more rapidly than world product. Over the past few decades foreign trade has tripled its share in the U.S. economy, from five to 15 percent of the gross national product. A third of the growth in the U.S. econo-

my over the past five years is attributable to exports. And international monetary flows, some twenty-five times as large as the world's flows of goods, have eroded the ability of national monetary authorities to control capital markets. Americans like to think that interest rates, so important to economic growth, are set by the Federal Reserve Board. But in practice they are also set by thousands of people watching little green screens all over the world, deciding whether or not the underlying conditions of the U.S. economy merit buying U.S. Treasury bills at the offered rates.

Another trend that increases interdependence is the spread of the technology of destruction. At least ten poor countries have major weapons-export industries. Twenty countries have the capability to make chemical weapons; fifteen are working to produce ballistic missiles; nine probably have nuclear weapons. More will follow. Not only is there the prospect that hostile countries may try to use such weapons on the United States, but also, given

the weak command-and-control capabilities in poor countries, there's the chance that such weapons will fall into the hands of terrorist groups. Ballistic-missile defenses built with American technology will be unable to stop the aircraft, ships, and smuggling that are the likely forms of delivery by weak states or terrorist groups.

Along with economic and military interdependence, social and ecological interdependence have increased as well. A growing number of the issues in international politics are transnational in the sense that they have roots in many societies and their effects cross international borders.

The radioactivity released from the Chernobyl reactor in the Soviet Union was a dramatic example, but threats to the ozone layer or to the global climate are rooted in the domestic practices of many countries. The solutions to such issues of transnational interdependence as ecological change, AIDS, and illicit trade in drugs will require cooperation among many governments. If governments are mired in chaos and too weak to deal with their end of a transnational problem, the U.S. government will be unable to influence them to minimize the damage done to Americans.

In other words, behind the abstractions about rising interdependence are changes that make it ever more difficult to isolate the United States from the effects of events in the rest of the world. More concretely, there are two simple reasons why Americans have a national interest in reducing disorder beyond our borders. Things out there can hurt us, and therefore we will want to influence distant governments on a variety of issues, such as proliferation, terrorism, drugs, resources, and ecological damage. To do so, we will need power beyond just our good exam-

IF SADDAM HUSSEIN ASPIRED TO BE THE BISMARCK OF THE ARABS, ELIMINATING THOSE NATIONS FRIENDLY TO THE WEST AND FINALLY CONFRONTING ISRAEL, THE NEXT DECADE IN THE MIDDLE EAST PROMISED TO BE ONE OF ESCALATING VIOLENCE.

ple. But there is sometimes another reason for concern about distant disorder. Some foreign violations of human rights are so egregious that they evoke a broad response among Americans. The majority vote in Congress for sanctions against apartheid in South Africa is a case in point.

The Case of the Gulf

EVEN IF INTERDEPENDENCE is rising and the United States has a national interest in some degree of world order in general, what were the widely shared American interests in the specific case of the Persian Gulf? How might Americans have been hurt if the United States had continued to have "no opinion" on inter-Arab disputes? The three most serious reasons for involvement were oil, order, and weapons proliferation.

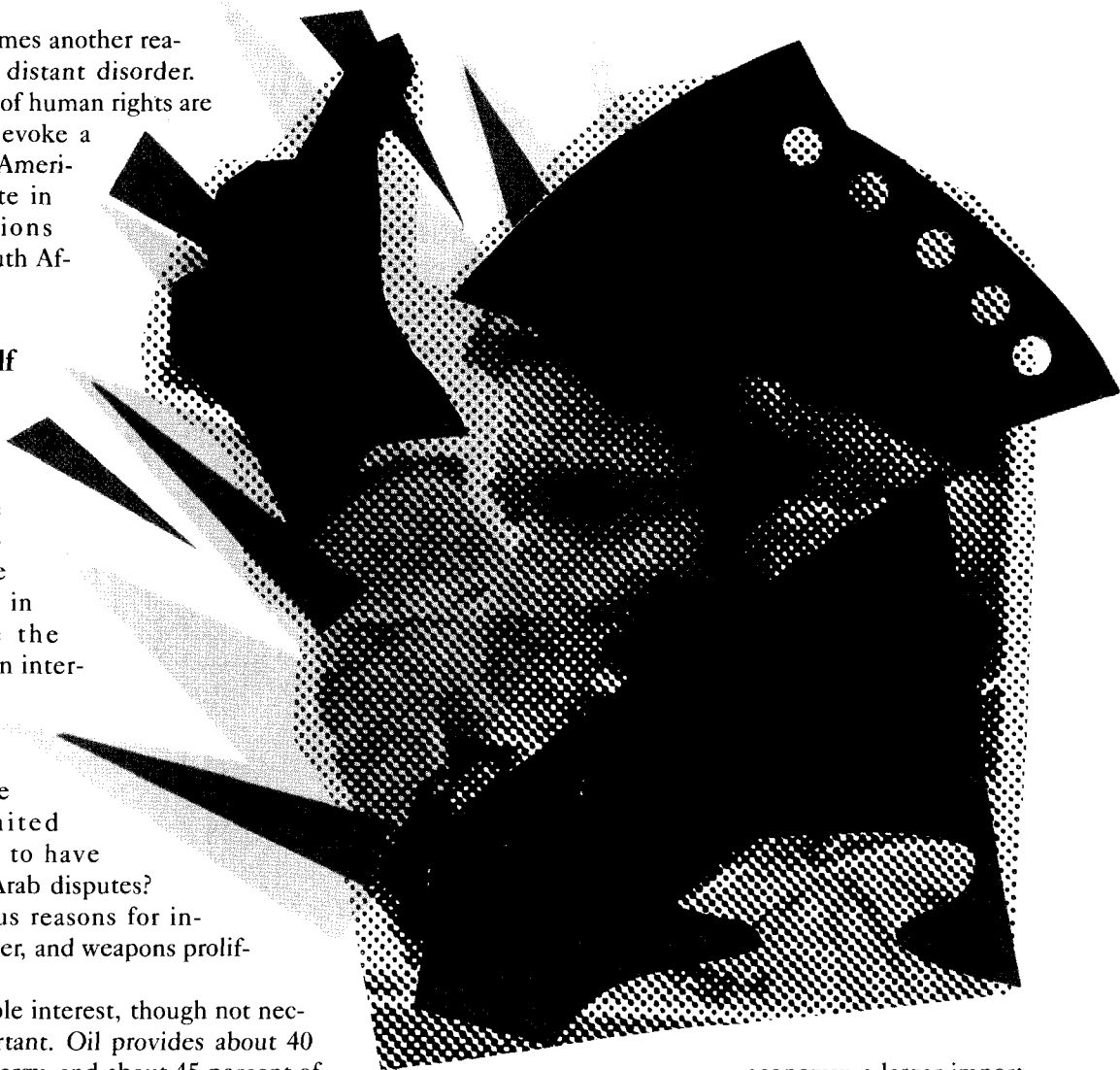
Oil is the most tangible interest, though not necessarily the most important. Oil provides about 40 percent of American energy, and about 45 percent of this oil is imported. Roughly a quarter of the imports come from the Persian Gulf—so America's direct energy dependence on the Gulf is less than five percent. After the energy crises of the 1970s the U.S. government spent \$20 billion developing a strategic petroleum reserve. By August of 1990 the reserve contained 600 million barrels, or approximately a year's supply of Persian Gulf imports.

The direct physical effects of losing Gulf oil appear small, but it is a mistake to look only at the direct effects. The numerous editorials that compared America's five percent dependence on Gulf oil with Japan's 37 percent dependence were misleading, for they ignored the effects of global economic interdependence. Oil is a fungible commodity: it flows to the highest bidder. As long as the world market depends on the Gulf for a third of its oil, shortfalls there will jack up world prices and everyone, including the United States, will pay more for oil. Those higher prices are like a tax on the world economy, stimulating inflation and depressing demand, hurting rich and poor alike.

Higher oil prices have two kinds of effects on the U.S.

economy: a larger import bill (economists call this a change in the terms of trade), and shocks to the economy that interrupt growth (economists call these macro-economic effects). If Saddam Hussein had raised oil prices to \$27 a barrel, the increase in our import bill would have been about \$20 billion a year, or less than one half of one percent of GNP. The greater harm comes when sudden rises depress the economy, but this effect is harder to estimate. Some economists believe that a temporary oil price of \$40 a barrel, for example, helped to trigger the recession, which represented a loss of several percent of GNP. If Saddam Hussein had gained control of Gulf oil and chosen a long-term sustainable price rise, the effects on the U.S. economy (through the terms of trade) would have been modest. If he had tried to extort money more quickly with a more dramatic price rise, the damage to the U.S. (and world) economy would have been considerably greater.

If President Richard Nixon's old goal of energy independence could be achieved, the United States could reduce the terms-of-trade effects of global oil shortages on its economy, but not the larger macro-economic effects



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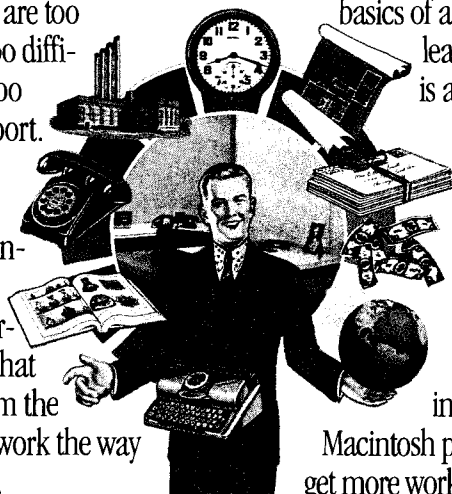
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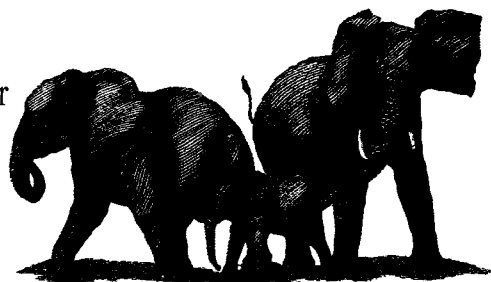


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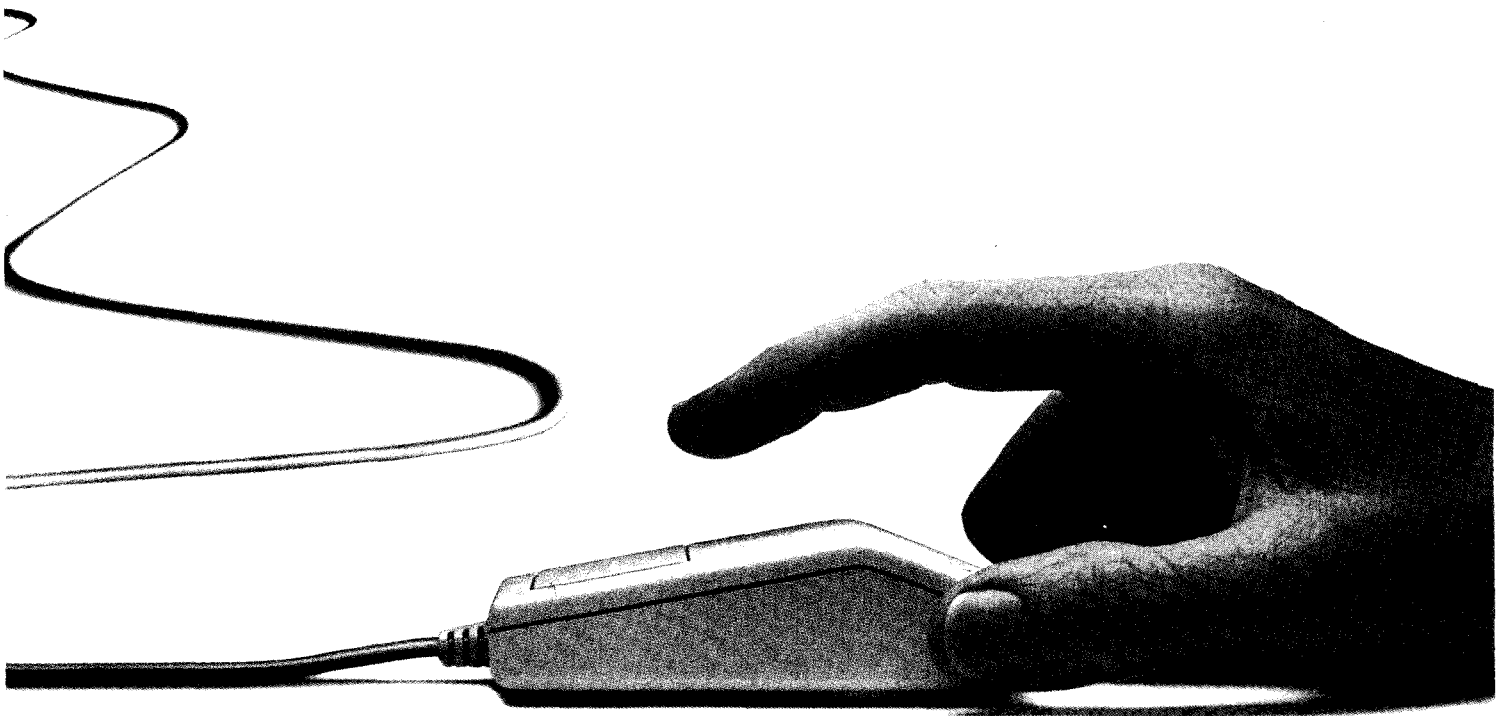
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that would be transmitted from the shock of rapid price rises and depressed activity in the world economy. Moreover, energy independence has proved to be a chimerical goal. Increased drilling, a gasoline tax, and incentives for conservation are worthwhile efforts, but they will not replace our dependence on oil imports in this century at any reasonable level of costs. Of course, imported oil also has hidden costs that are not reflected in its market price. These include the costs of economic and military assistance as well as of military forces earmarked for the Middle East. These factors added \$8.32 per barrel of imported oil in 1990, for a total still well below the costs of such alternatives as solar energy and synthetic fuels.

By many accounts, Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait in large part because of oil. Only ten days later did he invoke the Palestinian cause. In 1988 he faced economic-reconstruction costs of \$230 billion in the aftermath of his war with Iran; Iraq's annual oil revenues of \$13 billion did not even cover current expenditures. As Saddam Hussein complained at an Arab summit in May of

last year, every dollar drop in the price of oil cost Iraq a billion dollars a year. No only was annexing Kuwait like capturing a gold mine, but had Iraq's President gone unchallenged in his use of force, he would have been able to cow Saudi Arabia and the smaller states into cutting their oil production and jacking up the world price by the ten dollars a barrel or more that he had mentioned in May.

Oil markets, of course, respond to price changes, and eventually increased conservation and production outside the Gulf would have set upper limits on price, though probably only after considerable damage had been done to the world economy. But even if the markets had prevented Saddam Hussein from extorting as much wealth from the world economy as he wished, his oil revenues would have increased dramatically. It would be nice to believe that the additional income would have been devoted to economic development, but that belief is inconsistent with the Iraqi President's past behavior, which has been aimed at turning Iraq into the dominant military power in the region. The additional revenues would have permitted a dramatic increase in Iraq's already impressive ability to import modern weapons and the technology necessary for producing weapons of mass destruction.

Saddam Hussein had already demonstrated his chemical-weapons capability, against Iran and against his own Kurdish civilians. In addition, he was developing biological weapons, extending the range of his ballistic missiles, and covertly importing components for a nuclear-weapons program. Despite alarmist reports by some pundits, at the time of the war Iraq was probably still at least five years away from having a deliverable nuclear weapon. If he aspired to be the Bismarck of the Arabs, eliminating those nations friendly to the West and finally confronting Israel, the next decade in the Middle East promised to be one of escalating violence and loss of life. Facing such a prospect, those who believed that a conflict with Saddam Hussein was inevitable concluded that sooner was better than later.

Was a conflict with Saddam Hussein inevitable? The simple answer is no. Few things are inevitable in human affairs. For instance, he might have been



overthrown before he achieved nuclear capability, or Israel might have pre-empted that capability again, as it did with its strike against Iraq's Osirak reactor, in 1981. Though not inevitable, however, higher levels of conflict looked likely. But would the United States have been drawn in? Probably so, given America's de facto alliance with Israel.

Is support for Israel a national interest? It is if a majority of Americans consistently say it is. The United States being a nation of immigrants, it has long been legitimate for Americans with binational affinities to lobby for the support of particular countries, but support for Israel extends far beyond the American Jewish community. The support is based in part on the biblical beliefs of fundamentalist Christians, in part on a sense of historical guilt related to the Holocaust, and in part on admiration for Israeli democracy. In the Reagan years Israel derived strategic importance from the anti-Soviet focus of American diplomacy, but although that focus is less compelling in the post-Cold War era, strategists who believe that alliances are crucial to American efforts at world order nonetheless consider support for Israel to be important for the sake of the credibility of American commitments.

None of this means that Israel's national interest is identical with that of the United States; depending on Israel's behavior, it is conceivable that Americans might someday decide to put greater distance between the two nations. But these factors suggest that it was predictable that the United States would be drawn into growing turbulence in the region. Moreover, given Iraqi threats against friendly Arab governments, the dangerous precedents set by the use of weapons of mass destruction, and the risk that such weapons would fall into the hands of subnational groups, the U.S. interest in stemming weapons proliferation in Iraq went beyond the question of threats to Israel.

The most intangible of the American interests was the "new world order," a phrase that President Bush had begun using by February of last year to describe the end of the Cold War. Since the development of the modern state system, the structure or distribution of power in world politics has tended to be set by the outcome of major wars and the treaties associated with their settlement. For half a century the balance of power in world politics reflected the outcome of the Second World War. The preponderance of the United States and the Soviet Union was known as bipolarity.

The standoff between the two superpowers meant that the collective-security provisions of the United Nations Charter of 1945 could not be fully implemented, but the Cold War balance provided a degree of order, if not jus-

tice. The decline of the Soviet Union meant the end of bipolarity and a weakening of constraints on the USSR's regional client states. Saddam Hussein publicly recognized the Soviet decline in a speech in Amman in February of last year, which tempts one to conclude that Kuwait was the first victim of the end of the Cold War world order.

One of the open questions last August was whether the United Nations collective-security provisions would play a role in a post-Cold War world. If the UN had failed to respond to such a clearcut case of aggression and annexation, that would have suggested that UN collective security would not work in any case. Although the analogies to the 1930s were overdrawn, they were not completely farfetched. For the first time (with the exception of the UN response in the Korean War, a response that derived from a Soviet tactical mistake), the Security Council was not paralyzed on a collective-security issue by a veto. Nor were the UN resolutions simply a case of

American manipulation. Many post-colonial countries with disputable borders saw a national interest in collectively rebuffing Iraq's claim that it was justified in its invasion of Kuwait.

Even if the United States has a national interest in world order, as argued above, why not let the United Nations shoulder the burden? Why should the United States be the world's 911? The answer is that the United States should not be the world's policeman, at least not alone.

Working through the United Nations and getting others to share the burden of maintaining order is part of foreign-policy wisdom. But to assume that the UN is a separate entity capable of imposing order by itself is a case of misplaced specificity. The UN is the sum of its member nations, and the United States is by far the largest contributor among those members.

Economists have long noted about collective goods that because everyone can consume without necessarily helping to produce, there is always a temptation to take a free ride. And if the largest consumer fails to do its share, or sometimes even more, there is little likelihood that the goods will be produced by the others. The net result will be that everyone is worse off. That was the situation in the 1920s, when the United States emerged from the First World War as the strongest nation but refused to join the collective-security system of the League of Nations. The isolationist free-riding in the interwar period came back to haunt and hurt Americans by the end of the 1930s. One does not have to believe that Saddam Hussein is another Hitler (the latter was a far cleverer evil genius) to believe that the failure of the United States to support the UN collective-security system in the first

ONE DOES NOT HAVE TO BELIEVE THAT SADDAM HUSSEIN IS ANOTHER HITLER TO BELIEVE THAT OUR FAILURE TO SUPPORT THE UN COLLECTIVE-SECURITY SYSTEM IN THE FIRST MAJOR POST-COLD WAR CRISIS WOULD HAVE COME BACK TO HAUNT US.

major post-Cold War crisis would have come back to haunt us in the future. At the same time, using the UN rather than acting unilaterally set an important precedent that may help to limit any temptation for the United States to become overextended as a global policeman. And in retrospect it appears that other nations may have borne somewhere between 75 and 100 percent of the additional financial burdens imposed by the Gulf War.

How Much Insurance to Buy?

ASSERTING THE EXISTENCE OF THESE THREE U.S. national interests in the Persian Gulf does not automatically justify all the actions that the United States took to promote them. Nor does a belief that the war was in the national interest require one to defend all American policies that preceded or followed it. A number of issues are open to debate. Could collective security have been enforced by sanctions alone, or would the international coalition have collapsed long before sanctions persuaded Iraq to withdraw from Kuwait? Was Saddam Hussein using the Soviet peace proposal as a delaying tactic so that his military could survive to fight at a later date, or was a ground war unnecessary? Could the United States have insisted that other countries' troops make up a higher proportion of the force as successfully as it insisted that others share the financial burden? Could an effective UN military command have been established, or would the inefficiencies of such a polyglot system simply have encouraged defeat or high casualties on the battlefield? My own guess is that the coalition would not have held together long enough for sanctions to have persuaded Saddam Hussein to leave Kuwait. After all, more than a month of bombing did not produce that effect. Nor do I think that the United Nations alone could have obtained and managed the forces needed to defeat Iraq's large army. The purpose of raising these questions is not to answer them here but to illustrate that even when there is agreement that national interests exist, how to advance them can still be debatable.

This is true not only of the Gulf but also of foreign policy generally. Much of strategic analysis deals with events that would be disastrous if they actually occurred but that are very unlikely to occur. Deterring a Soviet nuclear attack over the past half century has cost us trillions. Americans have never fully agreed on how much deterrence was enough, but the majority have always wanted a margin of safety. In that sense foreign policy is like an insurance policy. Few people expect their house to burn down, but most want the security of adequate insurance.

Just as homeowners can impoverish themselves by buying too much insurance, so countries can pay too much to promote their national interests. The problem of how much insurance to buy is inherent in the nature of issues that involve huge potential losses but have quite low or uncertain probabilities. And if the problem is hard for homeowners, it is doubly hard for democracies constructed on the basis of the separation of powers. Small wonder, then, that the eminent constitutional scholar Edward S. Corwin described the framework for making U.S. foreign policy as "an invitation to struggle."

Lessons for the Future

AS AMERICANS STRUGGLE TO INTERPRET THE LESSONS of the Gulf War, nothing could be less fruitful than the exaggerations of neo-isolationism and global unilateralism. Since foreign policy involves trade-offs among several national interests, there is more to be said for seeking an Aristotelian mean than for the pursuit of blindingly clear solutions. As a people, Americans have a long history of swinging back and forth in their national mood between inward and outward orientation, between optimism and pessimism about their world role.

The most recent example is the debate between declinists and revivalists over America's global role. In his best-selling book *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*, the eminent Yale historian Paul Kennedy argued that the United States was suffering from "imperial overstretch," like other empires in the past, but was declining even more rapidly than could be expected. In my book *Bound to Lead: The Changing Nature of American Power*, I showed that the postwar decline in America's share of world product ended by the early 1970s, and that, contrary to theories of imperial overstretch, the burdens borne by the military are today less than half those borne at the height of the Cold War. This trend is not altered by the Gulf War. The defense budget continues to decline in real terms in fiscal 1992, and it is estimated that defense will cost around 3.5 percent of the gross national product by the middle of the decade.

In 1989 polls showed that half the American people believed their country to be in decline. Early polls this year suggest that the Gulf War corrected this tendency to exaggerate American weaknesses. The danger now, however, is that American self-estimates will overcompensate—will overshoot in other directions. If Americans learn the wrong lessons from the Gulf War, they can do real damage to their long-term national interests. Such would be the case if they were to conclude, for example,

IN THE GULF CRISIS IT WAS IMPORTANT TO GET THE HARD POWER OF THE MILITARY TO SAUDI ARABIA QUICKLY, BUT IT WAS EQUALLY IMPORTANT TO HAVE THE SOFT POWER TO SHAPE UNITED NATIONS RESOLUTIONS CALLING FOR SANCTIONS.

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that the United States can police the world alone or that Americans can embark on moral crusades to impose their ways on other peoples, or if they neglect the pressing agenda of domestic issues.

The problem for the United States—and other countries—in shaping a new world order lies less in the traditional danger of battles for first place in the rank of great powers than in the diffusion of power to weak states and private transnational entities in a world of increasing interdependence. Military power remains relevant in such a world. The trendy proclamations of early last year according to which Japan and Germany were new superpowers seemed fatuous after August. But in a world where the sources of power are more diffuse, military power alone will not be enough.

America's capacity to promote its national interests will have to rest on both hard power and soft power. Hard power is based on the familiar resources of military and economic might. Soft power, the ability to co-opt rather than command, rests on intangible resources such as culture, ideology, and the use of international institutions to determine the framework of debate. In the Gulf crisis it was important to get the hard power of the military to Saudi Arabia quickly, but it was equally important to have the soft power to shape the UN resolutions that de-

fined Iraq's entry into Kuwait as a violation calling for sanctions.

Without such resolutions it might have been impossible for the Saudis to accept U.S. troops, for other Arab countries to send troops, and for allied countries to foot more than three quarters of the bill. And although America's hard power was critical to winning the war, winning the peace will require investments in such soft-power initiatives as a regional development fund to redistribute the oil wealth, efforts to further the Arab-Israeli peace process, and humanitarian relief for the many civilian victims of the war.

The skillful combination of hard and soft power resources abroad, however, is only half the job Americans face after the Gulf War. In a world of rising interdependence the distinctions between domestic and foreign policy become blurred. Here the declinist warnings become more relevant, though not in the way their originators think.

Analogies between the United States in the Gulf War and imperial Spain in the Thirty Years War or Edwardian England in the Boer War fail to note that Spain was in absolute economic decline and Britain had already slipped to third place in the world economy. For all its problems, the United States remains the world's largest economy, with the highest level of absolute productivity, and its share of global manufacturing exports has risen in recent years. But the United States is suffering from a low savings rate, a government deficit that eats up part of those savings, and an education system that is inadequate for the needs of an information-age economy. American decline could occur through a gradual, long-term cumulation of political decisions favoring consumption over investment. America's hard power and soft power to shape a better world order depend on addressing such domestic issues.

The Gulf crisis showed that the declinists underestimated U.S. strength in both hard military and soft coalition-building power resources. But if the American people and their political leaders let postwar euphoria divert them from the domestic agenda, efforts to construct a new world order will become increasingly hollow.

The American situation is not that of a Britain hard pressed by the rise of the Kaiser's Germany. The Soviet Union is in decline, and the United States is one of the most lightly taxed of all advanced industrial countries. There is no reason that Americans cannot both afford domestic reforms and contribute to international order in a post-Cold War world. President Bush will have to risk some of his popularity in hard slogging in the domestic trenches, and the Democratic opposition will have to resist letting its calls for domestic reform degenerate into neo-isolationism. In a world of interdependence Americans cannot afford to define the national interest in domestic or international terms alone. □

POEM IN BLANK RHYME

This isn't very difficult to do.

The sky's pink, the morning pretty new.

Last night I met a mate from the old crew.

We walked too far too late and turned a U

Out of the woods as it got dark. He knew

I'd spend the evening talking about you

But didn't mind, and when we had to queue

He made the time fly quickly with his two

Hundred unfunny jokes, plus a big clue

About his own big heart. Well, the sky's blue

Now over there, I'm standing in the dew

Remembering and hoping. But it's true:

Days are very many. Days are few.

I want to be with someone and you're who.

—Glyn Maxwell

WHY THE GULF WAR WAS NOT IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST

(continued from page 55)

been—and *was*—countered without war, through deterrence, containment, and the economic embargo of Iraq. (Apparently this was precisely the course of action recommended by the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Colin Powell.) Moreover, such a strategy could have been implemented with far fewer than the 200,000 U.S. soldiers initially deployed in Operation Desert Shield. A limited and temporary U.S. air, naval, and ground presence would have sufficed to dissuade the Iraqis from further aggression and to buy time for Saudi Arabia and its regional allies to organize an all-Arab defense of the desert kingdom.

Second, the August, 1990, crisis was far different from the situation in 1980 when, in the wake of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, U.S. policy-makers worried that Moscow could seize control of the Persian Gulf and blackmail the West geopolitically. Nor was the Gulf crisis a replay of 1973, when OPEC tried to use its monopoly power to extort political concessions from the West. Interestingly, at that time the United States never seriously considered using armed force to break OPEC. Whereas OPEC had a monopoly position, Iraq, even after overrunning Kuwait, controlled a mere seven percent of current world oil production—far too small a share to have enabled Baghdad to impose a stranglehold on the world economy. Moreover, the oil argument rested on a shaky economic foundation. Saddam Hussein's Iraq was no different from any other oil producer: Iraq needed to sell oil, not withhold it from the market, because oil was Baghdad's only significant revenue source. Like other producing nations, Iraq also had every reason to avoid driving oil prices up to a point where consumers would have had an incentive to switch to alternate energy sources.

Third, granting Iraq's inability to control the world oil market, the United States and other affected nations nevertheless were understandably mindful of the distribution of oil wealth in the Middle East. As others have pointed out, if Kuwait had been invaded by a less powerful or ambitious nation, the event might have passed unnoticed. However, alarm bells go off when a nation like Iraq, with regional geostrategic aspirations, expands its oil revenues through conquest, because it is likely to use the additional income to augment its military power. This is a valid concern, especially so with Saddam Hussein's Iraq, but it is one that can be addressed diplomatically. In Iraq's case, the embargo against oil exports de-

prived Baghdad of most of its income; it could not afford to buy either new weapons systems or spare parts to maintain its existing military force.

Fourth, there was always the possibility that Saddam Hussein's Iraq (or some other OPEC power in the future) could have chosen to behave in an economically irrational fashion by using its oil resources to achieve political or ideological objectives rather than wealth. Over time, of course, the requirements of supply-and-demand equilibrium would force such a rogue oil producer to return to an economically rational oil-pricing policy. In the intervening period, however, the U.S. and world economies might suffer unpleasant dislocations. But this simply illustrates a basic problem: the Persian Gulf is an endemically turbulent region. Even now, after America's victory, access to Persian Gulf oil remains precarious. One of the Gulf War's key lessons is clear: rather than absorbing the costs of preparing for, and perhaps fighting, future Middle Eastern wars, America would be better off

developing other energy sources and cutting its reliance on imported oil.

THE NOTION THAT IRAQ WAS A NEAR-TERM NUCLEAR THREAT WAS PERHAPS CONTRIVED TO UNDERCUT THOSE WHO WANTED TO GIVE ECONOMIC SANCTIONS AN ADDITIONAL TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN MONTHS TO WORK BEFORE WAR WAS CONSIDERED.

The "Keep Saddam From Getting Nukes" Argument

A SECOND NATIONAL-INTEREST justification for U.S. policy was the threat posed by the prospect of an Iraq armed with nuclear (and biological and chemical) weapons. The Bush Administration was slow to employ this rationale, although its supporters

were not. As early as last August conservative and neo-conservative war hawks such as Frank Gaffney, Jr., Henry Kissinger, Richard Perle, A. M. Rosenthal, William Safire, and *The Wall Street Journal* claimed that smashing Iraq's military potential and destroying its capacity to develop nuclear weapons was America's overriding objective in the Gulf. Liberal supporters of Bush's policy also embraced the contention that the potential Iraqi nuclear threat to the United States was, as *The New Republic* put it, "the real reason there needs to be war against Iraq." The Administration apparently discovered the Iraqi nuclear threat when it read the results of a *New York Times*/CBS poll last November which suggested that of all the reasons offered as justification for fighting Iraq, the only one resonating with the American public was the need to keep Saddam Hussein's finger off the nuclear trigger. Within days Bush was warning that Iraq was only a few months away from detonating a crude nuclear device and that the United States itself could be imperiled.

The notion that Iraq was a near-term nuclear threat was perhaps contrived to undercut those who wanted to give economic sanctions an additional twelve to eighteen months to work before war was considered. Before the

war the expert consensus was that Iraq was five to ten years away from acquiring an operational nuclear force. Even then Iraq would have posed little direct threat to the United States, because it would have taken far longer for Baghdad to have developed the capability to deliver nuclear weapons intercontinentally. (Moreover, the notion that Iraq would expose itself to certain destruction by America's overwhelmingly superior nuclear arsenal—unquestionably the outcome if Baghdad ever attacked the United States with nuclear weapons—is sheer fantasy.) This is not to say, however, that the problem of nuclear proliferation is a matter of indifference.

Within the next thirty years Japan and Germany will almost certainly become nuclear powers, as a necessary complement to their emerging great-power status. A host of smaller nations also have the capability to become nuclear powers. Some of these nations are potential aggressors (North Korea, Libya), others are situated in already unstable areas (Egypt, Iran, South Africa), and still others are involved in tense confrontations with neighboring states (Pakistan, South Korea). Nevertheless, the spread of nuclear weapons need not in itself be destabilizing. On the contrary, if both of a pair of nuclear-armed rivals have invulnerable retaliatory forces, both will be deterred from using nuclear weapons. Under such conditions nuclear weapons have no war-fighting utility, because using them against an adversary ensures one's own destruction. Moreover, under such conditions the risk of conventional war is also lowered, because both sides understand the risks of escalation.

Nuclear proliferation should nonetheless not be encouraged, and the international community should attempt to curb the spread of nuclear-weapons-related technology. But when proliferation does occur, the proper response is to stabilize emerging regional nuclear balances through arms-control regimes that promote the acquisition of invulnerable second-strike retaliatory forces; to disseminate command-and-control technology to ensure that nuclear weapons are not used inadvertently or accidentally; and to tutor the new nuclear powers in security safeguards to protect against the theft or unauthorized use of their nuclear weapons. It is extremely important not to overreact to the emergence of new nuclear powers. It would be tragic if other nations (India in relation to Pakistan, for example) used the Gulf War as a precedent to justify pre-emptive military action against prospective nuclear rivals. Even the prospect that an egregious government may acquire nuclear weapons does not automatically justify a strike against its nuclear facilities.

Nuclear weapons incline their possessors to risk-averse

rather than risk-taking behavior. For example, in the 1960s many feared what would happen when China became a nuclear power. Before China obtained nuclear weapons, its leaders repeatedly said that among the great powers China alone could fight and win a nuclear war, because with its huge population it could absorb the casualties from such a conflict. Once China actually became a nuclear power, however, its declaratory and strategic politics conformed to the more cautious practices of the nuclear club's other members. Of course, the world is an unpredictable place, and there is always the possibility, however remote, that nuclear weapons could fall into the hands of a "crazy" regime. However, Israel in 1981 and the U.S. air campaign in 1991 demonstrated that such a regime could be disarmed without incurring the political, diplomatic, and military risks (not to mention the economic cost) of engaging in a major land war. Moreover, the risk that the United States would ever have to contemplate such action in the future could be

reduced substantially by deploying a strategic defense system.

**BEFORE GOING TO WAR
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WASHINGTON CANNOT MAKE
THIS CLAIM.**

The Peace-and-Stability Argument

THE THIRD NATIONAL-INTEREST justification for going to war was the need to ensure peace and stability in the Middle East. Notwithstanding America's brilliant military victory, the final verdict on the Gulf War has yet to be rendered. As President

Bush has stated, that verdict will turn on the war's impact on the region's politics. The prospects for a favorable political and diplomatic outcome are not good.

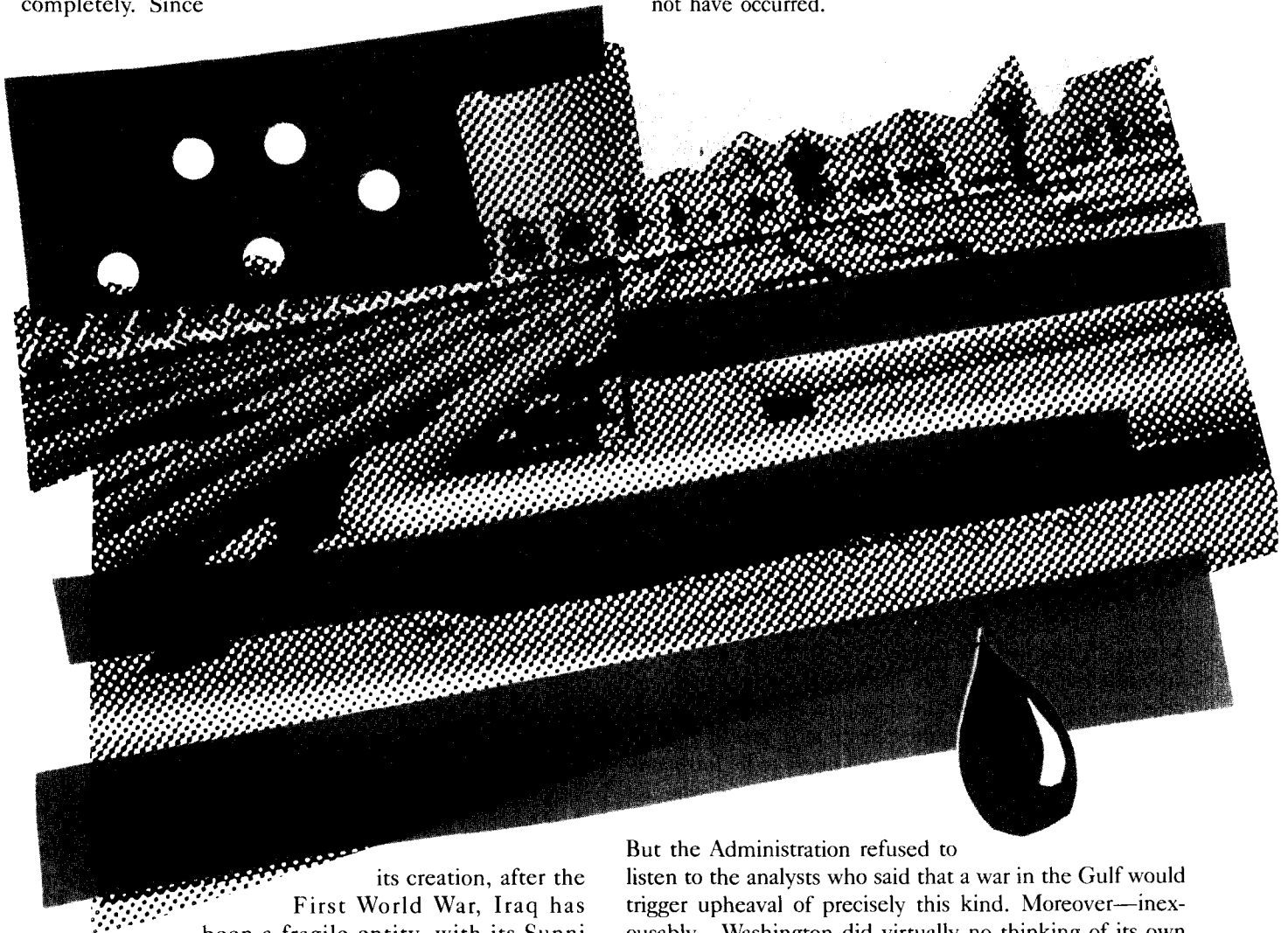
First, there is the matter of Iraq. Who will govern if Saddam Hussein is overthrown? Traditionally, Iraq's political culture has been marked by violence and instability, and a happy democratic outcome is not likely. Would a post-Saddam Hussein government adopt a less threatening foreign policy? It would in the short run, because postwar reconstruction will absorb Iraqi energies for some time. Eventually, however, Baghdad will reassert its long-standing aspirations for regional predominance. Iraq's national aspirations (including its designs on Kuwait) long pre-date Saddam Hussein, and they will not disappear just because he does.

Of course, there is the possibility that Iraq may break up. America's determination to crush Iraq humiliated Saddam Hussein, thereby making his ultimate downfall somewhat more possible. The terms of the permanent cease-fire were also structured to further that goal. At the same time, the U.S. military campaign weakened Iraq to the point where its dismemberment is a real likelihood, notwithstanding the insurgents' defeat in what was sure-

ly only the first round of Iraq's civil war. This civil war—which plunged the United States into a moral and political quagmire—and the plight of the Kurdish and Shiite rebels and refugees were foreseeable outcomes of Washington's Gulf policy.

The big-time use of military power is a blunt instrument, and when bludgeons are used, the results are messy. Before the Gulf War some foreign-policy analysts warned that a conflict would have long-term destabilizing effects: Iran would emerge as the region's dominant power, and a vanquished Iraq would be prone to internal strife and in danger of disintegrating completely. Since

Iraq's civil war was prudent. But Bush was trapped by his own moralistic new-world-order rhetoric, and, pressured from both political flanks, the Administration wobbled into making an open-ended commitment to the Kurds. As a recent Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff report said, "Unless the United States is prepared to abandon the Iraqi people, it will be involved in the Iraqi quagmire for a long time to come." But the Administration cannot be absolved of responsibility for the horrific Iraqi civil war. If the United States had followed a realistic policy from the beginning—by avoiding war—these tragic events almost certainly would not have occurred.



its creation, after the First World War, Iraq has been a fragile entity, with its Sunni Muslim elite dominating restless Shiites and Kurds. In the aftermath of the Gulf War, Syria, Iran, and Turkey—each of which has irredentist claims on Iraq—have encouraged and abetted turmoil there. Now Iraq faces the prospect of continuing internal unrest and possible eventual Lebanonization. A power vacuum there, should it occur, would bode ill for Middle Eastern stability, the maintenance of which was the Administration's objective in the war.

Washington's initial realpolitik inclination to stay out of

But the Administration refused to listen to the analysts who said that a war in the Gulf would trigger upheaval of precisely this kind. Moreover—inexcusably—Washington did virtually no thinking of its own about the conflict's predictable consequences. As Robin Wright reported in the *Los Angeles Times* on January 14 of this year, only on the eve of hostilities—when the decision to go to war had already been made—did the Administration finally set up a high-level interagency study group to think about the Gulf crisis's end game.

The Administration compounded its complicity by actively trying to galvanize the Iraqi people into overthrowing Saddam Hussein. Washington was far more culpable in its encouragement of the Iraqi rebels than in its role in

Hungary in 1956. Then it was merely the semi-official Radio Free Europe that arguably helped to incite the anti-Soviet revolution. This time, on February 15, the President of the United States himself explicitly encouraged Iraqis to revolt. When the policy chickens finally came home to roost in Iraq, the Administration engaged in the morally appalling spectacle of wringing its hands over the Kurds and Shiites while simultaneously washing its hands of any responsibility for their fate. This was worse than disingenuousness; it was prevarication.

The Administration has been an innocent abroad in a region where problems are intractable and politics are Byzantine. The United States has been manipulated by regional powers—Saudi Arabia, Israel, Syria, Turkey, and Egypt—pursuing their own agendas. There is a lesson in all of this that many conservatives and some liberals have overlooked: the United States should avoid overseas Wilsonian crusades. In some circles the war has produced the intoxicating belief that American power is unchallenged and that Washington can lay down the rules for behavior both among nations and within them. But Americans should beware of the overweening ambition that is born of hubris. The world is not infinitely malleable. The United States has seldom done well trying to stage-manage the process of political change in other countries. It is the people in those countries who pay the price when American experiments in “nation-building” go awry. There are many problems in the world but few of them have “Made in America” solutions.

At this writing the Administration’s postwar drive for peace in the region looks stymied. The Palestinian issue appears as intractable as ever, and it remains the key to achieving a broader Arab-Israeli accord. Washington wants Israel to embrace the peace-for-land formula—returning the Golan Heights to Syria and creating an independent Palestinian state. Syria and Saudi Arabia will certainly not recognize Israel unless it makes these concessions. For strategic and ideological reasons, to say nothing of indignation at the Palestinians’ pro-Iraq stance during the war, the Israelis are not likely to be forthcoming. Failure to resolve the Palestinian question, whether by shuttle diplomacy or by a U.S.-convened peace conference, would result in diminished U.S. influence in the Arab world, demonstrating the insubstantiality of the diplomatic capital that Washington accumulated during the Gulf War. Failure could fuel tensions in the Arab world that could cause yet another Arab-Israeli war.

Wars invariably have unintended consequences for the victors—leaving them to deal with unforeseen postwar political turmoil (like that in Iraq) and creating pressures to assume new military commitments (like the expanded, permanent U.S. military presence in the Gulf which Washington is projecting). In the final analysis, wars are fought to win political victories, not battlefield ones—something to which the Administration gave little thought before plunging into the Gulf. Before going to

war statesmen should be confident that their nation will be better off diplomatically when the conflict ends than when it began. But now that the Gulf War is over, Washington cannot make this claim. Even strong backers of the Bush Administration’s Gulf policy, like *The New Republic*, concede the obvious: “There will be no ‘new world order’ in the Middle East. Without Saddam there is *merely, perhaps, the chance* of less chronic disorder” (italics added). More likely, the Middle East in future will be just as much prone to armed conflicts, rapacious dictators, upheaval, and instability as it was before the war. Whatever influence America has to shape events in the Middle East is a rapidly wasting asset. The Soviet Union, Iran, and the countries of Western Europe have their own views about the political and security arrangements that should be put in place in the region. Moreover, Washington is likely to have little leverage over its Middle East clients, notwithstanding America’s wartime exertions on their behalf, on any regional issues—including the Arab-Israeli problem and a postwar Gulf security regime. These nations will be resistant to U.S. pressures because the matters at stake in the Middle East are far more important to them than they are to the United States.

Clearly, bringing peace and stability to the region is a goal that is not and never was within Washington’s reach. Other than the dubious satisfaction of liberating Kuwait and restoring its government—a corrupt, repressive, and undemocratic regime that, to paraphrase Bismarck’s comment about the Balkans, was not worth the bones of a single American soldier—it is hard to see what lasting gains the United States has secured from the Gulf War.

The “New World Order” Argument

DURING THE NATIONAL DEBATE LEADING UP TO the war, the Bush Administration tried vainly to articulate a coherent, cogent, and convincing rationale for risking war with Iraq. The Administration’s difficulty, which was widely commented on, supports the supposition that the mainsprings of America’s Gulf policy lay not in the Middle East but elsewhere: in the American foreign-policy elite’s values and premises, which are encapsulated in the new-world-order concept. This hypothesis can be tested quite easily. The Bush Administration advanced two lines of argument to explain its policy. One framed the policy in traditional national-interest terms. The other placed the Middle East crisis within the context of Washington’s new-world-order objectives. If the former reasons do not hold up when examined, it can readily be inferred that the latter actually drove U.S. policy.

Those who have called the Gulf War the first worldwide crisis of the post-Cold War era are wrong. U.S. foreign policy is still very much driven by Cold War thinking—the same vision of world-order politics that has

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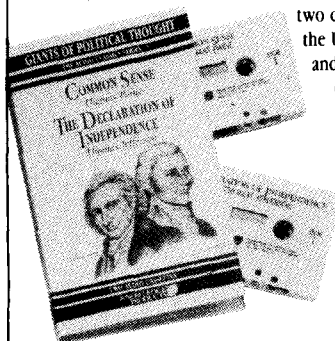
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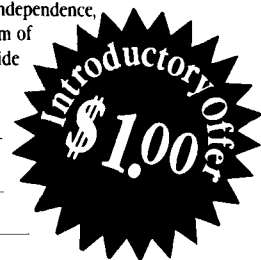
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driven American policy since the end of the Second World War. Rather than weighing its tangible concerns in the crisis, the United States was dragged into the Gulf by the deadweight of the Cold War's intellectual baggage. The Bush Administration's reaction to Iraq's invasion of Kuwait was a Pavlovian response right out of the Cold War. U.S. policy-makers did not stop to ask whether rote Cold War responses were relevant in a world where the political, military, and economic balance of forces was shifting dramatically.

The new world order is the Bush Administration's response to the intellectual crisis in U.S. foreign policy caused by the Cold War's end. Deprived of the Cold War as a justification for active global military and diplomatic engagement, U.S. policy-makers needed to come up with a substitute rationale for globalism. But in this respect the transition from the Cold War to the new world order was easy. With the Soviet menace receding, a new justification for globalism magically appeared—summed up in the Administration's avowal that the post-Cold War world is characterized by “uncertainty, instability, and danger.” According to Administration officials, in this dangerous and uncertain new world diminishing Soviet power does not lessen the threat to American interests. On the contrary, they say, the United States will be even less secure in the post-Cold War world than it was in the post-Second World War era, owing to anti-American regimes in the Third World, drug traffickers, anti-democratic insurgents, terrorism, and the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction to hostile states. Consequently, the Bush Administration says, the United States must maintain the same military commitments (Europe, Japan, South Korea, the Philippines, Latin America, Southwest Asia) and the same mix of forces (though at a reduced level) that it maintained during the Cold War—notwithstanding that these alliances and force structures were specifically tailored to contain the Soviet Union. As Defense Secretary Dick Cheney told the Senate Budget Committee in February of 1990, “America should continue to anchor its strategy to the still-valid doctrines of flexible response, forward defense [and] security alliances. . . . Even the extraordinary events of 1989 do not mean that America should abandon this strategic foundation.” (One wonders just what would, in the Administration's view, justify a fundamental shift away from globalism as the basis for America's national strategy.) The Bush Administration's geopolitical response to the Cold War's end was succinct: Read our lips—no new thinking.

To replace the obsolete mission of containing the Soviet Union, American internationalists have declared that

the U.S. role in the post-Cold War world is nothing less than preserving the “peace and stability of the world” in this purportedly new, uncertain, and dangerous era. Iraq's invasion of Kuwait became, for the Administration, “the first assault on the world we seek” and the test case of whether the post-Cold War world would sink into anarchy or be governed instead by “an international order—a common code of the rule of law that promotes cooperation in place of conflict.” For the new world order to work, its architects say, the United States must oppose aggression everywhere and appease it nowhere. Although the new world order is supposed to be defended under the principle of collective security, U.S. leadership of the international community is nevertheless seen as indispensable, because, as the sole remaining superpower, the United States supposedly bears unique responsibilities.

There is in fact nothing new about the Bush Administration's new world order. Its rhetoric and assumptions have a familiar ring. The same kind of thinking led the United States into Vietnam. As the former Secretary of State Dean Rusk stated in his memoirs, *As I Saw It*, the belief that America was responsible for stopping aggression everywhere and upholding international law un-

wars of liberation from occupation or colonial rule, and nearly sixty internal conflicts (civil wars and struggles for autonomy or secession).

The future does not promise to be more tranquil. George Bush notwithstanding, the "day of the dictator" is not over. Many nations are ruled by repressive and aggressive governments. Because nationalism is rampant in the Soviet Union, East Central Europe, and the Third World, conflict is likely to be more prevalent in coming years. Irredentist and ethnic strife could trigger wars in these areas. The fact that the borders in these regions—largely drawn by the First World War victors in East Central Europe and by the former colonial powers in Africa and the Middle East—do not coincide with racial, religious, and ethnic dividing lines increases the odds for turmoil: turmoil that some of the participants might regard as entirely justified. Obviously, the United States cannot be responsible for rectifying every violation of international behavioral norms, or for punishing, or overthrowing, every evil ruler in the world. The problem with world-order politics, however, is that it rests on legal and moral notions that purportedly have universal applicability, and provides no criteria for determining which overseas conflicts affect vital American interests and which are of only peripheral concern to the United States.

From the outset of the Gulf crisis President Bush compared Saddam Hussein to Adolf Hitler and equated the Iraqi threat with that posed by Nazi Germany in the 1930s. This analogy was fanciful, though no doubt presented sincerely. Saddam Hussein certainly is evil, but he is no Hitler. More important, Iraq was not another Nazi Germany—as demonstrated by the very ease with which U.S. forces vanquished it. By Third World standards pre-war Iraq was powerful, though as the Iran-Iraq war had demonstrated, its offensive capabilities were limited. But pre-war Iraq was not a world power, and with its limited population and limited industrial-technological base, it had no prospect of becoming one. Nazi Germany, on the other hand, was Europe's second most populous nation (behind the Soviet Union), its most formidable military and economic power, and a world leader in science and technology. As such, by gaining control over all of Europe, Nazi Germany could have upended the global balance of power and ultimately threatened the United States—something Iraq was utterly incapable of doing.

Still, Bush's invocation of the 1930s was understandable, because since the Second World War, U.S. policymakers have viewed international relations through the prism of Munich. The 1930s analogy rests on the assumption that "aggression" must be resisted—not "appeased"—wherever it occurs, because it will snowball unless firmly stopped. As President Bush put it, if the United States had "not responded to this first provocation [Iraq's invasion of Kuwait] with clarity of purpose, if

derlay U.S. policy in Vietnam—another Wilsonian crusade fought primarily by the United States (as the Gulf War was) in the name of collective security. True, the Gulf War differed from Vietnam geopolitically, topographically, and in its outcome. But in one crucial respect the two wars were identical: both were

fought in behalf of, as Bush put it, the "vital issues of principle" associated with world-order politics. In neither instance did concrete U.S. national interests necessitate fighting a war.

Those Hoary "Lessons of the 1930s"

LIKE THE COLD WAR VERSION OF WORLD-ORDER politics, Bush's new world order rests on a set of interconnected premises about the nature of international stability, the validity of the "1930s analogy," and the efficacy of collective security. These assumptions cannot withstand close examination.

To begin with, the new world order's goals are unattainable. War, aggression, and instability are not exceptional events—they are inherent features of world politics. Indeed, since 1945 there have been ten major interstate wars (excluding America's wars, in Korea, Vietnam, and the Gulf), over forty various other interstate conflicts (again excluding U.S. actions, in Guatemala, Lebanon, Grenada, Libya, and Panama), some twenty

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we do not continue to demonstrate our determination, it would be a signal to actual and potential despots around the world." Many who supported the Administration's policy echoed Bush by arguing that if the United States had not intervened to stop Saddam Hussein when it did, it would have had to fight later, when Iraq had increased its strength through conquest.

Although deeply ingrained in the American world view, the 1930s analogy is based on a false idea of how nations behave. As the political scientist Kenneth Waltz, of the University of California, has pointed out, because nations want to preserve their independence, they form alliances—"balance"—against extremely powerful or very threatening regimes. Nations do not, except under rare circumstances, "bandwagon"—appease or cast their lot with those who threaten them. The balancing tendency is richly illustrated in European history. The successive hegemonic bids of Charles V, Louis XIV, Napoleon, the Kaiser, and Adolf Hitler were all frustrated by anti-hegemonic coalitions. In his book *The Origins of Alliances*, Stephen M. Walt, of the University of Chicago, used the pattern of Middle Eastern strategic alignments from 1955 to 1979 to test Waltz's balancing-bandwagoning hypotheses. Walt found that like their European great-power counterparts, Middle Eastern nations almost always balance against threatening neighbors.

The findings of Middle East experts support these conclusions. As Dankwart Rustow, a Middle East expert at the City University of New York, observed several years ago,

While many Middle Eastern countries individually nurse expansionist or hegemonic ambitions, all of them collectively, by their preference for the weaker side and their readiness to shift alignments regardless of ideology, offer strong support for the status quo. . . . the pattern of hostility, interaction and maneuver thus has its self-balancing features.

If the United States had refused to intervene (or sharply limited its military involvement) in the Persian Gulf, it is a very good bet that Saudi Arabia, Egypt, Syria, and probably Iran would have organized a defensive coalition against Iraq. And though an Arab alliance with Israel was certainly unlikely, the members of this anti-Iraq group would have winked at any strikes at Iraq's nuclear, biological, and chemical weapons facilities that Israel made. Those in Washington whose premise was "We must stop him now or else" got it wrong. Balancing will occur regardless of what the United States does; nations resist threatening powers because it is in their *own* interest to do so, not because they are doing Washington a favor. The 1930s analogy completely misses the point: the

more threatening a state becomes to its neighbors, the more certain that nation is to find that they have allied in opposition to its expansionist goals.

The Cold War's end has destroyed whatever shreds of plausibility the 1930s analogy might have had. In a bipolar world it was easy to assume that there were no geo-strategic peripheries and that all U.S. security commitments abroad were interdependent. Under such conditions it could at least be argued (and frequently was) that credibility itself was a vital interest worth fighting for and that America's credibility would be undermined by any failure of U.S. resolve. But the passing of the Cold War and the emergence of multipolarity mean that U.S. policy need no longer be driven by a morbid obsession with establishing credibility in secondary regions in order to demonstrate the reliability of U.S. security commitments in more vital areas.

Finally, it should be noted that the 1930s analogy is deeply flawed historically. Following the Second World

War the myth took hold that throughout the 1930s Britain had been blind to the growing menace of Nazi Germany and had naively attempted to appease Hitler. Following the opening of the relevant British archives this myth was exploded by such distinguished scholars as Corelli Barnett, Brian Bond, Maurice Cowling, David Dilks, Norman Gibbs, Martin Gilbert, Richard Gott, Keith Middlemas, and G. C. Peden. London was keenly aware of the rising German threat, but its re-

sponse was severely constrained by Britain's economic weakness, the bitter political and class polarization of British society, widespread domestic opposition to rearmament, the lingering psychological impact of the First World War, the absence of reliable allies, the lack of support from the Dominions, and the fact that Britain's worldwide interests were also menaced by Japan and Italy. While preparing as best they could for war, British policy-makers were determined to exhaust every diplomatic avenue, because they believed—correctly, as it turned out—that another world war would be disastrous for Britain and for Europe.

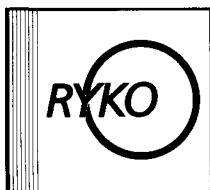
Britain refrained from going to war in 1938 because it believed, correctly, that it and France lacked the military capability to prevent Germany from overrunning Czechoslovakia and because, up to November of 1938, it still had reason to believe that its vital security interests in Western Europe could be maintained through diplomacy and deterrence. When, between November of 1938 (the Kristallnacht pogrom) and March of 1939 (the German occupation of Prague), it became clear that Germany was seeking European hegemony rather than only rectification of the Versailles Treaty, a domestically united Britain

IF THE UNITED STATES HAD REFUSED TO INTERVENE (OR SHARPLY LIMITED ITS INVOLVEMENT) IN THE PERSIAN GULF, IT IS A VERY GOOD BET THAT SAUDI ARABIA, EGYPT, SYRIA, AND PROBABLY IRAN WOULD HAVE ORGANIZED A DEFENSIVE COALITION.

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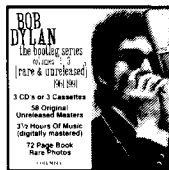
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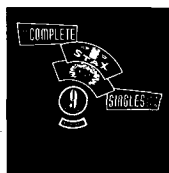
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and empire moved to resist Berlin. Those who think that Britain waited too long to act should remember that history turns on narrow margins. If Germany had been checked in 1940, our collective memory of the 1930s (and America's pre-war "isolationism") would be quite different. In this regard it is worth recalling that many German generals were at least as surprised as their Anglo-French counterparts by their victory in the Battle of France.

An Overlooked Lesson of the 1930s

BUT THE SECOND WORLD WAR MIGHT NEVER HAVE happened, and Hitler might never have come to power, if the victorious First World War Allies had abstained from imposing a humiliating, one-sided peace settlement on Germany. By the 1930s the British realized that the Versailles Treaty was poisoning European politics, and Berlin's demands—the Rhineland, Austria, the Sudetenland, and the Polish Corridor—were generally perceived in both England and Germany to be just.

This illustrates a diplomatic conundrum deeply imbedded in world politics. There is no clear rule that tells statesmen when necessary diplomatic adjustment becomes dangerous appeasement, but any attempt to establish world order must come to grips with the tension between those states that wish to maintain the international status quo and those that wish to change it.

Because the international system has some of the rudimentary elements of a society (common norms, values, and institutions), states aspire to a just order. However, that is not their overriding objective, and indeed in an anarchic world—lacking a central authority to make and enforce rules—it cannot be. Because world politics is anarchic and competitive, international mechanisms for reconciling stability with the need for change are poorly developed. When diplomacy fails to adjust an unacceptable status quo, an aggrieved state often uses or threatens to use force, which remains the *ultima ratio* in world politics. Nations that seek change in this fashion are considered aggressors by the status-quo powers. Yet it is historically commonplace for states to use military power to further their national objectives and increase their strength at the expense of their weaker neighbors. America's war against Mexico in 1846, which secured Texas and California for the United States, is a good example.

The Persian Gulf



crisis therefore actually illustrates a typical pattern in international relations. Saddam Hussein may have been disingenuous in embracing the cause of Palestinians and disadvantaged Arabs, but his policy resonated among Arabs who resent Western dominance and who saw the pre-war Middle East status quo as unacceptable. These kinds of problems will abound in world politics regardless of how the Persian Gulf crisis turns out. No "world order" that fails to provide a means for resolving such issues peacefully is worthy of the name. But it is the very difficulty of finding pacific answers to contentious problems that makes world order a perennially elusive goal. At the same time, as Waltz has noted, a world-order policy contains two dangers to which the United States must not succumb. First, because "justice" cannot be objectively defined in world politics, America is often tempted to equate its policy preferences with the just solution to a problem. Second, it is easy to forget that in a world teeming with dissension and controversy among nations, ending strife "would require as much wisdom as power," and in U.S. diplomacy, wisdom is a scarce commodity.

The belief that collective security can work pervades new-world-order thinking. The Gulf War has sparked speculation that a multilateral institution like the United Nations will play an important role in maintaining peace and stability in the post-Cold War world. However, although the UN played a key role in legitimating the anti-Iraq coalition, it would be a mistake to read too much into this.

The UN was structured by the Second World War Grand Alliance so that it could intervene effectively only when the interests of the Security Council's five permanent members coincided. As it happened, in the Gulf crisis the Big Five's interests did overlap. Nevertheless, although Britain, France, the Soviet Union, and China backed America's anti-Iraq coalition, each did so for national-interest reasons that had little, if anything, to do with Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait. This convergence of great-power interests was fortuitous and is unlikely to be repeated often in the future. The Gulf War certainly did not establish a new world-community consensus about an international code of conduct or a means of enforcing one.

In fact, the description of the Gulf crisis as a "collective security" enterprise shows how the definition of that term has grown vaguer during the post-Second World War era. Americans have always viewed traditional alliances with some distaste. Collective security, however, has been seen as something noble and pristine. Accordingly, U.S. policy-makers have learned to describe all U.S.-led alliances (including NATO) as collective-security instruments. Washington has believed that U.S. inter-

ventions abroad derive legitimacy from being conducted under the collective-security rubric. President Bush himself confirmed that in the Gulf the UN was merely a flag of convenience for what was essentially an American war. As he said, if the UN had refused to back U.S. policy, "I might have said, To hell with them, it's right and wrong, it's good and evil; he [Saddam Hussein] is evil, our cause is right, and—without the United Nations—sent a considerable force to help." Collective security is a rhetorical smokescreen obscuring the fact that the United States bears a disproportionate burden when it comes to defending the interests it shares with other nations.

THE BELIEF THAT COLLECTIVE SECURITY CAN WORK is alluring, but given the nature of the international political system, it is chimerical. For collective security to work, all states must view themselves as members of a single community with an overriding interest in maintaining world order. But whereas states favor

THE BELIEF THAT AMERICA IS "BOUND TO LEAD" CREATES A SELF-FULFILLING PROPHECY. AS LONG AS OTHER NATIONS BELIEVE THAT THE UNITED STATES WILL DO THE HARD WORK, THEY ARE TEMPTED TO SIT BACK AND LET IT DO SO.

order and justice in the abstract, they frequently disagree about what these concepts mean when they are applied to concrete situations. Moreover, a collective-security system requires that nations surrender their freedom to define their national interests pragmatically, because it rests on the premise that aggression anywhere is always equally threatening to all nations. Consequently, adherence to collective-security principles can actually undermine a nation's vital interests and divert policy-makers'

attention from more serious long-term threats to international security. The 1930s provide an example: by supporting League of Nations sanctions against Italy for its invasion of Ethiopia (an event that had no direct impact on the balance of power in Europe or on important Anglo-French interests), London and Paris pushed Rome out of the anti-German Stresa Front that had coalesced in early 1935. The loss of Italy as an ally against Hitler weakened the Anglo-French strategic position in Europe and strengthened the German one.

Collective security's requirements run counter to the imperatives of international politics: in a competitive realm states seek to maximize their autonomy; there is no automatic harmony of interests; each state's survival and success is ultimately a matter of self-help. As Inis Claude has written, traditional statecraft "does not posit a seamless web of international peace and order, nor assume as self-evident the proposition that every state has a stake in preventing war or suppressing aggression wherever it may occur." Although there may be occasions when U.S. participation in multilateral efforts is justifiable, Washington should never cede to others its power to determine when U.S. military action abroad is called for.

The Dangerous Precedent Set by the Gulf War

THE UNITED STATES FOUGHT AND WON THE Gulf War, but it must break its habit of fighting wars where its national interests are not involved. Such wars may be just—and the war against the brutal Saddam Hussein met the criteria for a just war—but by definition they are not necessary. And unnecessary wars are seldom wise ones.

Some analysts have argued that the Gulf War will not be a model for future U.S. global strategy. Yet in coming years America may be even more actively engaged abroad than it was during the forty-five years from the Second World War to the outbreak of the Gulf crisis. Geopolitically, the Cold War's end has removed an important constraint on U.S. military intervention, because there is no longer much risk that a regional conflict will escalate into a full-scale superpower conflict. Ideologically, moreover, new-world-order interventions may have somewhat broader domestic appeal than the old-style Cold War kind. The old Cold War liberal-conservative split over the propriety of U.S. intervention against Communist or Marxist regimes could be transcended on both the left and the neo-conservative right by a resuscitated "anti-fascism" that would commit the United States to overthrowing tyrannical, totalitarian, well-armed nations that are unwilling to play by West-mandated rules when it comes to world politics or to their own internal political structures. Indeed, the new world order—which is based, according to Bush, on the need for "fighting aggression and preserving the sovereignty of nations"—is even more all-encompassing than the Cold War version of world-order politics, which merely sought to contain (or roll back) communism and Marxism-Leninism.

The Boer War Analogy

NEVERTHELESS, THE NEW WORLD ORDER IS NOT a basis for a sustainable post-Cold War U.S. foreign policy, not least because there is no consensus for post-Cold War globalism. Support for the Administration's Gulf policy was largely after the fact. On the eve of hostilities Americans were evenly divided about the advisability of using force against Iraq. And as a postwar *Newsweek* poll showed, notwithstanding the Gulf triumph an overwhelming majority of Americans believe that the United States should not be more willing in the future to use military power to solve international problems.

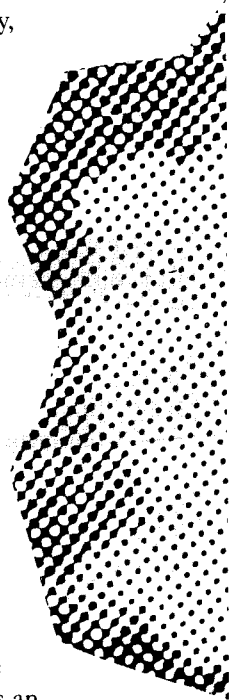
Some have suggested that the Gulf War has revived the historical debate between internationalists and isolationists. But the alternative to the kind of internationalism embodied in the new world order is not isolationism but national-interest realism—a concept that, as Hans Morgenthau said, should, by putting American interests

first, save the United States from both "moral excess and political folly." Realism's essence is that statesmen must be governed by what Max Weber called the ethic of responsibility: policies must be judged by their consequences, not by their intentions.

President Bush nicely illustrated the difference between world-order politics and realism when he told David Frost that no price is too high to achieve the new world order. But every realist knows that the means and ends of foreign policy must be proportionate; the interests at stake must be balanced against the consequences of pursuing them. Notwithstanding the Administration's grandiose rhetoric, the United States cannot afford to be a geopolitical Don Quixote, righting the world's wrongs. This is something that American internationalists seem not to understand. On the contrary, America's triumph in the Gulf has caused them wildly to exaggerate U.S. power in world politics. In this sense the Gulf War poses the same question for the United States that the Boer War (1899–1902) raised for England: Does it confirm global pre-eminence or mask an ongoing decline in relation to emerging great powers?

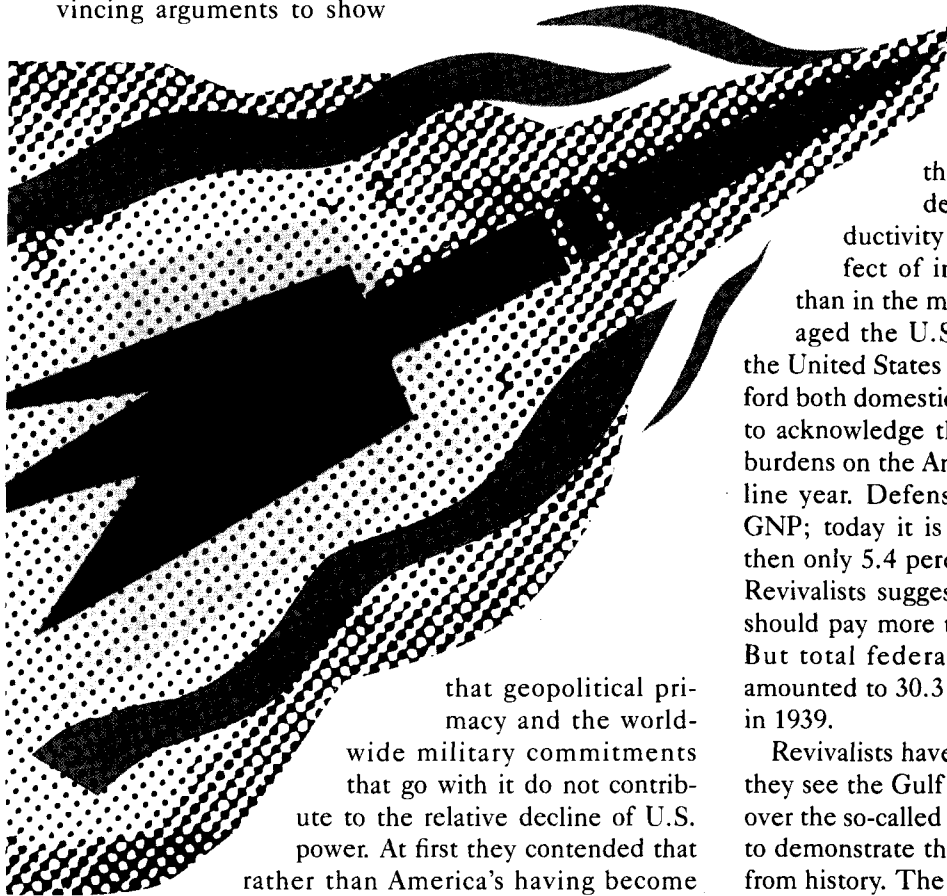
The British Empire in 1900 sprawled across the globe and seemed to be at the apogee of power. Most Britons were optimistic about the nation's future, and there was even hope for a new world order based, in Zara Steiner's words, on "the vision of arbitration, international law and perpetual peace." In retrospect, we know that Britain's world dominance was an illusion and that the First World War was just around the corner. Britain was already suffering from what Paul Kennedy calls "imperial overstretch"—involving a gap between strategic commitments and the willingness or ability to pay for them—and its economic strength was eroding in relation to that of the United States and Germany.

Some British leaders, notably Colonial Secretary Joseph Chamberlain, recognized the predicament and sought, unsuccessfully, to restructure Britain's world role. The Boer War did cause some changes in Britain's diplomatic policy, and also led to much-needed military reforms. But after all, Britain won the war, and because no major setback dramatized the increasing precariousness of the country's world position, the underlying problems of strategic overextension and structural economic weakness went fundamentally untreated. This ultimately led to Britain's strategic nightmares of the 1930s and its rapid eclipse after the Second World War.



The Revivalists Get It Wrong

U.S. REVIVALISTS—THOSE WHO BELIEVE THAT America is resurgent after the Gulf War and who reject the thesis that American power has declined from a peak that occurred at the end of the Second World War—have misperceived America's geopolitical situation as badly as turn-of-the-century optimists misperceived Britain's. Addicted to America's post-1945 global leadership role, they have constructed a number of clever but unconvincing arguments to show



that geopolitical primacy and the worldwide military commitments that go with it do not contribute to the relative decline of U.S. power. At first they contended that rather than America's having become weaker since the end of the Second

World War, other nations have gotten stronger—but that is precisely what *relative* decline is all about. Then revivalists argued that decline was an illusion because America was never “hegemonic”—but since power in world politics is always relative, not absolute, not even the strongest powers get their way all the time. Revivalists also like to point out that most of America's relative economic decline occurred from 1945 to 1973, that America's post-1945 economic predominance was exaggerated by the “Second World War effect,” and that America's present share of world product approximates its “normal” (1938) share (about 25 percent). Although this is true as far as it goes, it overlooks the fact that Washington's core global commitments (Western Europe, Japan, South Korea) were assumed when U.S. power was at its zenith, in the late 1940s and early 1950s, when America was responsi-

ble for half the world's manufacturing output. Moreover, beginning in the 1980s U.S. strategic obligations actually expanded (notably in the Persian Gulf), even though America's relative economic power had already contracted.

The latest revivalist argument holds that the United States can easily afford both an ambitious international-security role and extensive social spending, because defense spending's share of the GNP is declining. It is true that defense spending is consuming a smaller share of America's GNP, but this misses two key points.

First, the United States has consistently invested a far greater share of its GNP in defense than have economic powerhouses like Germany and Japan (and, unsurprisingly, there is a strong correlation between low defense spending and high national-productivity gains). And second, the cumulative effect of investing resources in defense rather than in the more productive civilian sector has damaged the U.S. economy. Those who believe that the United States can, as Joseph S. Nye, Jr., has said, afford both domestic welfare and international security, fail to acknowledge the tremendous increase in the *overall* burdens on the American economy since 1938, the baseline year. Defense spending was then 1.5 percent of GNP; today it is 5.5 percent. Domestic spending was then only 5.4 percent of GNP; today it is 14.3 percent. Revivalists suggest that Americans are undertaxed and should pay more to preserve global U.S. commitments. But total federal, state, and local receipts in 1989 amounted to 30.3 percent of GNP, as against 16 percent in 1939.

Revivalists have turned “decline” into an epithet, and they see the Gulf War as a confirmation of their triumph over the so-called “declinists.” But revivalists have failed to demonstrate that America enjoys a special exemption from history. The United States faces the same dilemma that confronted earlier great powers: the dominant world role is made possible by a thriving economy, but as the costs of international dominance rise, an increasing share of national resources must be invested in maintaining world-power status rather than in economically productive endeavors. The paradoxical effect is that the pursuit of global primacy undermines the economic foundation upon which primacy rests.

The Fleeting “Unipolar Moment”

AMERICAN INTERNATIONALISTS NEED TO RE-think the definition of superpower status in the post-Cold War world. They should begin by remembering that at the turn of the century the struggle for world economic leadership—and hence geopolitical leadership—was, in the words of the military

historian Corelli Barnett, largely “lost in the school yards and quadrangles of Britain.” Unless U.S. imperial overstretch is acknowledged and corrected, the United States may someday soon find that it has become a Potemkin village superpower—with a façade of military strength concealing a core of economic weakness. The Persian Gulf has shown that the transformation may already be occurring. After all, real superpowers do not have to beg their allies to finance their overseas military expeditions.

Nevertheless, revivalists claim that the United States is “bound to lead” in “organizing collective action,” because if it does not, “no one else will.” The Gulf War, they say, proves that the world is not multipolar, because Germany and Japan have been revealed as “one-dimensional” superpowers (that is, economic superpowers only). But this “unipolarism” is based on a flawed revivalist definition that confers superpower status only on nations with overseas military commitments. The real measure of superpower status is a nation’s combined score on size of population and territory, resource endowment, economic and technological capability, military strength, and political stability and competence. By this standard the world is, or soon will be, fully multipolar, with Germany and Japan joining the United States and the Soviet Union (or Russia) as great powers.

When all is said and done, revivalists deny multipolarity’s nascent reality simply because they find distasteful its implications: diminished U.S. influence (by definition, the only superpower in a unipolar world carries more weight than one great power among several in a multipolar world) and the risk that the new great powers might follow independent foreign policies, form rival trade blocs, or act “irresponsibly.” Revivalists think that the United States can “contain” Germany and Japan while simultaneously using its military power to extract economic concessions from U.S. allies—notwithstanding that this tactic has never proved successful. It didn’t stop Germany’s *Ostpolitik*, which began in the 1960s; restrict Western European trade with the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe during the Cold War; force Japan to open its markets; or prevent the recent GATT talks from collapsing owing to European intransigence. Now that the Cold War is over, other nations will be even less willing to pay an economic price for U.S. military protection, because American security guarantees are far less important.

The foreign-policy establishment’s belief that America is “bound to lead” creates a self-fulfilling prophecy. As long as other nations believe that the United States will do the hard work of defending their interests, they are

tempted to sit back and let it do so. The absence of Germany and Japan from the Gulf did not mean that the world is not (or is not rapidly becoming) multipolar; it simply showed that those countries are playing the world political game more ably than the United States. The logic of a U.S. world-order policy is clear: other nations get rich by investing their resources in economically productive activities, but Americans get to risk death and impoverishment protecting other nations’ interests. In this sense American “leadership” in the Persian Gulf crisis is a damning indictment of the foreign-policy establishment’s failure to adjust to new international realities, and it shows just how far present-day revivalists have strayed from America’s postwar realist tradition. After all, the long-term goal of men like George Marshall and George Kennan (and other realists, such as Dwight Eisenhower, Robert Taft, and Walter Lippmann) was to restore a functioning multipolar balance of power so that the United States could free itself from its crushing global

responsibilities by devolving them to other great and regional powers.

THE UNITED STATES SHOULD PLAY THE BALANCER’S ROLE: ENCOURAGING THE FORMATION OF ANTI-HEGEMONIC COALITIONS, SUPPORTING THEM FINANCIALLY, ASSISTING THEM LOGISTICALLY, BUT ONLY RARELY PROVIDING DIRECT MILITARY AID.

A Balancer Strategy

IRONICALLY, THE INEVITABLE backlash against America’s proclamation of the “unipolar moment” will hasten the final transformation of the international system to multipolarity. President Bush may now, after the Gulf War, believe that the United States “has a new credibility and that what we say goes,” but other nations get very nervous when they hear such talk. With the Soviet Union on the sidelines geopolitically, other nations will see a unipolar America as the main threat to their autonomy and interests. As the elder statesman Paul Nitze has pointed out, the new world order—together with the unipolar notion from which it is derived—is harmful to American interests, because it will cause other nations to direct their balancing behavior against the United States. This should not be a surprise. Since the modern state system emerged, unipolarity has never been more than momentary; when it seems to be imminent, nations typically combine to check the power that is striving for predominance. In world politics, in other words, unipolar moments never last. In the aftermath of the Gulf crisis fear is already widespread in the Soviet Union, Europe, Japan, and the Third World that America is now excessively powerful. And in Germany and Japan serious national debates have begun about the need for those nations to assume their world responsibilities fully and to acquire such instruments of national power as will put them on an equal footing with the United States.

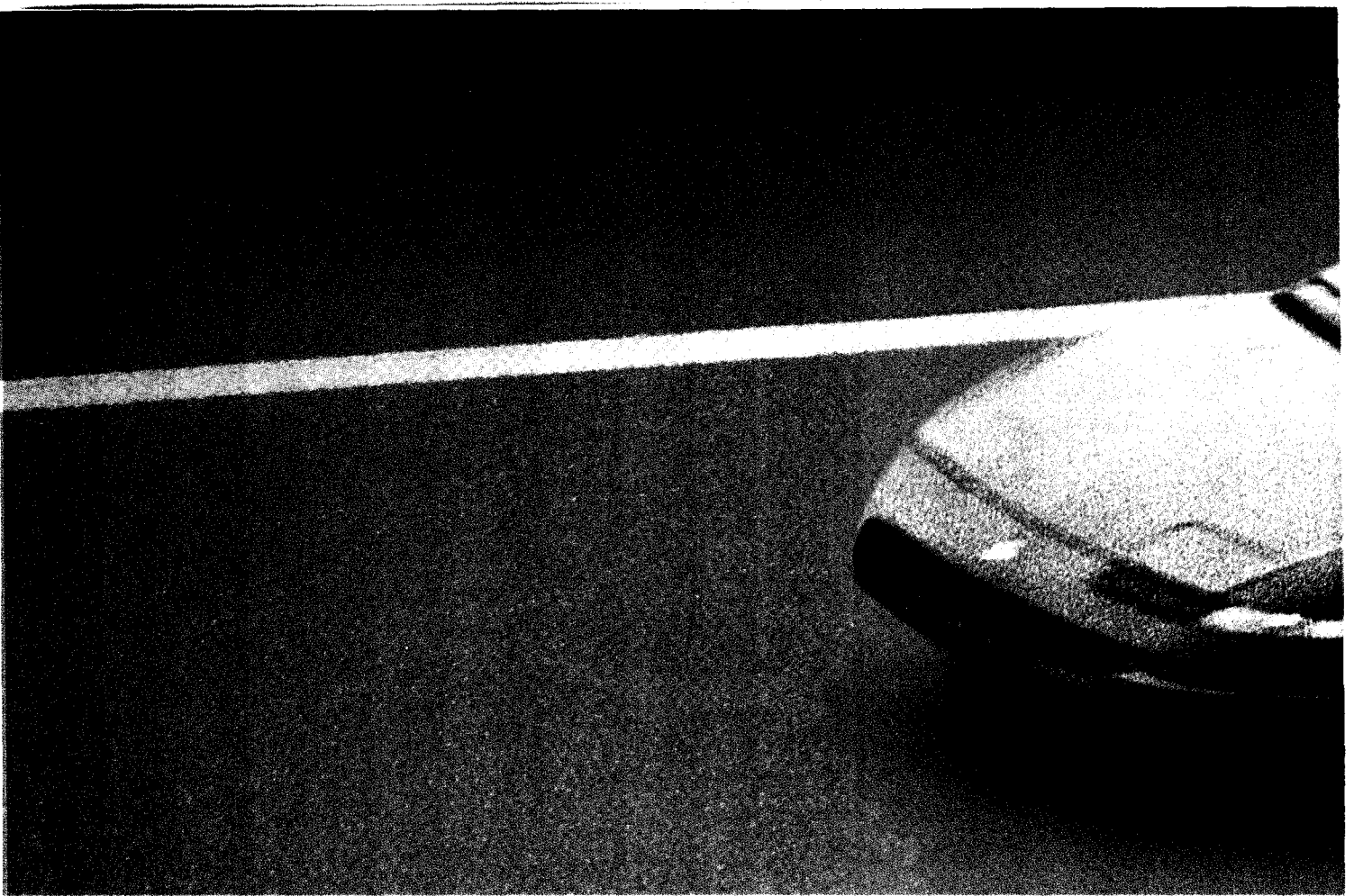
World politics is never "normal." Unwanted or unanticipated events—war, aggression, crisis, and instability—are facts of international life. The issue is how the United States should react to such events. In a balancing world, modesty in actions and aspirations should be America's foreign-policy watchword. Because few external events pose an immediate danger to the United States, it can usually afford to react deliberately to events—to wait and see if a potential threat becomes a real one. Therefore, in the post-Cold War world, instead of being the world's policeman the United States should strive to play the balancer's role—encouraging the formation of anti-hegemonic coalitions, supporting them financially (which means that Washington must first clean up its fiscal mess), assisting them logistically (for example, by transporting an ally's troops to a hot spot), but only rarely providing them with direct military aid (and then for the most part limiting it to air and naval support).

A balancer strategy would turn on a simple truth: other nations have at least as much interest in secure sea lanes, economic stability, access to raw materials, and regional stability as does the United States—and often more. The less the United States does militarily, and the less others expect it to do, the more other nations will do to help themselves. Thus a balancer strategy—the foundation of Britain's successful eighteenth- and nineteenth-century diplomacy—aims at burden-shifting, not burden-sharing; that is, at forcing others to take the primary responsibility for defending common interests. Cardinal Richelieu, the great French statesman, pointed out to Louis XIII the inherent advantages of the balancer's role: "A singular prudence" had enabled Richelieu, acting on the King's behalf, "to occupy the forces of the enemies of your state by those of your allies, putting your hand to your purse rather than your arms, and entering into open warfare only when your allies could no longer subsist alone." The Germans and Japanese clearly understand what Richelieu was talking about, even if Washington does not.

America is not bound to lead a new world order. American internationalists have never understood that because of the interlocking factors of geography, nuclear weapons, and still-impressive great-power capabilities, the United States has choices that other nations lack. Since the end of the Second World War, most recently in the



Gulf, the United States has chosen to exaggerate minor threats to its security (the 1930s analogy) and to equate its safety with the maintenance of world order. Such a policy is the prerogative of an extremely powerful nation. But this kind of foreign policy has real costs, and relative decline means that America's margin for error has narrowed. Nevertheless, U.S. foreign policy has remained wedded to outdated, faulty assumptions about the nature of international relations. The real issue facing the U.S. foreign-policy community is this: Is the Persian Gulf crisis the Cold War's final installment, or will Washington continue to be guided by the mythology of an earlier era? Before American policy can adjust to a changing world, however, American policy-makers need to adjust the way they think about world politics. The Gulf crisis is proof that old ways of thinking die hard. □



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A Short Story



What Happened to Tully

by Tom McNeal

TULLY DAVID COATES WAS A SLEEPY, SMILEY baby, “a child,” said the Coateses’ hired man a few years later, “who blinked open his eyes and believed at once in the good intentions of the world.”

For Kansas, this was a pretty speech—Tully’s folks needed a moment to respond. “A blessing,” his mother decided, and his father, habitually unwilling to agree with her, said, “More likely a curse.”

Their marriage was loud and wobbly, set loose in a farmhouse without close neighbors. Words were shouted, doors were slammed, locked, kicked open again. Tully brought out his coloring books. He hummed and colored, colored and hummed, waiting for his father to give up. Eventually his father would. He would withdraw to the barn, the tractor would pop and sputter, and once it had rumbled out of hearing, Tully’s mother would suggest a horse ride into town or down to the creek, with Tully riding up front or, later on, hanging on to her belt loops from behind while his little brother, Marlen, rode forward. If the weather was bad, she might say, “Who’s for cookies?” and they would bake a double batch with the radio on loud to oldies his mother would sometimes dance to, right there on the kitchen linoleum, twirling Tully along.

In Tully’s fifth and sixth years the house grew quieter. His mother started getting headaches, not so bad during the day, but bad always at night. Tully’s father began a course of peacemaking gestures. He took in his dishes from the table and on Sunday washed not just his but everyone else’s, too. When he went to town, he consented to buy groceries, and would throw in the makings for sundaes, which Tully’s mother loved. And he bought her the mare she’d seen for sale in Hutchinson, a big gray horse who turned out to be just as fast and trainable as Tully’s mother had said she’d be.

Still, the headaches kept up, got worse, and one morning when Tully was seven, his father, sitting unshaven at the breakfast table, told him and Marlen that their moth-

er had gone to a hospital during the night. He gave as the reason a growth in her head. A few days later he left the boys for an afternoon, and when he came back, he said, “I was up to Hutch. It’s done for good. She’s buried.”

Tully nodded but didn’t believe what he’d heard. He expected the next telephone call to explain some terrible mistake, the next car up the dirt drive to carry his mother, damaged in some minor way—winged, maybe, in some kind of shootout. But all the cars ever brought was long-faced neighbors with food in covered dishes. Nothing was the same around the place, not his father, not his brother, not his mother’s horse or garden or kitchen—they all took on the dull look of things left behind. Tully decided that his mother had been called away on a secret mission by the government and couldn’t get in touch with any of them even though she wanted to more than anything. He believed this was true even while telling himself that it was pretend.

In the spring Tully and Marlen stayed with a neighbor while their father drove through Wyoming and Nebraska, looking at land. Upon his return men began coming by the Coates place, writing checks and driving away with stock and equipment. Tully heard his father tell all these men the same thing. They were moving to an irrigated farm on the flats outside Goodnight, Nebraska.

Tully didn’t know what flats were exactly, but he liked the sound of the town’s name—it made him think of flannel sheets. He

folded a note into a bread wrapper, went down to his mother’s favorite sitting place by the creek, and tacked it to a tree. *If you can’t find us we have gone to Goodnight Nebraska,* it said.

When they pulled away from that empty farmhouse outside Arlington, Kansas, the trunk and back seat and roof of the family Dodge were packed and strapped with all the Coateses’ household goods. Three trucks fell in line behind them, each followed by a trailer, one of which carried the gray horse. Tully leaned far out the car window to look back and then held Marlen out for a view.

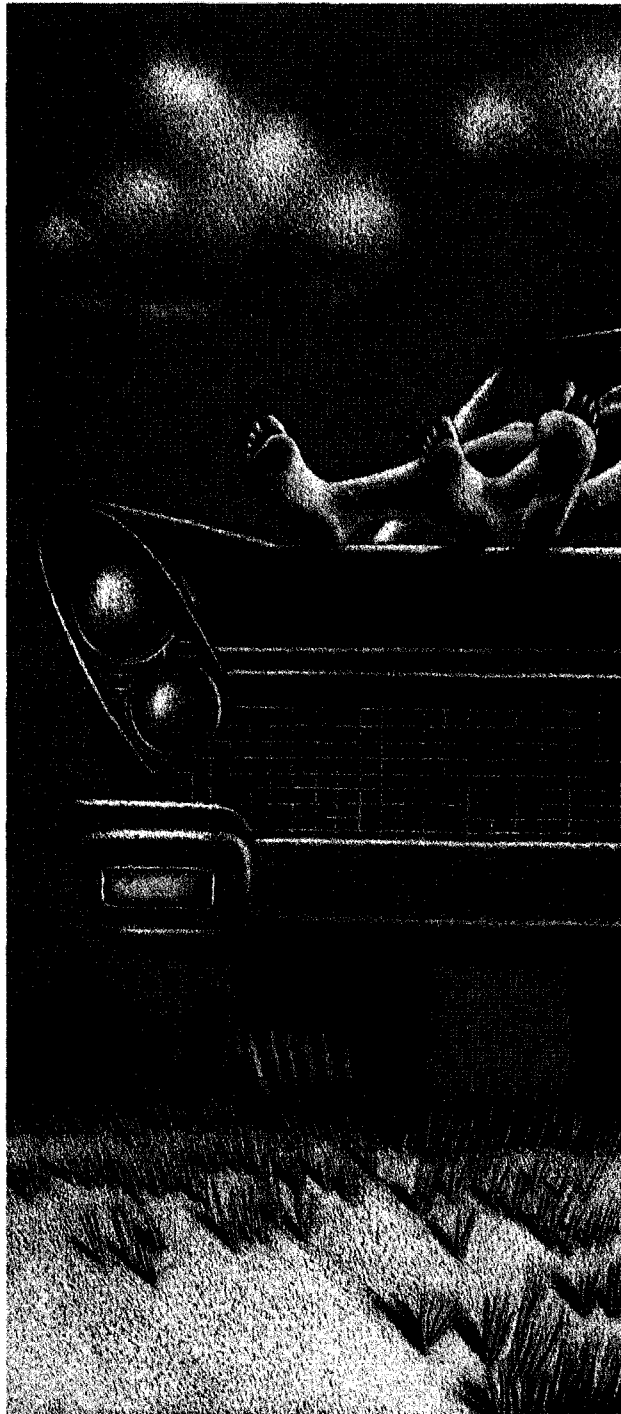
What his father had done wasn't right, he knew that, but at least it was something of his own, an act he had thought out and had completed and had taken responsibility for

"See?—it's like a circus moving!" he yelled, but Marlen pulled back and, hugging himself, began to whimper. Tully was glad when his father finally popped Marlen one and shut him up. There was no reason for whimpering. They were on an adventure, and at the end of it was going to be a new place to live. Tully poked his head out the window, stretched forward, began happily swallowing from the onrushing air. What he was feeling, though he didn't know yet what to call it, was the keen pleasure of leaving problems behind.

TIME PASSED, months, years, and these lives took hold in the flats south of Goodnight. Tully's father farmed dutifully, cooked dutifully, accepted hail, drought, and flood without a word. Marlen grew plump and sullen, seemed always to expect the worst and believe he'd gotten it. But for Tully life was different. Things came easy to Tully. Pals came easy. School and sports came easy. Judging stock, fixing machinery, and bringing in crops came easy.

Girls also came easy.

"What's the big attraction?" April Reece asked him one night in The Spur, after watching him off and on for a couple of hours. Tully had come up beside her at the bar to order himself a beer between rounds of pool, and she'd started talking. April Reece was older than Tully and known for her flashy dressing and frankness. "No, really," she said, "it's beyond me," and Tully shrugged and turned up a palm as if to say that if it was true, it was beyond him, too. He was twenty-one, loose-limbed, hair the white-blond of cornsilk, pale green eyes in a smooth, unremarkable face. "Maybe it's that car you drive," April said, and drew a smile from Tully. He was



interested in April—who wouldn't be?—but he made a point not to show it. He wandered off, played some cutthroat, gravitated back. She was wearing black—black sweater, black denims, black socks turned down over bright pink street shoes.

Tully covered the top of a dice cup, gave it a rattle, and with elaborate indifference said, "Wanna roll for a beer?" While they drank, she asked if he was still going out with the Smalley girl. "Ella and me're friends," he said agreeably, but it was less a statement of loyalty to Ella Smalley, though he had some of that, than it was a way of saying, Ask a question, get an answer. He thought of adding a truth, that Ella Smalley was *just* a friend, but he knew it would come out sounding puny. He signaled for two more beers. April liked a little tomato juice in hers. He himself couldn't stand red beer, but he liked pouring in the juice, which he did now, slowly, leaning forward to watch its color curl into the beer.

"Guess it doesn't take much to amuse you," April said, and Tully, letting his face open into a smile, said no, he guessed it didn't.

A month or so later, after sex with him on the warm, spacious hood of his old

black Lincoln Continental, parked on a flat space overlooking the Niobrara, April pulled a blanket up around her and leaned on an elbow to regard him. "Well, I think the reason some girls go for you is that you've got this nice bland face, and in just the right light a girl can make it into anything she wants. It's a face that fits right into any of about six standard happy endings girls cook up for themselves."

Tully tugged the blanket back down, and she left them out there for observation, smooth floppy breasts with nipples the width of poker chips. Tully gave one breast a

gentle lift with the back of his hand. "What six happy endings?"

April turned on her back, smiled, let her gaze float up into the night sky. "Can't remember."

Tully was amused that someone so reckless in public would be so careful with her secrets, but he didn't press. He rolled his pants into a pillow, set it between his back and the windshield, and sat up a little to bring into view the red beacon that topped a radio tower deep in the sandhills. He could also see it from his bedroom window at home; for years he had looked at it before going to sleep each night. It had been put up by the state patrol, but Tully always thought of it as something that belonged to him. It was a relay tower. By staring at it he could relay messages to anyone anywhere. To God or Abraham Lincoln or old Mr. Spence, the dog they left behind in Kansas. He told April how he used to really believe this.

A pleasant silence developed, and then April crooked a leg over his, gently took hold of his parts, and, after he'd come to life, said, "I love the way that works," which Tully figured for a lie, though a pleasing one just the same.

But April, her hand still at play, idly asked if his dating someone like Ella Smalley was a sign he meant to settle down.

Tully tried to think. "I don't know," he said finally, because he didn't. What threw him was the notion of what he *meant* to do. It suggested that planning out the next step was something people did, and the fact that he'd never given the line of his life any more thought than he might give to what crops to plant or where first to stalk his buck come fall made him feel suddenly deficient. So he was glad when April began kissing him again, sloppier even than before, but then, as things got interesting, April suddenly broke off a kiss and grabbed hold of his testicles so fiercely that Tully had to clench his teeth to keep from screaming. "Just one thing," she whispered into his ear, "and that is, if I hear of that Smalley girl or any other female for that matter winding up on this car hood with you, ever, I'm going to do something—don't ask me what—but something just to register my significant feelings about it, because this much of your life, Scout, is all mine." And Tully, in spite of his ferocious discomfort, mustered a laugh and said, "I'm paralyzed with fear," at which point April very slightly tightened her grip on him.

A month or so later, in June, Tully came in for supper and found the hood of his old Continental hanging from a cottonwood, where it had been rapped several hundred times with the ball peen hammer April still stood holding.

"Looks like it caught itself a meteor shower," Tully said. "Hoist it up there yourself?"

She nodded. "That was for Lori Hallick."

Tully worked up a smile. At least she wasn't mention-

ing Wendy Adams or Jill McIntyre. "Night has a thousand eyes," he said.

Ten days later April and her brother Ed drove the Continental, with its yellow replacement hood, into the open sandhills and used it for target practice. When she took Tully out to it that afternoon, she said, "Wendy Adams."

Tully circled the car, staring at the broken windows, taillights, and mirrors. April had let her temper take hold of her—something he believed he would never allow, a belief that produced in him now a kind of smugness he mistook for peace of mind. He grinned and said, well, the hood anyhow still looked usable. It was late afternoon, broad daylight, and April, glancing around, sliding out a grin, looked like someone who'd just caught the pleasant scent of mischief.

ELLA SMALLEY WAS A DIFFERENT STORY. SHE was tall, skinny, and not especially attentive to her appearance. Her panty hose bagged and her eyebrows lay fuzzily against the grain, which made Tully want to lick a finger and smooth them down. Every now and then her wide, liquid brown eyes would take Tully by surprise, but by and large Ella was something Tully never gave much thought to. She was just there, was all, and always had been. She was quiet, she sneaked up on you like an orphan dog, always on the fringes of things, edging in with eyes down, looking up when it was safe. Ella Smalley saw a lot of things. She'd seen Mr. B. B. Holcomb, the town attorney, put a Sheaffer fountain pen, packet and all, into his inside coat pocket and leave Lloyd's Pharmacy, paying only for a Baby Ruth. She'd seen a fully dressed Indian man sitting below the crooked bridge alongside a woman wearing just a Human League T-shirt. One night through a cracked door she'd seen an aunt in horrible silent anger jab her uncle in the chest with her long hands, moving him backward across the bedroom until he sat down on the bed. Ella had wished her uncle would fight back, and then, when he didn't, decided he deserved it after all. She had been visiting. The next morning, when her aunt had served hot cakes and bacon in her usual manner, and her uncle had eaten hungrily and told a joke about hippopotamuses, Ella had gained a fuller view of adulthood. Usually she told Tully such things while they were cruising down the highway in the Continental. She liked riding along, to the Friday stock auction in Crawford, to the John Deere agency in Chadron, to Hollstein's Pack in Rushville—anywhere with a little distance to it. She would stare out the window and then, after a time, would turn to Tully and ask some little question. Did he think Mr. Shiff's wife was really his cousin? Did he know that Marlen, on a dare from the Heiting boys, had eaten six Mrs. Smith pies on the sidewalk in front of Frmk's IGA? Then a question that came sneaking closer, eyes down. Did his father ever

laugh at *anything*? Her mother said that not being unhappy is a kind of happiness, but she didn't believe it—did he? So what had his mother been like, exactly, or did he remember?

Reckless popped into Tully's head, but that didn't sound like the right word to use for your mother. He said "glamorous" instead.

"Glamorous," Ella said carefully, as if trying to fit this piece into whatever picture she already had of Tully's mother.

Tully stared down the highway. "Well, afternoons, for example, she'd read magazines and drink peppermint schnapps while taking bubble baths that went on forever. And outside the house she always wore bright-red shoes, candy-apple red, even in church." He shook his head. "And, like on her horse. She wore these chaps, like she was living in Marlboro country or something, and she'd come flying toward you, pull up short, and toss down a look that made you feel almost privileged, like it came from a movie star or someone."

Ella nodded. Her mother had told her that a son's slant toward the mother predicted his slant toward the wife, so she let a mile or two pass and said, "What else?"

"Not much. Except when my mother died, that mare actually grieved. Wouldn't eat or look anybody in the eye for days. It was the same horse we have now. Jackie, after Jackie Kennedy. My mom was always big on famous people. Named my brother after Marlon Brando, except she misspelled it." He let out a snicker. "Just like my old man to let her."

"Name your brother that or misspell it?"

Tully laughed. "Either one, I guess."

And then Ella would be staring out the window again, letting things settle, until something else occurred to her to ask.

Tully never talked to Ella about other girlfriends, and she never asked. The closest they had come to arguing was over the car he bought to replace the shot-up Continental. It was a broad-hooded Buick LeSabre. It had over 100,000 miles on it, she pointed out. It took oil and guzzled gas. She had in mind a Plymouth Horizon they'd seen with only 60,000 on it. "That was four hundred dollars more, you seem to forget," he said mildly.

But Ella, her face flushed, said, "That doesn't matter a fraction of one little bit."

Tully thought Ella believed she had a duty to make him more wholesome. He thought his job was to make her less. So, to keep her from uttering another word about, say, the notion of charity, he might lean over and nibble at the slow white curve of her neck.

Ella was slender, didn't have much of a figure, and wouldn't let a hand under her undermost clothes, but she knew how to kiss. She kissed like there was no tomorrow. In fact, she kissed better than Lori Hallick or Wendy Adams or even April Reece when you got right down to it, if only kissing was all there was to it.

BEHIND THE COATES PLACE, ON A PLATFORM mounted at the lower end of the barn roof, there stood an apparatus that had caught April's attention: a steel drum fitted with water piping and a shower head. The stall below was floored with a wooden pallet and enclosed on three sides. By midafternoon on summer days the water in the drum would have grown pleasantly warm, and on one such afternoon Tully's father happened to lead old Jackie around the corner of the barn while Tully stood under the stream of water with April's arms locked around his neck and legs around his waist. His hands were stirrups under her hips, moving her slowly, but he stopped when his eyes met his father's.

"What?" April said.

"My old man," he said, and April followed his gaze. Tully's father was walking the old mare off toward her stable. April forced a laugh. "Guess he got an eyeful."

He had, but he hadn't. He'd averted his eyes. He'd glanced at them, and then registered his chronic mournful look with Tully and kept walking. That was his way. He'd turned his eyes from every pretty girl Tully had ever brought around the place—every one, anyway, that Tully'd had doings with, which was something his father could always somehow detect.

As his father led the mare away, Tully out of stubbornness kept April around him, and they waddled as one into the barn, laughing, and finished up sitting on a saddle blanket still laughing and, toward the end, taking straw dust deep into their lungs. They had disengaged and stopped coughing and were listening to their own breathing when something chunked against the barn siding and then chunked again.

Tully crept over and peered through a window. His father was throwing rocks, *chunk*, pause, *chunk*, pause, *chunk*. "Work!" he yelled. "There is work to do, Tully David Coates!" He grubbed up more rocks over by the fence. "Work!" he yelled. "Work! Work! Work!" The word, repeated, seemed to slip free of its meaning—for a moment Tully thought he was listening to a foreign language.

"Jesus," April whispered, suddenly behind Tully, peeking out from behind him through the window. The rocks kept coming, and April, almost to herself, said, "Guess your dad's never going to like me now."

Tully looked past his father, stared out at the blank hills and white sky, and began to fill them in with greens, blues, an orange smiley sun.

His father kept shouting words and chucking rocks.

April said, "This is like a creepy movie."

"Just wait," Tully said. "Just wait."

He knew his father would eventually stop, and eventually his father did. He walked off, got into his pickup, and drove away, and the moment he was gone, Tully and April, as if by a spell, fell into their ease. April stood in a shaft of late sun. "Sure you got to get back to work?" she said, smiling at him there in the rich golden light.

Later in his life, if he stepped into the barn when the straw was dry and the angle of the sun just right, the feeling of this moment would come flooding back to Tully, and he would stand perfectly still so as not to lose the memory of those last simple kisses.

A FEW WEEKS LATER, WHILE TULLY'S FATHER and brother were off to a farm auction, a man came driving a late-model Chrysler up the long dirt drive of the Coates place. The plates said KANSAS. The man sat in the car with the windows rolled up, while his dust caught up with him and layered down over the car's shine. Then he got out and stood looking slowly around. Tully watched all this from the window of the Quonset shop where he was working on a pump shaft, honing down a new bushing for it from one too big. He switched off the grinder and walked out with a pipe wrench dangling from his hand.

"Over here!" he called out.

The man turned the wrong way. He was a big, wide-shouldered man with a stomach sloping evenly out from his chest. He looked maybe fifty. When, finally, he turned again, he seemed startled by Tully's appearance, and was looking at him in search of someone else, or so it seemed to Tully, who found himself doing the same thing with the man. Tully smiled but didn't offer his hand. "Do I know you?"

"Oh, I don't believe so," the man said. For a fat man he had delicate wrists and hands, and he had his white shirt sleeves rolled a couple of turns to show them off. From an interior pocket he withdrew a little brass case of business cards. *Mr. McC's Restaurant Supply*, they said. *Hays, Kansas. Mal McCreedy, Prop.* The man extended his hand. "McCreedy's my name."

"Tully Coates."

At these words the man's eyes laid back a little, seemed slightly less interested. He released Tully's hand and looked around.

Tully had seen this man somewhere, he was sure of it, but in some other form—in another getup, or maybe on the TV news. Tully was right-handed. The pipe wrench was in his left. He switched it and said, "Doubt if we'd have much need of restaurant supplies."

McCreedy turned and laughed drily. "Oh, no, I suppose not. Actually, I've been asked to look into the feasibility of a restaurant along Highway 20, either in Goodnight or Rushville. Using local-raised beef and chicken." He smiled. "Paying top dollar."

Tully nodded. He was no businessman, but the idea sounded half-baked.

McCreedy stared off toward the lambs and heifers. "You raise sheep and beef." He took a second look at the heifers.

"Charolais," Tully said. "We also raise some beefalo."

The man actually pressed his hands together. "Oh,

perfect! Tourists would *love* ordering beefalo. How does it taste?"

"Above average," Tully said. He was wondering where these tourists would be coming from.

"*We?*" the man said, and when Tully looked confused, the man said, "I think you said, '*We* raise beefalo.'"

"Oh, yeah. My father, my brother, Marlen, and me. They're up to an auction looking for a truck to buy."

McCreedy took this in carefully. Then, nodding, already moving, he said, "How about showing me your operation?" Tully explained the cycle of backgrounding, summer pasture, and commercial feedlot, the average gain per day in each phase, but McCreedy didn't seem to be listening. He'd noticed the horse shed behind the barn. It was as if his whole mass tipped toward it. "You raise horses, too?"

"Just one," Tully said. Then, as they made for the shed, he said, "Thinking of serving horsemeat, too?"

The man didn't bother to laugh. He was walking faster. The mare was in her stall, poking her head out, curious. When McCreedy got to the fence, he slipped a hand into his pocket, brought it out cupped and empty, and made kissing noises. The mare ambled out, sniffed the empty hand, snorted into it. Then—and here a fat drop of sweat rolled coolly down Tully's ribs—the man cradled an arm around the mare's muzzle and let his fingers nibble at her nose and said in a crooning whisper, "Old Jackie, old Jackie, oh, old Jackie."

Tully became aware again of the pipe wrench in his hand. "Who are you?" he said, and the man, after just an instant, spun around wooden-faced. Tully had two shocks of recognition. One was that he *had* seen the man before, only he'd looked taller then, and not fat. Tully had been maybe five. The man had come to their place in Kansas and argued with his mother a long time out on the mud porch. The other thing Tully understood was that the eyes behind this man's wide, masklike face were Marlen's eyes.

"I'm—"

"I don't care who you are," Tully said, and moving forward, he tapped the mare's muzzle lightly with the pipe wrench, to move her back and the man away.

McCreedy threw his hands up in mock surrender. Tully followed him back to his sedan at arm's length, all the while staring at the spot on the man's head where his pink, big-pored scalp showed. But McCreedy evidently had no inkling, because when he got into his car and lowered the window by pushing a button, he said, "Your mother went with me to California, but I wasn't enough for her either," and then had the big car in reverse by the time Tully, dumbfounded, trotting close to the backing car, grasped what McCreedy was saying and, before he could think what to do, was swinging the pipe wrench into the driver's side of the windshield, shooting fine cracks everywhere through the glass and crazing the image of the man sitting behind it.

THE NEXT FEW days Tully slept fitfully, ate poorly, mentioned McCreedy to no one. On Saturday night, when he saw April, they drove out to Walgren Lake, where he discovered that he was a lot less interested in fooling around than she was. When she asked how come, he just shrugged. "Well, this is a scream," April said. This was a new word of hers. Everything was a scream. At first Tully had thought she might've picked it up from an old movie, but now he figured she was getting this kind of thing from her new waitressing job in Alliance, thirty miles south. She'd also begun calling everybody Slick. "Thanks, Slick," she said, for example, to Teddy Hill, whose name she knew, when they stopped off later at McCarter's Mini-Mart for snacks. They parked at the overlook and drank beer, and April tried again to get Tully's interest, but finally gave up. Tully said he guessed he just didn't feel like it. April, without hiding her annoyance, said she'd take a rain check, and Tully went home to sleep the sleep of the dead. He didn't, though. He woke up at three and lay in bed until dawn thinking up flamboyant ways of killing McCreedy, usually after looking him in the eye and saying, "It's been a scream, Slick."

It seemed to Tully that all his feelings—about his mother, his father, his own sunny life—had been pulled inside out, and the ideas released kept running around in all directions. He blamed everybody for his mother's leaving. He blamed McCreedy for being sleazy, his father for being first loud and then wimpish, his brother for being pink and obese. He blamed his mother for being bored, the farm for being boring. And he blamed himself for being pesky, for never leaving her alone, for whining



outside that locked bathroom door the whole time she took her afternoon bath.

Facing things head on was not Tully's strong suit, but one day, while cultivating beans, he came across this hard little fact: What McCreedy had told him was not a revelation. It was a confirmation, a light turned on something he'd always sensed lurking off in the dark but never allowed himself to see. So this shifted things. He was not just his father's victim but his accomplice, too.

Tully began to work longer, harder; he was surprised how often barbs, thistles, and rusty metal tore at his arms. Sex, when resumed with April, was less frequent and took an angry turn. If she cried out, Tully would loosen his hold, but only just barely. At home he couldn't stop watching his father. He became resentfully aware of the way his father let Marlen or him make the lists of the day, the way he just read them and did what was written there. Tully began adding items. Ditch field three. Fence the river field. Weld the pipe trailer. His father did them all, and never said a word.

One day, at their noon meal, Tully's father was patiently cutting his pork chop into small neat pieces, cutting up his string beans,

pouring a little milk on his potatoes, mashing them fine. So his wife left him, Tully thought. So what? So why didn't he just say she left and get on with it? Lots of people try to make a pissing post out of a person. That was bad. But it was worse when somebody swallowed it whole, made a life of it. Then it was pathetic.

Out of nowhere Marlen said, "Something gnawing on you?"

Tully started, turned. "Work," he thought to say. He made a grin. "More we do, more there is yet."

His father, still setting up his food, nodded without

looking up. He was buttering bread now, making a project of evenness. Marlen, with exaggerated surprise, said, "Do I hear Tully moaning about work? Our very own work-hard, play-hard, sleep-hard Tully?"

"Caught me at a tired moment, is all," Tully said.

Marlen took a bite of fatty meat and said in a joking voice, "What's the matter, your pecker getting all the sleep lately?"

"Fuck you, Slick," Tully said before he could catch himself, and a change came over the table. His father set his fork down, the radio weatherman talked about highs and lows within the growing zone, and the smile on Marlen's face, when it broke, was like a dawning.

IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS MARLEN SEEMED TO feed on Tully's brooding, to come slowly to life. He worked with barbells in the basement and cut down on sweets. He walked jauntily out to his tractor, whistled while pulling ticks from the dog, sang in the shower.

It won't hurt
When I fall down off this barstool . . .

Tully knew that whether brother or half-brother, he should've been happy about this change in Marlen, but he wasn't, not at all. All he heard in Marlen's voice was a McCreedylike cheeriness that just made him sourer.

"Your brother finally getting some?" April asked.

"Maybe in the ass," Tully said, and turned to April, who didn't laugh.

"You're really getting yourself an attitude," she said.

Ella put it another way. "For one full month now you've been like someone else," she said, and kept her arms folded against a little breeze. It was almost dusk. They stood near the last of her mother's garden, a few tomatoes, some soft squash. Tully sucked his molar and stared off toward a field of bleached-out vines.

"Your dad don't get those beans in soon, they'll be blowing all over the county."

After a silence Ella said, "It's like all the time I'm with somebody that looks like Tully but isn't Tully at all."

He narrowed his eyes and turned on her. "Or maybe vice versa. Maybe this is the real thing." He stared not into her eyes but just above them, at the fuzzy eyebrows. "You want to know what's got hold of me?" He wanted to tell her about McCreedy, and thought he was going to, but when he opened his mouth, he heard himself telling her instead about his father catching him and April showering together—"showering" was his one concession to her feelings. Ella turned away, and when her shoulders began to tremble, he knew she was crying. He would see later that making her cry might've been his intention, but now he said, "Ella, for chrissakes, c'mon." She turned away when he tried to face her. "Hey, you knew April and me were like that."

Ella made for the house. She stopped, though. She came back. "I know what you do. I know what you and her do. I saw you once out by the river on top of your car, both of you thinking you were something unusually wonderful, even though it looked uncomfortable to me." She caught her breath. "So that's not it. But if what's been troubling you for a month is that your father caught you and her"—here Ella both lowered and tightened her voice—"doing it, then I don't want to hear about it, because you telling me something like this means you're thinking of me as your little friend, and the one thing I'm not, you . . . *birdbrain*, is your little *friend*." She must've sensed the unserious effect of "birdbrain," because for the first time her cheeks pinkened. She moved half-running toward the yard, and then her mother—what, Tully wondered, had she heard?—held open the back door, and Ella disappeared into the lighted opening of the house.

Tully saw April the next day, and again on Thursday. On Friday she was working a new shift, serving cocktails, in Alliance, and Tully was supposed to meet buddies at The Spur in Goodnight, but he didn't have the spirit for it. He tried phoning Ella, but Mrs. Smalley was screening the calls, which, he figured, was about what he deserved for going out with a girl still living at home.

Tully wandered out behind the barn, leaned against the fence, and listened to the crickets and the shush of the river on the bridge piles. He found his point of red light in the distance. He wanted to pass on his thoughts to somebody, but didn't know who. It was cool. From somewhere beyond the water came the smell of wood-smoke, and all at once the season seemed to have turned without his noticing. Tully, to his surprise, was about to start crying, when off in the dark the old mare began nickering and fidgeting.

Tully turned. There, moving along the pens toward the mare, was the outline of his father. "Dessert!" he sang out in a soft voice and rattled a paper bag. "Didja think I'd forget?"

Tully sat quiet and watched his father dip bits of squash in a small jar of molasses and feed them one by one to the old mare. When they were gone, he carefully folded the sack flat, stroked the mare's nose, and returned to the house.

What Tully did then was nothing planned out. He just walked in, went over to where his father was reading the paper, and said, "A fat, pink-faced man named McCreedy came by about a month ago."

His father's face looked as if a window shade had suddenly snapped up, showing a version of him Tully was never meant to see, a softer, younger, scarer version. After a second or so he got the shade back down. He blinked and stared evenly at Tully. "So?"

"This McCreedy said our mother didn't die in Kansas. He said she ran off with him to California."

His father's eyes slid away. In a reciting-style voice he

said, "That is a lie. Your mother is dead." He laid the open newspaper across himself like a lap robe. "What did you tell Marlen?"

"Nothing. Not for me to tell."

"Nothing to tell," his father said, and closed his eyes.

IT WAS A BAD WINTER. IT WENT ON AND ON AND ON. Snow began in early October, and by November the downstairs windows were darkened by drifts. Blizzards came once in January and twice in March, when several calves were lost. The last blizzard was the worst. Pheasants turned into the wind and died where they stood. "Imports," said Coates, Sr.—worth noting, because in the course of the winter he all but gave up speech. He meant the pheasants weren't indigenous, had been brought in from China, couldn't cope.

He'd installed a double-drum woodstove in the Quonset, and he spent long days there repairing everything on the place that needed repair, from machinery to old chairs. The routine was slow and steady, returning something fixed and hauling off to the Quonset something broken. He never showed off his work, never looked at who was in a room. "He's like a ghost," April said one day. "Ever notice how a door doesn't make a sound when he passes through it?" Tully noticed plenty. He watched his father wearing his greasy down jacket even in the house, moving slowly from room to room, looking straight ahead with half-alive eyes. His father began to smell. Tully wished his father were one or the other, dead or alive, which he supposed was how it could get with people you were obliged to love but didn't.

Tully saw April about once a week, depending. She'd rented a place in Alliance and taken a job doing some kind of dancing. Tully didn't ask for specifics, but he could guess at its nature. He didn't see Ella. She'd once come into the bar where April danced. "She was with some farmer," April said. "It was no good, her being there. I couldn't dance at all like I like." Every night that he could Marlen went into town, where, forty pounds slimmer and in a new set of clothes, he for a time consistently drew double takes. He went to dances, he went to bars. "Call me a socializing fool," he said.

In late April the number-two and number-five alfalfa fields took a hard freeze, the block on the old Case cabless cracked, and the hydraulic on the flatbed truck began to work only sometimes. By this time Tully's father had entered a tidying phase, cleaning out the basement, his desk, the kitchen cabinets. Like Marlen, he didn't eat much, but while Marlen grew lean, Coates, Sr., just got small. He kept punching new holes in his belt—the end lolled down like the tongue of a tired dog.

April, who was driving a new Thunderbird, one night mentioned in passing that a Lebanese had married her, but strictly for immigration reasons. His name was Essa;

he worked for the railroad, in management; they lived in the same house but separate rooms; and her marriage didn't mean anything needed to change between her and Tully. One day in May he saw them coming out of Gibson Discount in Alliance. Seeing her was like seeing a high school friend dressed up as an adult in the junior play. April was wearing a pantsuit. The Lebanese was in slacks and a tie, his graying hair combed straight back, smoking a cigarette and pushing a new red rotary lawn mower across the asphalt parking lot. He looked forty. "Thirty-two," April told Tully a few days later.

On the first warm day in June, Tully's father drove into town and came back with sweets. He didn't eat his supper but afterward heated Hershey's fudge sauce and put out mountainous sundaes for all three of them, Reddi-Wip, almonds, cherries, the works. He ate slowly. When he finished his, he made himself another, and when that bowl was empty, he began on the jar of maraschino cherries. He ate them one by one. Finally the cherries were gone, and his father, running his finger into the syrup at the bottom of the jar, said, "Where's the flatbed parked at?"

The next day his father rode the old mare out to work on the truck's hydraulics, rode out carrying a wooden toolbox with a wide leather strap tacked to it for a handle—like some old-fashioned country doctor, Tully imagined. When he hadn't come back by noon, Tully went out on the ATV and found him up at the river field, smashed between the frame and lift bed of the six-ton truck filled with alfalfa silage. He was unquestionably dead. The hydraulic worked when Tully tried it, but when the bed raised, all he saw was the way the scalp had moistly torn free and the way a bolt had made a neat hole in one of the broken parts of the skull. Tully lifted the body away and laid it down in the turnrow and covered the smashed-in part of it with his shirt. He stood aside then and heaved, but nothing came up. He began to hear a sound. It was the old horse, tethered to the fence by a lunge line, tail-slapping her rump for flies.

That night, after they'd taken Coates, Sr., off on a gurney, after all the telephone calls, after two of the neighbors had come with casseroles, April ended a long silence by saying, "This'll probably sound bad, but it was almost like he was already dead. This just sort of makes it official."

Tully nodded. Her words seemed right, and yet they didn't account for how sudden the final part of the process felt. "You know," he said, "all that ice cream is probably still in him."

They were out at the porch stoop, April and Marlen sitting on it, Tully standing nearby. A mild westerly carried cottonwood fluff, the sound of buzzing electrical wires, the smell of fermenting silage. Tully could see the relay tower if he leaned a little. He wanted to pass on some word to his father, but he had the terrible feeling that he'd lost the right to believe in that sort of thing. He

leaned back and closed his eyes. His resentment of his father had slipped away—he could hardly remember what it had felt like. That didn't seem funny to him. What seemed funny was how it had been converted to taking his father as is, and that *was* funny, in two different ways: one, that the minute you took a wider view of the way your father lived was the minute you realized he was a dead man, and two, that if you'd opened up to this view sooner instead of looking askance, he might've had enough room to make a decent life in. It was all pretty disappointing.

Out of the silence Marlen said, "This is the first time in my life where I can't even begin to think right," and in that moment a feeling unlike any other Tully had ever had for Marlen welled up suddenly inside him. He reached over and laid a hand on Marlen's shoulder, began to work gently at the muscle there, felt Marlen only just slightly give himself up to it.

After another little while April stood up and said she'd like to stay longer but she had told Essa she'd be home an hour ago. Marlen stirred himself and said yeah, maybe he'd take off too. Tully went to a knoll and watched their taillights part, the Thunderbird moving west toward Highway 87 and Alliance, Marlen's big Duster heading north toward Highway 20 and Goodnight.

He walked to the tack room and took the bridle down from where his father always hung it. When he came out of the barn, somebody was there, a tall dark form, over near the cottonwood.

"Hey," he said.

"Hey," Ella said.

Tully walked toward her, talking. "How long you been here?"

"Dunno." She ducked her head. "Not that long."

He looked around. "Where'd you park?"

"Up the way. I had a feeling she might be here."

"She married an A-rab," Tully said. "Talk about funny."

Ella nodded at the bridle. "Going somewhere?"

"For a ride, yeah." He stood staring at her. "Wanna come along?"

Ella said sure, and they were walking out toward the horse shed when she stopped. "There's one thing I have to know. I have to know if your feelings for me have gone sour."

Tully gave a low laugh and said no, he didn't think they had.

The two of them headed out for the truck. They rode bareback, the old horse rolling slowly beneath them. The moon was mostly hidden, and in the dark the rolled bales in the river field looked like sleeping sheep. "I like this," Ella said. "But how come we're doing it?"

Tully didn't answer. What he meant to do was retrace this just the way it had happened, get it straight in his mind.

When they got to the truck, Tully tied up the mare

where his father had tied her. He started up the engine and tried the hydraulic. It went right up, the box tilting at forty-five degrees and holding. Tully stared at it a long time and then stepped forward to where his father had stood and, bending at the waist, leaned his head under the box. He stayed there and reached back with his left hand for the lever. It reached. It reached easy. Tully kept his hand tight around it for a second or two, thinking, and then stood up straight, stepped aside, and shot the lever back. The box slammed down fiercely, metal on metal, Tully let out a little grunt, and the truck jumped on its springs.

Tully had stood once in a circle of players up on the football field watching one of his buddies not come back to life. The silence then was like the silence now. It made loud the buzz of crickets and the blating of a ewe. It made the world too mysterious for human beings.

Finally, Ella said, "That was horrible."

Tully kept staring at the truck. What his father had done wasn't right, he knew that, but at least it was something of his own, an act he had thought out and had completed and had taken responsibility for. His.

Ella and Tully rode back the way they came, but slower, looser-reined, the old mare with her smooth, rolling walk mostly finding her own way. When they got down along the river, Tully felt Ella behind him making some adjustment to her blouse. Then she rolled up his flannel shirt. He'd almost decided he'd misguessed her intent when he suddenly felt her bare skin against his back, and Tully was caught short at how fiercely he craved every single aspect of Ella Smalley, top to bottom, inside and out, A to Z.

TULLY'S FIRSTBORN WAS A BOY. THEY NAMED him Russell, after nobody. Russell Christopher Coates. When the boy was old enough, Tully would tell him bedside tales about a kid—a pistol—named R.C., who, come to think of it, looked a lot like Russell Christopher, except R.C. was left-handed, not right. This R.C. had a soap-box that took him to fairs, rodeos, and whatnot, and got its power from no one knew where; it would just keep taking him from one interesting place to another. "R.C." was a name his pals loved to call out, because it would get up in the air and carry from county to county and sometimes on cold nights from state to state, which, Tully said, would often scare the people in South Dakota. These stories would always end with R.C.'s worries melting away like peppermints, at night while he slept, an idea Tully had gotten from a Willie Nelson song. Tully himself didn't care for peppermints, but whenever he was in Scottsbluff he stocked up from Woolworths, so that last thing each night, if Russell promised not to chew it, Tully could take a peppermint from a tin and lay it on his son's tongue before saying good night. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN AND BERTRAND RUSSELL

IT WAS OCTOBER, 1911, his *Principia Mathematica* was newly out, and Bertrand Russell, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was having his tea when a young man suddenly appeared. He introduced himself as "Loot'vig Vit'gun-shteyn." Russell replied in German, but the young man would have none of that. He had studied engineering, he said in English, but preferred the philosophy of mathematics, and had come to Cambridge expressly to hear Russell on mathematical logic.

Which he did that very day, and throughout the term. He dominated discussions and then followed Russell back to his rooms to press his case, often far into the night. "He thinks nothing empirical is knowable," Russell complained when the Austrian refused to admit, for example, that there was not a rhinoceros in the lecture room, even after Russell had checked under all the tables and chairs. But as Wittgenstein's abilities became more apparent, Russell began to view him as his natural heir in mathematical logic—"the young man one hopes for."

He was—and wasn't. Wittgenstein's intense Teutonic seriousness collided with Russell's mordant wit. When the war came, Wittgenstein enlisted in the Austrian army, ignoring the fact that his friends were on the other side. "The last few days I have thought often of Russell," he wrote from the front. "Does he still think of me?" But lonely nights on watch could be productive, and during a lull in the fighting he put the *Tractatus* on paper. He finished it just before his capture by the Italians.

The war changed Wittgenstein. A kind of logical mysticism pervaded his thinking and seeped into the *Tractatus*, as in its concluding line: "Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent." Russell did not much like the *Tractatus*, which cast doubt on some of his own work. But others did. It became a small classic, and Wittgenstein returned to Cambridge a legendary figure. He looked askance at Russell, now a socialist, atheist, and advocate of free love, writing popular books for a living. Russell's role as mentor was over. —Nancy Caldwell Sorel



A City That Likes Itself

By plan and by chance, Seattle is both urban and livable—and very agreeable for visitors, too

URBAN DESIGN

by Ellen Posner

GEOGRAPHICALLY magnificent, nestled among Puget Sound and the imposing Cascade and Olympic mountain ranges, Seattle, with its benign climate and easy access to outdoor pursuits, offers many of the same advantages as other West Coast cities.

Over the past few decades Seattle has in addition developed a formidable reputation for its ready sympathy toward and support of serious work in a variety of cultural spheres: theater, opera, performance art, dance, site-specific public works by visual artists. Only New York and Chicago have more professional theater companies; last year the Seattle Repertory Theatre received a Tony Award for outstanding

regional theater, and the Seattle Opera drew an international audience to its nearly uncut production of Prokofiev's *War and Peace*; the city's innovative multi-media Art in Public Places program has been active for nearly twenty years. Helpful, too, in generating a sophisticated image for Seattle has been a generation of entrepreneurial settlers who have taken advantage of the locally grown, produced, roasted, harvested, brewed, and cured versions of most of the things that you can think of to eat or drink, have opened shops and restaurants—and have turned Seattle into a nationally recognized culinary paradise. (See "Eating and Sleeping," following.)

Seattle's built environment, its urban character and authenticity, has also played a role in consolidating its current reputation. Although it is not a city of great individual architectural monuments, Seattle is organized around a gridded, pedestrian-oriented

(sidewalks, shop windows, trees) downtown lined with a great number of handsome brick and terra-cotta-clad office and warehouse buildings, many of which date from the late-nineteenth or the early-twentieth century. These come in a range of styles—elegantly utilitarian, Art Deco, Flemish Revival—and include completely eccentric motifs (as in the walrus heads hanging over ornate terra-cotta cartouches along the front and side of the 1917 Arctic Building, on Third Avenue). And they provide an aesthetic context that has proved strong enough, so far, to absorb some grittier elements (pawnshops, adult movie theaters, blinking signs that advertise "LIVE GIRLS") and also glossy skyscrapers, which began to be built here in the late 1960s.

The boom-and-bust cycles of Seattle's economy—which has been tied to forest products, fishing, and the manufacture of aircraft—are partly responsi-

ble for its current appearance and configuration. But Seattle has also been shaped by what appears to be an enlightened civic will—which has saved it, repeatedly, from some of the more egregious architectural and planning errors that other cities have made.

However, as the city's allure, its population, and its economy expand (Seattle's population grew from 493,846 in 1980 to 516,259 a decade later; it is the closest mainland U.S. city, port to port, to Japan; and in 1989 a national survey showed that housing prices were rising faster in Seattle than they were anywhere else in the country), there will be new decisions to be made. There is the hard-to-avoid talk of turning Seattle into a "world-class" city, with the array of new facilities that the term implies. There is the temptation to capitalize further on tourism, which is already the third largest industry here—and which, it has been said, is to the life of a city what prostitution is to love. And as the artificial threatens to overtake the real in many American cities, it is unclear whether even a city of Seattle's character can hold its own.

EMBLEMATIC of urban life in Seattle, and of its citizenry's stubborn grip, so far, on the real, is the Pike Place Market, a modest turn-of-the-century farmer's market that sits on a hill overlooking Puget Sound, just at the edge of the downtown business district. Its "humble and anonymous" (according to the nomination for its inclusion on the National Register of Historic Places) but visually various and interesting brick, concrete, and timber warehouse and shed structures, many with marquees, have accumulated as needed over the years. Inside, open stalls and tables continue to hold immense displays of fresh fish and locally grown vegetables, fruit, and flowers. These have been joined in recent years by a surge in farm products (jam, honey, cheese) and objects made by local craftspeople.

A variety of small businesses—bakeries, newsstands, hardware and shoe-repair shops, neither glamorous nor spiffy—are spread throughout the marketplace, as are old and new restaurants, in a truly democratic mix of price levels and uncannily evenly distributed views of mountains, sky, and water.

Considered by some in the 1960s to

have become outdated, unprofitable, inefficient, messy, unnecessary, and out of style—to be just taking up space where revenue-producing office and apartment towers might stand—the Pike Place Market might easily have been lost to urban-renewal efforts, for which \$40 million in federal funds had been appropriated and sat waiting. In 1971, though, a group of Seattle residents organized themselves as "Friends of the Market" and placed on a public ballot an ultimately successful initiative to preserve the market.

Unlike efforts in other cities at about the same time, which were directed at saving the shells of historic buildings and putting their insides to whatever new uses looked economically feasible (Faneuil Hall, in Boston, is one particularly unhappy example), the Seattle effort sought to preserve a neighborhood, an atmosphere, and a way of doing things.

As a result of the 1971 initiative, for example, the city established a seven-acre historic district surrounding and including the Pike Place Market. Buildings within the district are, by city ordinance, to continue to be used for "market activities," for which "small independent businesses" are cited as especially important, as is the continued perception of the market as a place where persons of "all ethnic, national, economic and social backgrounds" can mix, thereby making it "a prototype of truly cosmopolitan life." Most of the \$40 million earmarked for urban renewal was redirected to the restoration and rehabilitation of the market's simple, low-scale buildings.

The real miracle of this district, though, is the extent to which its atmosphere and character have been maintained over the years. As Jane Jacobs pointed out in *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, diversity in urban neighborhoods can swiftly be destroyed when a limited number of popular and economically successful types of businesses come to dominate—the sort of phenomenon that can be seen pretty clearly when gentrification hits.

Guidelines adopted by the Pike Place Market Historical Commission, however, specify which businesses may be housed in each of the buildings and even address "styles and methods of business operations": owners are expected to be involved in management



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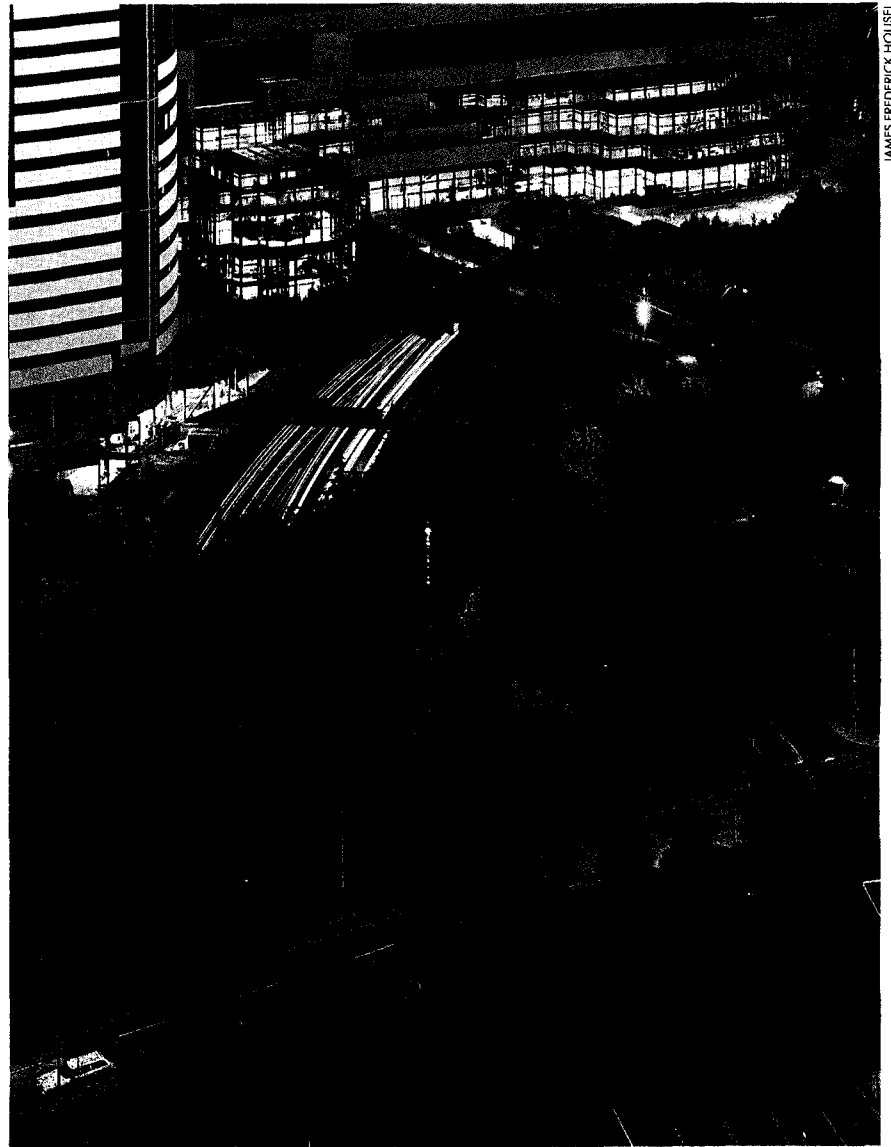
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on a daily basis, for one thing. And the commission is extremely reluctant to permit any "change of use." As one city official explained, "You can't even change a funky restaurant to a fancy restaurant." Subsidized housing for the elderly and people of low income has also been fastidiously and invisibly maintained (it has to be pointed out to a visitor), so as not to displace anyone already living in the neighborhood, and to ensure a social mix.

There have been some complaints by locals about an influx of tourists. And there has been an effort to limit the sale of logo merchandise (T-shirts) that might appeal to such an element. But anyone who wonders whether the Pike Place Market has become a quaint artifact or remains an actual destination for those who live and work nearby can take an early-morning stroll through the well-kept Main Arcade—tile floors, cast-iron columns, suspended metal lighting fixtures, dense punctuation of old and new neon signs—and observe not only the farmers beginning to arrive with their produce but also the breakfast crowds gathering, in work and business clothes, for large servings of French toast and pancakes at hangouts like the authentically time-worn Athenian Inn.

PRESERVATION and repair of the status quo have been the real strength of citizen-generated efforts in Seattle. But even the repairs have often turned out to be humane and imaginative. When, for example, Interstate 5 was built right along the easternmost edge of downtown Seattle, in the 1960s, it saved the business district, which surely would have withered if that major artery had looped around it. However, it also obliterated pedestrian routes and severed downtown from an adjacent residential neighborhood. Not long afterward a citizens' committee, demonstrating, among other things, the willingness of Seattle residents to tax themselves and to take responsibility for their environment rather than leaving it to a bureaucracy, went about identifying an agenda of urban needs. In 1968 it helped to raise \$334 million in bond issues, out of which \$65 million was designated for Seattle parks—at the time (according to one parks-department official), the second largest amount ever allocated for such a purpose in the



JAMES FREDERICK HOUSEL

The paths through trees and by waterfalls in Freeway Park, near Seattle's convention center, reunite sections of the city divided by Interstate 5

United States. Thus, by 1976 Freeway Park, an exemplary \$14 million grassy five-acre park (for which the state highway department and the federal government, among others, chipped in), with flowers, trees, shrubs, winding paths, and a multi-part water canyon, all designed by the respected San Francisco-based landscape architect Lawrence Halprin, had been constructed over Interstate 5, at Sixth Avenue and Seneca Street.

Traffic noise has been muffled by earth and plantings and the sound of moving water, pedestrian routes have been re-established, and on a summer afternoon it is even possible to find



RICK MORLEY / WEST STOCK



PHILIP ANDAL / WEST STOCK

someone reading a book on a patch of shaded lawn that just happens to be sitting on top of I-5.

The park created another opportunity: in 1984 a board of directors appointed by the governor of Washington made the interesting decision to build Seattle's first convention center in the midst of downtown, adjacent to Freeway Park, so that it would function as part of the city rather than as an anomalous way station for foreigners. And TRA, the local architecture firm that was awarded the commission, voluntarily and cooperatively echoed the colors, textures, and design elements of Halprin's park in the design of their building. The result is so persuasive that a first-time visitor might assume that the park and the convention center were built simultaneously.

Constructed more or less like a bridge over the freeway, the concrete-and-glass-clad convention center—large as it is—is not at all obvious from a distance; from Freeway Park the horizontal jogs and vertical setbacks of its green-tinted glass (which is clear from within) visually break the large structure into a conglomerate of smaller elements. And the architects oriented the building so that a span of glass at the topmost level stretches across Union Street and preserves the dramatic east-west view corridor out to Puget Sound.

The transparency of the convention center, and the continuation of colors and materials from outside to inside (the same type of board-formed concrete that appears in Freeway Park also appears inside the building), were meant to suggest to pedestrians that the convention center is as much a part of the public pathway as the park, and as much a part of repairing the damage done by the freeway. That contribution to and acknowledgment of a city's urban fabric is unusual today, particularly in projects of that scale.

THE BOND ISSUE that helped to pay for Freeway Park also included funds for reclaiming parts of the Puget Sound shoreline and turning them over to public use. One strip of that shoreline, north and west of the Pike Place Market, where excavation materials from the construction of I-5 had been dumped, was bought by the city's Department of Parks and Recreation from a private developer.

In 1976, with some simple grading, the planting of grass, trees, and shrubs, and the construction of a slender winding path along the water, Myrtle Edwards Park was created.

According to one project manager at the parks department, there was no official design concept for Myrtle Edwards Park, no master plan. Instead, "it just sort of happened," with everyone who worked on it, from engineers to landscape architects, "having the same idea." At the time, this sort of park, which is passive, simple, useful primarily to residents of the city (providing opportunities for strolling, jogging, gazing at the water), with nothing much to offer tourists, had come to be seen as a quaint—profitless—nineteenth-century notion. And meeting Elliott Bay (which leads into Puget Sound) as it does, in a bank of sturdy rock fragments that allow a visitor to sit at the edge of the park with water lapping at his or her feet, Myrtle Edwards is, in urban terms, a maverick. Yet it also takes advantage of Seattle's Art in Public Places program—which commissioned the animated boulders of a Michael Heizer sculpture that can now be found, perfectly placed, at the park's center.

Myrtle Edwards Park is, however, stranded. It sits at the lonely northern edge of Seattle's downtown shoreline and is reached from some uphill locations by wandering through highway underpasses and dashing across several lanes of traffic (no stoplights). A struggle is currently under way that will affect the park's immediate surroundings and, eventually, the entire waterfront area.

The question of what to do with derelict waterfronts (rendered so by the development of container shipping and other forms of transportation) is being addressed all over the world, from Boston to Osaka. These swaths of land, once thought of as useless and uninteresting, have been catching the eyes of real-estate developers and city officials, who see them as potential revenue generators and enhancers of tourism. As a result, waterfronts everywhere are being covered with large, upscale residential and commercial structures, with ironically named, extremely boring "festival marketplaces," and, more and more, with huge aquariums. Invitations to false fun, and forbidding (symbolically and

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physically) simulacra of other, older and denser neighborhoods, have been obliterating these once intriguing urban edges.

So far, however, Seattle's waterfront has managed to maintain its eccentric personality. It has a small aquarium and some souvenir shops, but there are also modest (in size and design) oyster bars, an active, utilitarian ferry terminal, historic piers and shed structures, and even two fish-processing plants—all of which have accumulated in an accidental, hodgepodge fashion that feels, and is, real.

IN 1988 SEATTLE voters rejected a bond issue that would have paid for the creation of a new waterfront promenade stretching across the downtown shoreline. This was a wise decision, since large-scale, all-of-a-piece

spite Seattle's fame as a place where complicated and abstract public art is welcome. As the balance between development and preservation starts to shift here (with the city growing increasingly eager to present itself to the world), stakes are getting higher for public projects like this one. The design team wound up making a few small interventions on the piers and designing a chain-link fence embedded with text by Kruger.

Meanwhile, gearing up for an anticipated bright future, the Port of Seattle began implementing plans of its own. It had been buying up shoreline property for a number of years, and had amassed a continuous 1,800-foot-long site along the waterfront north of the Pike Place Market. In 1987 the port appointed a Central Waterfront Development Panel—with representatives

ambience"—at a total cost of about \$89 million.

This plan had been presented at public meetings over the course of a year before entering the city's review process, and reportedly it did not meet with any urgent opposition. However, although private real-estate developers and architects hadn't yet been brought in to give substance and detail to the general outline and design recommendations—which called for, among other things, "creative," "exciting," "contemporary," and "distinctly different" architecture—no one with a comprehensive design vision was in charge of this extremely important intervention in a spectacular waterfront. And although the Port of Seattle has its own revenue-generating activities, which would help to pay for the project, it also shares in the county tax base. So



urban gestures tend to be pretty static. Then, in 1989, the city of Seattle and the Seattle Arts Commission pooled some resources and took a gentler and more interesting approach. They commissioned two architects, a landscape architect, and an artist—Henry Smith-Miller, Laurie Hawkinson, Nicholas Quennell, and Barbara Kruger, respectively—to create an "open space park" on two city-owned piers and, in addition, to suggest how development of these piers might be related to a larger vision of Seattle's shoreline and its connection to the rest of the city.

The enterprise began to wobble pretty quickly, though. Based in New York, and thinking of the project in abstract terms—in its layers and metaphors—the four members of the team were perceived as interlopers and know-it-alls by some city officials, de-

from real estate, law, transportation, and architecture—to help cook up a large-scale commercial-and-residential scheme. Last summer the Port Central Waterfront Project began to make its way through the city's permit process.

Represented by frighteningly banal concept drawings, the project actually called for an unfocused amalgam of uses: a set of large office buildings that would serve as a World Trade Center and an International Conference Center ("for top-level trade and governmental meetings and negotiations," which apparently hadn't taken place much in Seattle, but might), a maritime museum, shops and restaurants, "multi-income apartment housing," short-stay moorage, an important ("noble") civic space, and, somehow, the preservation of "working waterfront

residents of Seattle were likely to wind up paying for the Port Central Waterfront Project in more ways than one.

By last autumn, though, so many different groups had become opposed to so many facets of the project that the port's commissioners began to envision endless exasperating arguments and myriad little concessions that, ultimately, would eviscerate the project—which they yanked. One member of the commission then enterprisingly headed for Europe, where he met with his personal choice, the team of Debra Werblud and Filippo Camerota (a sculptor and an architect, respectively), who prepared a revised concept. With amendments and additions by the port, this was appended to the final environmental-impact statement, so that by spring of this year the permit process could resume.



At the Pike Place Market the shops, vegetable and fish stands, restaurants, and small businesses bring together a cross-section of the population

The ambitious civic space is gone; the offices are scaled down and pushed inland from the pier to protect some views (which are now expected to be enjoyed partly from the rooftop plazas designed into some of the new buildings). And the two fish-processing plants that sit in the midst of the development site, and had been banished in the earlier proposal, are expected to be retained or replaced with an equivalent facility—to provide working waterfront ambience. The buildings envisioned in the new plan may be shorter, but they're still pretty big, and may well block the city's view corridors. A three-level sky bridge (one of the great

anti-urban gestures) proposed for the northern limits of the development will make matters worse.

This low-wattage plan begins to make a brilliant, extravagant statement on Seattle's waterfront almost seem like a good idea. It would be preferable, anyway, to simply occluding the waterfront with a wall of upscale buildings intermingled with opportunities for shopping and eating. The city might want to think about starting over and casting a wide net for fresh ideas. But even if it does, a good result is not assured.

Architects who practice in Seattle point out that the pervasive democratic spirit, the feeling that you can fight city hall (and win), and the continuing reliance on consensus, all of which work so well for undertakings like the preservation of the Pike Place Market

and the repair of the I-5 rupture, also work to strangle any truly exciting new projects. For an example of what happens when urban design is undertaken as a cooperative effort, they will generally point to Westlake Center. The subject of civic debate for more than twenty years ("until," one architect says, "the citizenry was completely exhausted") before anything was built, Westlake Center turned out to be a clumsy glass-fronted indoor shopping mall developed by The Rouse Company. Set on a diagonal, it interrupts the city's street grid and comes with a barren multicolor-paved plaza that does nothing to compensate. Created to offend no one, Westlake Center was a missed opportunity. Strategically located near the city's high-profile department stores, it also serves as the downtown station for the enchantingly

futuristic Monorail, left over from Seattle's 1962 World's Fair, where some remaining buildings are used for theater, opera, symphony, and dance, and the grounds are an urban park.

ALTHOUGH THEY ARE known for demanding excellence in the environment and in the arts, Seattle residents take a curious position on architecture—appearing to be almost resistant to excellence in that art. Some of the newer office towers here are better than others, but despite a surge of building that led the citizenry to call for a ceiling on downtown growth a few years ago, hardly a single contemporary building has any real aesthetic importance.

One bright light at the moment, though, is the new downtown building for the Seattle Art Museum, which has been designed by Robert Venturi, of the Philadelphia firm Venturi, Scott Brown and Associates. To their credit, SAM's trustees (among whom are some serious art collectors) commissioned Venturi's first major museum building, selecting him even before he was awarded the commission for an extension to the National Gallery in London. Now under construction on University Street, the Seattle Art Museum is scheduled to open later this year.

When he was selected to design the museum, in 1984, Venturi, who is now sixty-six years old, was known mostly for his writing (*Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture* and, with Denise Scott Brown and Steven Izenour, *Learning From Las Vegas*) and for a few small but influential buildings, including the house he designed for his mother in Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania, in 1962. Most of these were sufficiently provocative that he could not have been considered a safe or an obvious choice to design a major public building. His demonstrated understanding of art, architecture, and cities, however, made him an inspired choice. And Seattle residents, knowing that he was the architect, demonstrated their willingness to subsidize his efforts by approving a \$29.6 million bond issue toward construction of the new building—which, ingeniously, was tied to one for nearly double that amount for maintaining integrated low-income housing throughout the city, the two issues being presented as one big "quality of life" undertaking.

This plunge into supporting first-rate, even risky, architecture comes at an important moment for Seattle—as large-scale development looms and some of the city's most stable elements come under threat. The Pike Place Market, for instance, having survived so much, in the early 1980s raised funds for the renovation of some of its buildings by entering into an agreement with a group of New York-based private investors; in 1989 those investors began to talk about refinancing and new debt and the need for the market to operate at a higher profit, which, of course, would alter its character. At about the same time, the city of Seattle, casting around for a way to make the old World's Fair site, according to a former representative of the Chamber of Commerce, "more appealing to tourists," commissioned The Walt Disney Company's Imagineers (the very same group that designs the company's theme parks, which until recently was offering its services to cities throughout the United States) to prepare a master plan for the redevelopment of that piece of land—which, at least, was not acted upon. And of course there is the waterfront.

With their city increasingly in the spotlight, Seattle residents will have to make urgent choices about how it will change, how it will look, and who it will be for. The original reason for the existence of urban environments like Seattle—that is, physical proximity for business purposes—has been pretty nearly obliterated by contemporary communications technology. And such environments' desirability will depend, increasingly, on the opportunities they can provide for casual social interaction, planned and accidental.

Cities everywhere now rush to create new attractions and gathering places, most often with an eye to luring tourists—whose own cities are busy employing the same strategies and even the same consultants. Quirky elements of cities are easily obliterated, as edges and older neighborhoods are mined for short-term profit. The controlled, suggestive, lulling nonplaces that arise instead may make little concessions by incorporating associations that once gave a particular city its identity. But the phenomenon may be self-extinguishing: if it keeps going at its current pace, we can all just stay home. □

EATING AND SLEEPING

by Corby Kummer

"PLEASE TELL everyone it rains here all the time," anyone who has lived in Seattle more than a few months begs a visitor. Each of the stream of new arrivals wants to be the last to discover the advantages of living in a city as beautiful, cosmopolitan, and untroubled as any in the country. During my recent visits so many people entreated me not to join the chorus extolling the city's "livability" that I will comply: Seattle is a nice place to visit but you wouldn't want to live there.

In fact you don't have to move to Seattle to experience its many pleasures, and if you visit in the late summer, you'll have the best chance at sunny weather and your pick of Washington's extraordinary produce. I went to Seattle last summer and this spring to try out restaurants and hotels and explore the city, and on both visits I spent a lot of time looking at signs. The city seems to define itself by them. Every new restaurant, bar, or gallery seems to have a striking neon sign. My favorite, for the Elephant Car Wash, near the Space Needle, dates from around the time of the 1962 World's Fair; the car wash is still popular. Faded wall paintings show the sixties logos of products like Sprite and Pepsi. They seem an appropriate reminder of the openness and optimism, and also the innocence, of the early sixties. This is the feeling that any visitor to Seattle takes away, and one reason that being there is so enjoyable. Even the punk adolescents, with their bleached hair and black clothes, look clean. (Although Seattle recalls the America of a slightly younger time, Seattleites now speak only half jokingly of moving to Portland, because it's like what Seattle used to be.)

Seattle is adapting trends in food, lodging, and design in its measured,

unfrenetic manner. The city is starting trends, too, as San Francisco and Berkeley did in the seventies and eighties, when the Bay Area was a magnet for young people looking for a good place to live and ways to show that they knew the good life. In Seattle those ways aren't conspicuously concerned with definition of self, as they have been in California, or with the display of money, as in New York.

In the past two years food critics, smelling something new, have journeyed to Seattle to look into Northwest cuisine. They come back stimulated but baffled, because there are so many good cooks and so much good fresh food but as yet no clear definition of the local style. Chefs don't copy each other, vying to produce the best version of a famous local dish. Each takes inspiration from various cuisines and follows his own line. Schuyler Ingle, who wrote the excellent *Northwest Bounty*, with recipes by Sharon Kramis, points out that the region is too young, and its interest in food too recent, to have established a style. Many recipes in the book are listed under the rubric "Defining a Pacific Northwest Style." Today any visitor who likes eating finds himself squarely in the middle of this experimentation, watching chefs spark off each other and their favorite cuisines, all using the plentiful local seafood, including the ubiquitous salmon in its several varieties and

many kinds of oysters; vegetables, among them many kinds of wild mushrooms and exotic salad greens; and fruits, especially berries—more kinds than most people have heard of.

This creative activity is reminiscent of the moment, ten years ago, when young American chefs discovered "American" food at

the same time they discovered the foods of other cultures, especially Mediterranean and Asian ones. Even now Seattle is carrying on a love affair with Italy, notably in the astonishing proliferation of espresso carts all over the city; and cooks pay careful attention to Asian dishes and flavors, aware

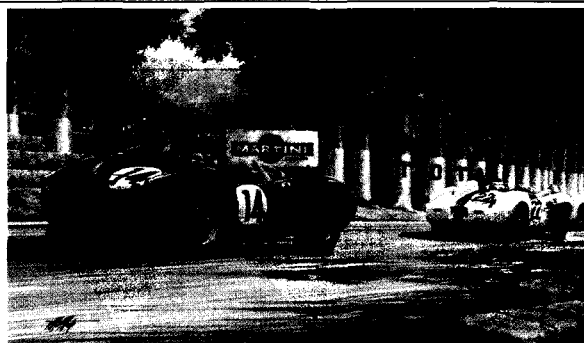


that they are on the Pacific Rim. But in Seattle the activity is calm and the scale small. The American food revolution occurred when restaurants were flourishing. Today the slow economy has closed restaurants across the country and caused a retreat into safe food. Perhaps the relatively few restaurant closings in Seattle can be explained by the lower prices people expect to pay for meals. More than \$25 a head is considered suitable only for special occasions, and meals at the very fanciest restaurants rarely come to more than \$50 a head.

THE BEST EXAMPLE of talent and eclecticism in Seattle restaurants is probably Tom Douglas, the chef-owner of the Dahlia Lounge, in a dramatic Art Deco building with Aztec touches just across from another Art Deco building, the Bon Marché department store. The Dahlia's decor, with its high walls and columns painted in Chinese red, touches of gold paint here and there, Japanese papier-mâché fish lampshades, and floral brocade upholstery, is a clue to the menu—all over the map. Douglas, a burly, freewheeling man of only thirty-two who has led the way for imaginative chefs in Seattle, is a master of Asian seasonings and textures. His Chinese noodles with red and green peppers, served as a side dish, are better than the lo mein that most Chinese restaurants serve. Douglas can't be typed, though: just as good is his jack-cheese tortilla, melting cheese in a ptery tortilla reminiscent of Arab bread and served on an ancho-chile sauce with a hot kick of chipotle pepper. His crab cakes, made from the prized sweet local Dungeness crab, are considered the best in town. The main courses are often less exciting than the appetizers, so you might want to make a meal of appetizers and the lush and very good desserts. Whatever comes with caramel sauce is worth having for the sauce, and a coconut cream pie, with lots of whipped cream and flakes of fresh coconut, can resell anyone on a dessert that is usually gooey and cloying.

Just a few blocks away is my favorite restaurant in Seattle. Campagne identifies itself with the south of France, but its location is as emphatically Seattle as any to be found: the Pike Place Market. Because so many people do

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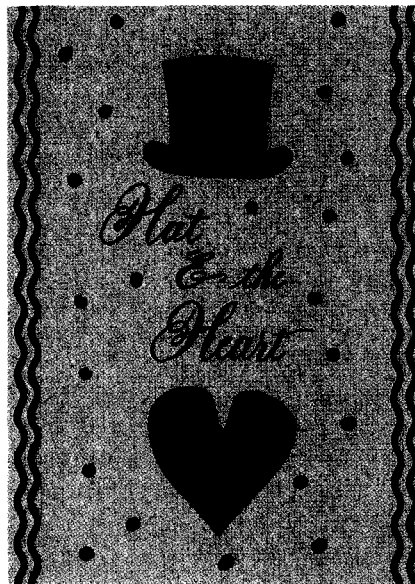
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their marketing at Pike Place, the public's knowledge of exactly what is fresh on a given day "holds the cook's feet to the fire," in the words of Alf Collins, a former restaurant critic and the publisher of *Professional AGENDA*, a newsletter on events in Seattle. Campagne is in a new building a few steps above the market, next door to Sur La Table, the best kitchen-equipment store in the country. From its windows you can see the islands of Puget Sound and the ferries steaming between them and the nearby terminal, which is adjacent to Seattle's superb aquarium. Visitors go to the aquarium in the fall to watch salmon jump up the glass-bottomed ladder. The salmon is the unofficial emblem of the city and the official one of Campagne, which features at least one salmon dish each night. I'm partial to Campagne because it's right at the market, because the restaurant and the bar, which stays open late serving light food, always feel relaxed, and because in warm weather you can eat in a brick courtyard that seems secluded in a bustling place. Tamara Murphy, the new cook, has a great respect for raw materials and for sauces, and she prepares them very well.

If you're looking for straight Pacific Rim dishes, you can go to Nikko, on the edge of the International District, south of downtown, for what some say is the city's best sushi. Near the market the logical choice is Wild Ginger, whose owners, Rick and Ann Yoder, met while studying fishery at the University of Washington and decided to open a restaurant after spending almost two years traveling around Southeast Asia. The cooks, from China and Southeast Asia, prepare dishes from Indonesia, Malaysia, Burma, Thailand, Vietnam, and various regions of China. To the credit of the cooks, the dishes don't all taste the same or even run together in memory. Most diners start with a variety of satays from the satay bar, and include at least one curry among their main dishes, since the menu offers several distinct ones: a bracing Thai curry with green chili and Siamese ginger, for instance, and a Panang curry both sweet

and pungent, with cardamom, mace, shrimp paste, lemon grass, lime peel, garlic, and coconut milk. Wild Ginger has caught on, and its mahogany booths are almost always full; it's best to go at lunch, or early or late for dinner.



Italy has established a near-colony in Pioneer Square, a restored district about a fifteen-minute walk from the Pike Place Market where Romanesque Revival buildings now house cafés and art galleries. The Grand Central Bakery, in an impressive former hotel, sells rustic Italian bread that has become a Seattle cult. The olive and walnut breads are irresistible, the soft potato loaf and sweet bread are excellent too, and the wide, flat white Como loaf is a fixture in the city's choosiest restaurants. You can order a sandwich at the bakery's lunch counter and eat it in the building's inner court or the plaza be-

French cooks, too, have been among the many foreigners Seattle has drawn. Thierry Rautureau, a highly regarded chef, serves fish at his white, cottagey restaurant, Rover's. Discriminating locals assure me that Rautureau is a skilled cook who knows when to stop; to my dismay I didn't have a chance to eat at his restaurant. Rover's is on the edge of a delightful neighborhood, Madison Park, which is near the popular Japanese Garden, at the 200-acre Arboretum. Beside the restaurant is an odd and original shop, Hat & the Heart, where you can find modern folk-art birds and Victoriana so striking that it escapes the quaint.

Best of all, across the street is Fran's Chocolates, whose handmade chocolates I find the best in America for their simplicity, depth of flavor, and restrained sweetness. The Gold Bar, an adult candy bar with chewy caramel and almonds in Belgian chocolate, has already acquired a national following; the bottled dark-chocolate and caramel sauces should too. You can order Fran's truffles and creams by mail (the telephone number is 206-322-6511), but you can taste the rich tortes and cakes only by going to the shop. I don't usually like chocolate desserts, especially not ones with butter cream. Fran's is worth an exception, and worth a trip.

VISITORS TO A fishing port usually seek dockside fish houses. The most famous is Ray's Boat-house, an extremely successful restaurant and café on several levels and terraces looking onto the water. About a twenty-minute drive from downtown, it is near Fisherman's Terminal, which was rebuilt in 1988. At Ray's I had very good alder-smoked salmon, boiled Dungeness crab, and kasu cod, which is marinated in the dark lees of saki; the fish couldn't have been fresher or of higher quality.

But my heart went to Chinook's, a restaurant right at Fisherman's Terminal. One wall of the big, open room is of glass and is just a few yards away from the docks where hundreds of small fishing boats moor; through another set of windows you can see a

WILD GINGER

ASIAN RESTAURANT & SATAY BAR

hind. For coffee afterward go across the way to Torrefazione Italia, a startlingly authentic espresso bar whose coffee, available by mail (800-827-2333), I like very much. (Most of the Italians I met there had come as designers or engineers for Boeing.)

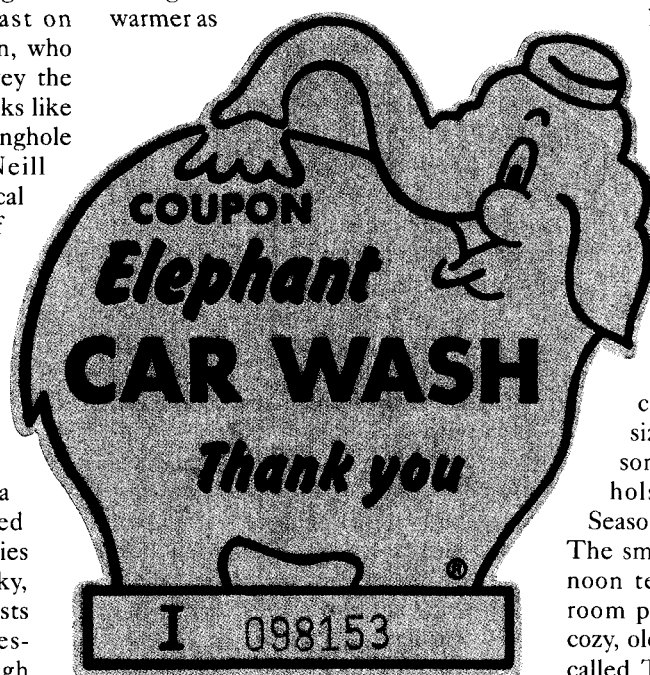
macadamized lot where fishermen mend nets stretched on stanchions. The architecture of the terminal is handsome, simple, and appropriate. So is the restaurant, with its wood-slat walls, nautical lights strung from the ceiling, high counters with stools, and band of lithographs of old fish-can labels running around the walls.

Chinook's transcends its fish-house formula by catering also to the fishermen themselves: a requirement of the restaurant's lease is that they feel comfortable there and be able to afford the food. Tourists and natives come (residents of the nearby Ballard neighborhood congregate for breakfast on weekends), but so do fishermen, who nurse mugs of coffee and survey the crowd. As a result, the place looks like a cross between a yuppie wateringhole and the set of a Eugene O'Neill play. There are all kinds of local fish and beers to choose from; of the many microbrewery beers produced in and around Seattle, Ballard Bitter is the current favorite.

At Chinook's I ate a dessert that was one of the best I've ever been served in a restaurant, because it tasted like a dream of home cooking: a wild-blackberry cobbler, packed with tiny, sharply flavored berries in a tart syrup under a thick, flaky, buttery crust. The cobbler costs twice as much as the other desserts, because of the very high price of wild blackberries, and it is on the menu year-round, because small berries can be successfully frozen. It comes to the table right from the oven.

IF YOU WANT to sleep as close to the water as Chinook's is, you can try a bed-and-breakfast on a tugboat, the *MV Challenger*, on Lake Union—something I didn't do. I did stay at a number of downtown hotels, and made sure to eat at many. Hotel restaurants here compete as innovators, as they used to in other cities until economic realities made them dull again. Among hotels the Four Seasons Olympic, in the middle of the shopping and business district, is in a class by itself—the only really grand hotel in the city, and still the focus of the local carriage trade for special-occasion meals and charity balls. The lobby is worth a visit if

you're not staying there, for its swags of leaves, fruits, and flowers, carved in the early 1920s of light-colored oak in a style reminiscent of the eighteenth-century English master Grinling Gibbons. The Four Seasons chain, which is my favorite anywhere for its combination of luxurious comfort and unpretentious but letter-perfect service, spent a fortune (\$60 million) in the early 1980s to renovate the carvings and rebuild the rooms, enlarging them considerably. Many were furnished at the time in an anonymous style in cheerless colors; the colors are slowly being made warmer as



the hotel redoes the rooms. When I stayed, the service was all I expected from the chain, and it merited the prices, which start at \$170 for a single room and \$200 for a double.

Recently a new chef arrived in the Olympic's high-ceilinged Georgian Room, a dowager of a dining room distinguished by enormous glass chandeliers, potted palms, and the same carvings around tall, arched windows. Kerry Sear, the chef, is said to draw all his dishes on paper before he cooks them, in the manner of Alain Senderens, one of the founders of nouvelle cuisine. As you can imagine, the results are nice to look at but not always interesting to eat. For example, as a garnish Sear stacks tomato slices with layers of the region's famous dried cherries, or he artistically bends thin slices of banana or blue potato, fixes

their shape in a deep fryer, and piles them on one side of a plate (Sheryl Julian, a Boston food writer, calls this trend toward stacking "vertical cuisine"). The main dish under it all is often good—for example, a perfect salmon steak with a cilantro and olive-oil sauce. And the desserts, for which whimsical and studied presentations are more appropriate, are very good. I especially liked a stack of buttery oatmeal lace cookies (more vertical cuisine) filled with lemon curd and garnished with candied lemon peel.

The Sorrento is another renovated hotel, in a 1909 brick building with Italianate touches that make it look like a typical urban hotel of the era. It sits on the slope leading to Capitol Hill, a fashionable residential area, and the back looks out over downtown and Elliott Bay. Because it was built around a circular courtyard, many of the rooms have odd angles; the architectural interest compensates for their smallish size. The rooms have the same sort of comfortable, deeply upholstered furniture as the Four Seasons, but in darker, richer tones. The small, formal lobby, where afternoon tea is served, is an octagonal room paneled in mahogany, with a cozy, old-world feel. The dining room, called The Hunt Club, also has dark wood, which with its low ceilings unfortunately makes it claustrophobic. The room is so confining that it's hard to enjoy the food of Barbara Figueroa, one of the city's star chefs.

Another star chef at a hotel restaurant is Caprial Pence, who cooks at Fullers, at the downtown Sheraton. Fullers comes out first in many city restaurant polls. Pence, a charming woman from Portland, Oregon, who trained on the East Coast, has an assured hand with seafood and meat, and almost everything that comes out of her kitchen is awfully good (well, the desserts need work). But the low-ceilinged, windowless, aggressively beige restaurant is uncomfortably formal, with big tables it's hard to talk across and heavy plush chairs that drag against the beige shag carpeting.

The Inn at the Market wins the charm prize, both for its intimate,

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country-house lobby and courtyard and for its location, just across from Campagne at the Pike Place Market, which affords views of Elliott Bay from some of the rooms (you pay more for the view). The rooms, in bleached wood and light-colored chintzes, all have small coffee brewers. These come in handy, since the room service is limited and uncertain. I'd stay there to be so close to the market. A sister hotel, the Alexis, is down the street, on the way to Pioneer Square but in a not especially interesting neighborhood. I found the rooms self-consciously up-to-date, odd in a carefully restored turn-of-the-century hotel; but they're big, and there are a number of suites with fireplaces. Rooms in both hotels start at \$145 for a single and \$165 for a double. If you stay at either hotel, you can for a fee work out at The Seattle Club, a superbly furnished health club at the Pike Place Market where everyone wears a T-shirt that means something.

On a budget, I'd stay at the Pensione Nichols. Its signboard alone, on a sidewalk at the market and showing a Moorish boy in silhouette carrying a tray with two cups of coffee, would lure me in. Lindsey Nichols, an energetic young woman whose mother owns an antiques shop on the ground floor, serves as the ever-present hostess at a true pension upstairs, where the rooms are small, clean, and simple—no closets, just pegs; no sinks or toilets in most rooms but shared bathrooms; sometimes no windows but always skylights. The feeling in the large sitting room, where breakfast is served and which has a view of Elliott Bay, is cordial and relaxed but also faintly formal, as in Europe. The prices—\$50 for a single room, \$70 for a double (breakfast included)—ensure that the pension, which Nichols plans to expand onto other floors, is fully booked in the summer.

I FORMED AN attachment to Seattle as soon as I saw the espresso carts at nearly every downtown corner and in front of most department stores. What people really drink is milk with espresso or brewed coffee with milk, in many forms—Seattle has developed an entire vocabulary for coffee drinks, based on but not equivalent to those in Italy. A "breve," for instance, isn't "short" at all but is made with steamed

half-and-half in place of milk. "Latte" has become virtually synonymous with "cup of coffee," as in, "I haven't had my second latte yet." There are many mocha and sweet drinks, most of them pretty bad. To my surprise, I did like a drink made with liquefied Frangos, the chocolate mints associated with Marshall Field, in Chicago, but originated by Frederick & Nelson, a Seattle department store. The booth outside the store serves the drink with espresso from one of the city's leading roasters, Caffè Mauro. The two Espresso Vivace carts, one downtown and one on Capitol Hill, also use Caffè Mauro, and their very skilled *baristas* can keep straight a bewildering variety of special orders.

The style setter for the city and even the nation is Starbucks, a locally based chain of specialty coffee stores, each as carefully designed as anything in Italy. They sell all kinds of brewed coffee and espresso, and many varieties and roasts of coffee beans (these are available by mail; the number is 800-445-3428). The quality of coffee is in fact a great deal better than what you get in Italy. Anyone in need of a coffee education should go from branch to branch of Starbucks.

And anyone in need of a jolt but wary of caffeine should order a shot of wheatgrass juice at the Gravity Bar, on the ground floor of the Inn at the Market (there's a larger one on Capitol Hill). One coffee retailer who has given up caffeine calls it "organic speed," and the young people behind the counter dispense it as if it were epinephrine. "Have you had any caffeine?" they demanded when I ordered a shot. "Meat? Sugar?" The wheatgrass juice, they explained, is a detoxifier, and will make you dizzy if it has to "fight with" toxins recklessly consumed earlier in the day. If you swear that you're clean, they will clip grass, grown for seven to twelve days, from a wooden flat and put it through a juicer. The juice comes in a shot glass, and by the time you get it, you wonder just what kind of drug you're paying \$1.25 a dose for. The taste is sweet, concentrated, and very fresh. I took the precaution of chatting with the attendant for a few minutes, to be sure I remained steady on my feet. When I left, I did feel energized. But it might have been knowing that I was only a few steps from the market. □

Books

The Three Ages of the Catholic Church

by Charles R. Morris

DECREES OF THE
ECUMENICAL COUNCILS
edited by Norman P. Tanner, S.J.
Sheed & Ward and Georgetown
University Press, 2 vols., \$195.00.

IT IS THE institutional character of Roman Catholicism that makes it unique among the world's great religions. Most religions have only minimal national or international organizations, which are more often debating forums or coordinating bodies than seats of real legislative or executive power. For many Protestants, the word "church" probably conjures up nothing more than their local place of worship. But the Roman Catholic Church is a worldwide institution, with an administrative apparatus that dwarfs those of most modern governments. The vast hierarchical machinery, besides supporting a far-flung network of public services, oversees a minutely detailed centralization of practice and belief that no other of the world's religions has ever achieved, or even aspired to.

The remarkable doctrinal consistency of the Church and its imposing bureaucratic superstructure are intertwined and mutually reinforcing. The term "hierarchy" itself denotes order and command. If Catholicism permitted wide latitude to individual conscience or local custom in matters of faith and morals, the necessity for many of the trappings of the Church—the phalanxes of theologians and

canon lawyers, the marriage tribunals and doctrinal committees that honeycomb the Vatican—would dissolve.

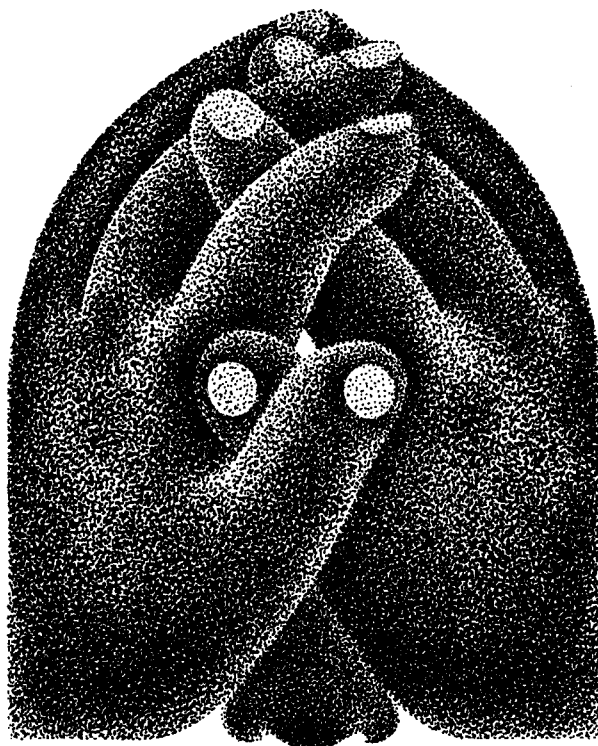
The impulse toward doctrinal uniformity dates from the very earliest days of the Church, certainly from the time when Constantine made Christianity the state religion of the Roman Empire. A.H.M. Jones, a historian of the later empire, suggests that the drive toward consistency stemmed as much from the emperors as from the Church fathers, and is of a piece with the Roman instinct for order—one empire, one religion. By the third and fourth centuries the rationalism of the Augustan period was a relic of a distant past and the empire seethed with religiosity. In a realm of polyglot, highly mobile tribes, a common religion would be a great centripetal agent.

The clergy adapted to its new official role with enthusiasm. Constantine, after all, was, as Gibbon remarked, the "prince" who "indulged their passions and promoted their interests [and] gave them security, wealth, honors, and revenge." The careful Roman historian Ammianus was already commenting sourly on

high-style living in the Church by the late fourth century. By the sixth century salaried clergy may have outnumbered civil servants, and emoluments in the better dioceses were attractive enough that some high-ranking Roman officials wangled appointments as bishops. But not all was cynicism. A number of later emperors, such as Theodosius I and Justinian, both of whom earned the sobriquet "the Great," immersed themselves in details of Church administration and doctrinal legislation with the dedication born of belief.

One of the favorite devices of emperors faced with a difficult question of doctrine was to call a council of bishops from the entire empire to settle the issue. These "ecumenical councils" gradually became the great engines of orthodoxy. In theory, at least, councils never create new doctrine but merely affirm what, presumably, has always been the Church's teaching. Since Catholic dogma rests on the twin pillars of Scripture and Tradition, the conciliar documents have become the official declarations of just what "Tradition" consists of. In the words of the editor of the present volumes, for Catholics they therefore may be "the most authoritative work in the world after the Bible."

Considering their importance, it is the more remarkable that the first authoritative one-volume collection of all the conciliar texts was published only in 1962, in preparation for the council summoned by Pope John XXIII to meet that year. The 1973 edition of that collection, incorporating the new council, has now been translated into English by the Jesuit fathers of Oxford's Campion Hall. The books are beautifully produced and include photographic reproductions of the official Latin texts and, where appropriate, the Greek, Arabic, or even Armenian texts, side by side with the English ver-



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sion. Very brief historical introductions place each council in context and touch on some of the questions of authenticity. Inevitably, in a collection of documents spanning more than 1,600 years, corrupted or lost texts are a major problem; it is not even obvious just which gatherings of the early and medieval Church actually qualify as "ecumenical." The editors of the 1973 compilation freely admitted that the final selection of twenty-one councils was a compromise that glided over a number of doubtful cases of inclusion or omission.

As also might be expected, administrative matters occupy a substantial amount of conciliar output. One constant is the struggle to maintain a celibate, or at least sexually restrained, clergy. The very first council, at Nicaea in 325, forbade any cleric "to keep a woman who had been brought in to live with him," and clerical concubinage occupied council after council in the Middle Ages. The seductions of wealth are another perennial. The council at Chalcedon (451) inveighed against using offices for "sordid gain," and the Third Lateran Council (1179) pleaded, somewhat forlornly, that archbishops should not bring "more than forty or fifty horses" when they traveled, and not demand lavish meals from their hosts.

But doctrine is the primary concern of councils, as evidenced by the pronounced clustering of gatherings. Eight councils were summoned during the late Roman Empire, eleven more in the Middle Ages, and one apiece in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The clusters reflect three great intellectual crises in the Church: the encounter of primitive Christianity with Greek philosophy; the confrontation of the medieval Church with the Renaissance and the Reformation; and, finally, the struggle against "secular humanism," beginning with a declaration of total war at the Vatican Council of 1869–1870, and ending in abject surrender at "Vatican II" in 1962–1965.

THEOLOGY WAS AN unruly business in the first millennium. Religious factions regularly took to the streets with bricks in their hands, and one contentious episcopal election in Rome, Ammianus reports, left the cathedral littered with 137 dead. At the "Robber Council," at Ephesus in 449 (omitted from this col-

lection), hooligan monks prowled the streets with clubs and swords, intimidating the disputants and terrorizing the locals. Bitter doctrinal quarrels repeatedly threatened the integrity of the empire, and when emperors, of necessity, plunged themselves into disputes on the nature of Christ, they were prone to resolve obscurities with the imperial legions. As Gibbon put it, "From the age of Constantine to that of Clovis and Theodoric, the temporal interests of both the Romans and the barbarians" turned on points of theology.

The central problem was how to square the concrete humanity of the Christ of the synoptic Gospels (that is, the chronological accounts by Matthew, Mark, and Luke) with the syncretic Neoplatonic cosmology that dominated the intellectual outlook of the era, including the viewpoints of virtually all the leading Church fathers from the second century on. Plato occupied a place in the intellectual firmament not unlike that of Newton during the Enlightenment. And just as Enlightenment divines synthesized mechanics and religion with a "clock-maker" God, the early fathers struggled to reconcile the scriptural Christ with the vision of the universe that Plato outlined in the *Timaeus*. Pagan philosopher-mystics like Plotinus (d. A.D. 270) greatly elaborated Plato's theories, and were a primary influence on Saint Augustine, the Church's greatest early theologian.

In the Platonic schema the universe arose from a transcendent One, or Absolute Good, who organized reality through the Demiurge (variously, the Noûs, or Reason, or the Logos), according to the Forms or Ideas. The Christian fathers readily translated Plato's speculations into the Trinitarian theology of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The borrowings are evident as early as the Gospel of John—"In the Beginning was the Word [*Logos* in Greek] and the Word was with God. . . ." It's not always obvious, in fact, which way the borrowings ran. It is conceivable that Plato knew of Jewish monotheism, and by the time of Christ, Philo of Alexandria and other Jews were creating a highly refined school of Hellenistic Judaism. By the second and third centuries Church fathers needed occasionally to be reminded that Plato was, after all, not a Christian saint. And by the fourth century, since Neoplatonism left consider-

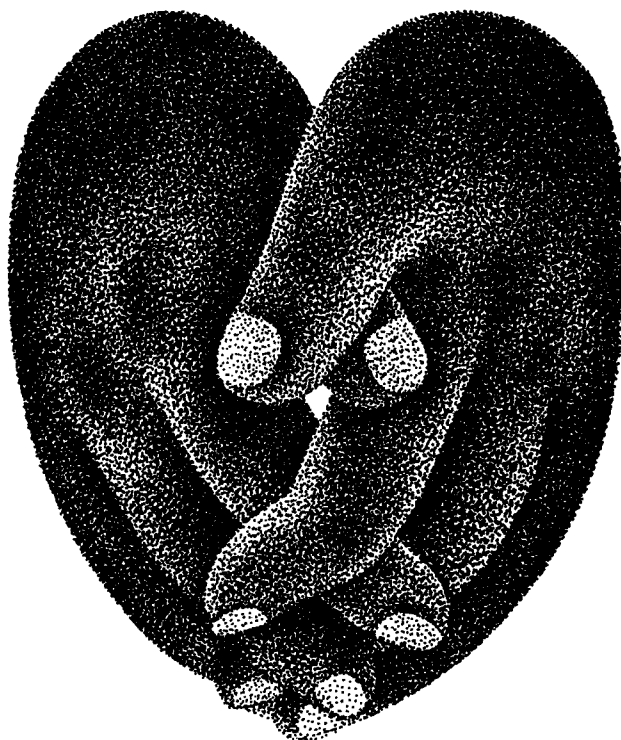
able room for the play of imagination and the Scriptures offered only the sketchiest guidance, competing Trinitarian systems abounded.

Matters came to a head when the popular cleric Arius, by all accounts a learned and holy man, was excommunicated by the bishop of Alexandria for teaching that Christ had been created by the Father. According to Arius, Christ was both divine and timeless, since his creation took place before time, but it was still possible to conceive of God the Father without Christ. (Plato's Demiurge similarly arises from the Good before time.) For reasons that will be forever obscure, the quarrel seemed to focus all the disputatious energies of the Greek-speaking world, and almost immediately

split the Eastern empire along Arian and anti-Arian lines. Constantine intervened by calling the first official ecumenical council, at Nicaea in 325. The precedent of imperial summons remained a rich source of contention for more than a thousand years.

The Emperor intended to keep firm control over the council. Nicaea was close to the imperial residence, and convenient for the bishops of the Latin West, where Arianism had made little impact. And by dispatching Ossius of Cordova, an anti-Arian, to plan the council with the Eastern bishops, Constantine presumably signaled his leanings, for Arius's supporters arrived at Nicaea in a mood to compromise. With little dissent, some 300 assembled bishops accepted the famous formula drawn up by Ossius, that Christ was, in Greek, *homoousion*, or "consubstantial," with the Father, meaning, at the very least, that the two had coexisted from all eternity. That phrase, together with some supporting language, was inserted into a much older statement of faith of unknown provenance to produce the famous Nicene Creed. (The "Nicene Creed" that is used today in the Catholic mass was actually adopted at Constantinople a half century later.)

Few of the Eastern bishops were happy with Ossius's formula; its major attraction seems to have been that the Arians liked it even less. The Eastern



prelates regarded the compromise as both vague and crude; neither the Latin language nor the Latin bishops, in the Greek view, were sufficiently subtle for really top-drawer theology. Significantly, the Latin translators of the Greek creeds at both Nicaea and Constantinople felt compelled to insert after the "consubstantial" formula the clarification "*quod Graeci dicunt homoousion*" (omitted in the English version). One measure of the confusion is that in 360 a widely attended synod of Latin bishops adopted a statement of faith only to discover that they had lapsed into Arianism, prompting much red-faced scurrying to recall and reformulate their canons.

Whether the fault lay with the *homoousion* formula, the deficiencies of language, or the frailty of human nature, Constantine's success in doctrinal diplomacy was short-lived. Arianism, in fact, found room to thrive under the *homoousion* umbrella, and was soon ascendant again in the East; at the same time, for no apparent reason, the rampaging Visigoths and Vandals also chose to fly the Arian banner. The rise and fall of Arianism's fortunes after Nicaea are mirrored in the melodramatic career of Saint Athanasius. A violent anti-Arian, he was elected to the Alexandrian see at the first crest of anti-Arianism, and for the rest of his life either presided in triumph or, as when

Constantine's son Constantius reunified the empire on an Arian platform, was in flight from imperial troops, hiding in cisterns and slave quarters.

The spores of the Arian controversy persisted through the centuries. If Christ was consubstantial with the Father, how did his humanity coexist with his divinity? Was Mary the mother of both the human and the divine Christ? Did Christ have both a human and a divine will? It took much violence, much imperial meddling, councils at Ephesus (431), Chalcedon (451), and Constantinople (553 and 680–681) and again at Nicaea (787), the hurling of countless anathemas, and perhaps a diminishing taste for cosmological speculation before these issues could be regarded

as settled—if they can be so regarded. In 1978 the Vatican reached back to the formulas of Chalcedon, 1,500 years before, to find grounds for censuring the Christological studies of Father Edward Schillebeeckx, the progressive Belgian theologian and historian. In the timeless majesty of the Church, controversies of a millennium and more ago can still rise up to bite the unwary.

ALMOST 800 YEARS passed between the last council of the old imperial era, in 787, and the last of the medieval series, the great eighteen-year council at Trent (1545–1563). For most of that time the Latin Church was cut off from Greek culture, partly because of the Islamic conquests, and partly by choice. Pope Leo III ended centuries of power-jockeying between Latins and Greeks when he placed the imperial crown on the head of Charlemagne in the year 800 and linked the fortunes of the papacy with those of the Frankish West. From that point the Church became an indispensable cog in the Western feudal machinery, supplying both the mythic frame and the organicist earth-to-sky metaphor that supported the complex system of vassal and liege and lent sacral force to the feudal oath.

The crisis that precipitated the deliberations at Trent was at root the long, slow disintegration of the feudal

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In the wake of the Gulf War, which many now believe we ended too early, Saddam Hussein and his army have inflicted the most horrible genocidal slaughter on the defenseless Kurds. But the President and Secretary Baker initially paid only cursory attention to this disaster, even though it is partly of our own doing. They are mostly fixated on the so-called "Israel-Palestinian conflict" and they are bringing renewed pressure on Israel to yield "land for peace".

What are the facts?

■ The Secretary may be handicapped by the fact that, until his recent visits, he had no real knowledge, no "feel" for the country and its unique problems. That is the more regrettable since Israel is certainly the closest (and perhaps only reliable) ally the United States has in the entire region. If he had deeper knowledge, he would realize that in the absence of any reliable and enduring peace with the Arab countries, Israel could not give up any of its strategic heartland, the so-called "West Bank". From the heights of the Judean hills, which he would have Israel yield to the Arabs, one can literally overlook Zion Square in Jerusalem, Ben Gurion Airport, and most of Israel's population centers, industrial plant, and military installations. One shivers at the thought of what would have happened to Israel if Saddam Hussein, instead of having launched his relatively innocuous Scud missiles from 450 miles away, could have positioned his armor, his planes and his missiles in the "West Bank" or on those Judean mountain ridges.

■ There are those who claim that, in these days of airplanes and missiles, territorial depth is of no military significance and that Israel should therefore not hesitate to relinquish the "West Bank" and Gaza in order to attain peace. But that is fallacious reasoning. Israel, according to the assessment of every knowledgeable military person, would be naked and indefensible if it were to yield those territories. If Israel did not control those territories it would, in case of surprise attack, be cut in half at its

narrow waist before it had time to mobilize. Why the President and Secretary Baker continue to press this suicidal course on its most reliable ally in the area is a mystery. Is it because they don't really understand the murderous intentions of the Arabs toward Israel? The goal of the Arabs is not the establishment of a "Palestinian State" on the "West Bank". No, the real goal of the Arabs, embedded in the Charter of the PLO and never repudiated, is the total annihilation of the state of Israel. The presence of the "infidel Jews" in their midst is an unacceptable affront to the Arabs. The Palestinian state is a sideshow. Its purpose is to serve as a launching pad for the last "jihad" — finally to chase the Jews into the sea "where they belong".

■ And there are those who say that Israel doesn't really need any strategic depth. All that is needed would be guarantees by the United Nations and a mutual security treaty, which the United States would probably grant if Israel were to yield to pressure and would give up the "West Bank". The United States is undoubtedly the best friend and the greatest benefactor that Israel has. But Israel simply can't afford to entrust its security to a third party. Even with the best of intentions, the United States is far away. It took our country several months, and under ideal conditions, to build up a force to fight and defeat Saddam Hussein. If Israel were attacked — not just by Iraq, but by probably five or six other Arab countries, no help could possibly arrive in time if the enemy were poised, not beyond the Jordan, but on the outskirts of Jerusalem and within a few miles of Tel Aviv.

Our country has saved both Kuwait and Saudi Arabia from total destruction and from becoming provinces of Iraq. It is therefore disappointing that the President and the Secretary of State decided to lean, not on the Arabs but on Israel in order to bring about peace in the Middle East. One could have hoped for some gratitude at least from those two countries. Secretary Baker, as a first step in his peace mission, could have asked the Arabs to terminate their state of belligerency against Israel, to end their commercial boycott against Israel that has been in effect for over 40 years (long before Israel came into the administration of the disputed territories), and to renounce the slanderous equation that "Zionism is racism". But there is no leaning on the Arabs who, just barely having escaped their annihilation, are now as insolent and as arrogant as before. By leaning on Israel and by the constant repetition of the shopworn mantra of "land for peace", the President and the Secretary of State are endangering the only democracy in that wide area of the world and are instead giving comfort to the tyrannical Arab regimes, who are no friends of ours. The pressure is being put in the wrong place and it is applied in the wrong direction.

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system. The breakaway churches in Germany and England and Luther's personalized vision of salvation were among the first stirrings of the inchoate nationalism and individualism that marked the transition to the modern era. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries a trickle of Greek learning, mostly Arabic redactions of Aristotle and Hippocrates, had touched off a remarkable but still ecclesiastically controlled burst of creativity by the much-maligned Schoolmen. By the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, however, the trickle was a flood, and common life was being desacralized. After eight centuries of political aggrandizement, a corrupt and nepotistic clergy pressed heavily on the faithful, while the Vatican's temporal ambitions clouded relations with Europe's princes. Some forty years before Trent, Pope Julius II had led troops over the walls of the imperial fortress at Mirandolo, sword in hand, and recaptured northern Italy for the papacy.

Paolo Sarpi's monumental *History of the Council of Trent*, published in 1618, maps out the council's backstage politics in malicious detail. The three popes who presided over the on-again, off-again council were all the time engaged in sharp-elbowed jostling—and occasionally outright war—with the Protestant princes of Germany, Emperor Charles V of Austria, and the Catholic but anti-papist Henry II of France. But the real problem confronting the fathers at Trent is symbolized by Sarpi's history itself. Sarpi was the archetypal Renaissance man—Galileo called him the best mathematician in Europe—and an orthodox Catholic, if a foe of a politically powerful papacy. The new Renaissance sensibility that breathes from his pages is utterly secular, utterly without awe. Helping to set Europe on the path toward secularism was furthest from Luther's intention when he challenged the Church's role as keeper of the official mystery. But when mystery is of each man's choosing, its power to compel must fade.

The fathers at Trent instinctively understood that a harsh policy of no compromise with Protestantism was the only way to preserve the Church. There had been a strong irenic wing at Rome in the years just before the council, and one of Trent's ostensible goals was to open a dialogue between Rome and the northern separatists.

But by the time the council opened, the mood was unrelentingly hard-line. There was some show of discussion with the German princes about safe conducts for Protestant representatives, but no serious effort was made until the major doctrinal debates were already over. (The Protestants were understandably wary. In 1415 the Czech Wycliffian John Hus attended the council at Constance under an imperial safe conduct and was arrested and executed for heresy.)

The debate over the Eucharist at the celebrated thirteenth session, in 1551, was in many ways the council's emotional and doctrinal centerpiece. From the earliest days of the Church it had been taken for granted that Christ was really present in the Eucharist—in effect, that the scriptural words of the Last Supper, "This is My Body. This is My Blood," were to be taken literally. It is extremely unlikely, even with the best of will, that any compromise on this point could have been reached with the Protestants, whose beliefs accommodated a range of possibilities from a purely symbolic presence to a momentary one.

But in choosing the Dominican over the Franciscan version of the Eucharistic doctrine, the council confronted Christians with a stark choice between heresy and take-it-or-leave-it formulism. The Dominican version was set out in Saint Thomas Aquinas's *Summa Theologica*, written three centuries before Trent. Thomas's great project was to reconcile Christian doctrine with human reason, most especially with the physics of Aristotle, whose works were just then filtering back into Europe from North Africa. Aristotle taught that substance comprised an indefinite "matter" that was infused with a particular "form." The "accidents"—taste, smell, color—inherited in the "substance," and distinguished individual objects. The miracle of the Eucharist was therefore an extremely economical one—the substances of bread and wine were each transformed into the substance of Christ, but retained their old accidents.

The Franciscan version dated from the fourteenth-century Englishman William of Occam, he of "Occam's razor," the great-grandfather of the empiricist philosophy of Locke and Hume. Occam warned against assuming the reality of purely mental con-

structs like matter and form. In particular, he suggested, the Aristotelian accidents, instead of inhering in a substance, are in the mind of the perceiver, a view that was coming into wide currency around the time of Trent. The Franciscans did not deny the Real Presence. They simply said it was an absolute miracle that transcended the pseudo-scientific categories of the Dominicans.

The beauty of the Franciscan position was its flexibility. The interpretation of an utterly incomprehensible miracle could be adjusted to fit changing cultural conditions. The strength of the Thomist position was its rigidity. A long list of knotty problems were now beyond debate. For example, did minute crumbs of the host that fell during Communion contain the body of Christ? Obviously, now, yes, because each was his substance. The actual debate, according to Sarpi, was both interminable and confusing—although one dissident quite reasonably asked, "If Aristotle had not made this speculation," how would we know it was necessary to salvation? But the final vote was overwhelmingly Thomist, and the language of the council's first six canons on the Eucharist is lifted right from the *Summa*.

The Church at Trent is a Church hunkering down both intellectually and spiritually. Understood as an exercise in retrenchment and consolidation, the council's output, including the celebrated catechism that was issued shortly after, is of impressive breadth and coherence. Trent laid out Catholic doctrine in detailed, bold-type, no-argument formulas. (Pietro Redondi argues ingeniously that Galileo's famous heliocentrism trial was actually an elaborate plea-bargain arranged by his Vatican friends to cover up his Occamite view of the Eucharist, a much more serious infraction.) At the same time, the fathers resolutely applied the lash to the clerical corruption and concupiscence that had caused so much disaffection. With its doctrinal ramparts refurbished and discipline restored, the Church that emerged from Trent was, in today's jargon, leaner and meaner, ready for battle over the long haul with the forces of separatism and heresy.

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**WAITING FOR THE
WEEKEND**

by Witold Rybczynski

The weekend is so ingrained in modern life that one thinks of it as having always existed. This is not, of course, the case. In a wide-ranging essay a noted social historian recounts how, during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, the fact of the weekend gradually came into being—and eventually gave rise to the *idea* of the weekend. “The institution of the weekend,” the author writes, “reflects the many unresolved contradictions in modern attitudes toward leisure. . . . We want the freedom to be leisurely, but we want it regularly, every week, like clockwork.”



**THE USES
OF SOUTH AFRICA**

by Geoffrey Wheatcroft

“South Africa” means two things at once: one is the actual country, the other is the way the country exists in the perceptions of people of various ideological persuasions. “Misunderstood,” the author writes, “South Africa has been extraordinarily useful, to just about everyone.”

have led to a series of national Christian churches, the loss of all papal influence, and the gradual demise of the hierarchical principle. It is only within our present era that the vision of Roman Catholicism laid down at Trent has once again come under sustained challenge.

PIUS IX, WHOSE reign stretched from 1846 to 1879, was the last Pope to have a Minister of War. Upon taking office, he introduced some mild political reforms in the Papal States, only to discover that mid-century was not a season for moderation. In 1848 the barricades went up throughout Europe, Mazzini appeared at the gates of Rome, and Pius, in disguise, fled to two years of exile, until French arms returned him to his see. He had had his fill of liberalism, and for the rest of his long life took up arms against the modern world in all its guises.

Pius's most famous doctrinal canonade is the “Syllabus of Errors,” issued in 1864—a condemnation of virtually the whole of the Enlightenment, including freedom of religion and freedom of speech, and ending with a ringing declaration that the Pope would never “accommodate himself to progress, liberalism, and modern civilization.” He followed up by convening a new council, the first since Trent, to meet at the Vatican in 1869. The objective was to secure the ascendancy of the conservative majority of the hierarchy, the “ultramontanes,” over the liberals, most particularly in France and America. The council centered on a single issue, the declaration of papal infallibility. As the final text put it, when the Pope “defines a doctrine concerning faith or morals to be held by the whole church . . . such definitions of the Roman pontiff are of themselves, and not by the consent of the church, irreformable.”

This was radical stuff. It had always been assumed that the Holy Spirit ensured that the dogmatic teachings of the Church were correct. But the Church's conciliar tradition suggested that correct dogma emerged from the deliberations of all the bishops of the world, including the Pope. The new dogma, some ultramontanes claimed, meant that councils were no longer necessary. To liberals, the decision-making process was as disturbing as

the final result. The bishops were kept incommunicado while the infallibility formula was debated, there were allegations of heavy political pressure, and a large minority, including most of the Americans, chose simply to leave the council before the final vote. Some Catholic intellectuals saw a pontifical coup d'état.

But the council's anathemas were powerless against the closing vise of the modern world. Even before the prelates could adjourn, the Prussian army marched on France, Napoleon III withdrew his protection from the Pope, and the Papal States lay open to Italian nationalists. Pius rallied his military for a last resistance; the fighting was brief, although there were casualties. Pius spent the rest of his life as a prisoner in the Vatican, an old man with flowing white hair, stubbornly refusing to recognize the Italian government outside his window, a worldwide symbol of resistance to all that was new and disturbing.

Pius's immediate successors continued to flail at the world. “Americanism” and “modernism” were both declared heresies. Americanists, among other offenses, espoused the separation of Church and State. (Out of deference to the increasingly powerful American hierarchy, the Vatican conceded that this heresy was mostly a problem in France.) Modernists thought that Church teachings should evolve with the times. The Church's grim digging-in was an intense embarrassment to Catholic intellectuals. In the nineteenth century the liberal Catholicism taught in the United States by Orestes Brownson, and in Europe by John Henry Newman, Félix Dupanloup, and J.J.I. Dollinger, had begun to acquire a certain cachet. But with anti-intellectualism almost a sacred dogma, Catholic liberals like Newman kept quiet and those like Dollinger apostatized.

Confounding the liberals, Pius IX's newly carapaced Church embarked on the most successful expansionist campaign since the post-Trent Counter-Reformation. Especially in America a bluff and blunt Irish hierarchy, their brows untroubled by theological complexity, created a Church secure in its dogmas and the simple, practical formulas it offered to guide the laity. Not at all paradoxically, the measure of the Church's spiritual success is the prodi-



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gious expansion of its physical plant and its accretion of vast political and financial power. But this was, of course, only a respite. By the 1950s the distance between official Catholicism and the rest of the world was rapidly widening, and the fraying of the Catholic intellectual consensus could no longer be concealed. Pope John XXIII called a new council, Vatican II, ostensibly to conclude the work of Vatican I, which had never been officially closed.

Vatican II met for four years under two popes. Its output is strikingly a document of the 1960s. One searches the sky for the Jovian thunderbolt of a single anathema, but all is serenely blue. The word "love" appears on nearly every page. Far from consigning heretics to the flames, the council has only "respect" for what is "true and holy" in other religions. The palm of brotherhood is extended to Muslims and Buddhists, even to agnostics. The Church rejoices in the "increasing . . . sense of solidarity among all peoples." It recognizes that "contemporary humanity is in the process of developing its personality"; it approves, perhaps with doubts, of private property, because it "contributes to expressing the person"; it encourages religious to dress in "the style of contemporary fashion" and priests to be trained "in accord with the principles of sound psychology." It agrees that not all men will reach "the same solutions to the more difficult problems of modern society," and humbly admits that it "does not always have a ready answer to particular questions." It gives a nod to equality for women and promises to review its teachings on birth control.

Much too late the Vatican seems to have concluded in the years since that all of this was a profound mistake. It is difficult not to sympathize. The teachings of "modern" theologians like Fathers Schillebeeckx, Hans Kung, Richard McBrien, and Charles Curran, all in the spirit of Vatican II, are notable for their temperance and humanity, for their deference to personal conscience, for their frank acceptance of the contractarian individualism of the day—no harm, no coercion, no sin. What is lacking, of course, is the clarity and assurance that the Church always provided—the sense, as an old priest put it, "that anything can be WRONG!"

Vatican foot-dragging aside, the

newer theology, in one form or another, will almost surely prevail, if it has not already. The consequences are already clear in America. In the wake of widespread rejection of Church teaching on reproduction and sexuality, according to the researches of Father Andrew Greeley, at the National Opinion Research Center, and his associates, Catholicism at the grass roots is flourishing as never before. But yet the official Church is on the verge of collapse—priests and nuns resigning in droves, vanishing vocations, empty collection boxes.

The Catholic *religion*, that is, may be separating itself from the hierarchical Catholic *Church*. A Church that for centuries has girded itself for battle with the outside world is watching its imposing parapets erode from within. If Catholics decide en masse that they are free to follow their individual consciences in matters of personal morality, modern Catholicism will become increasingly indistinguishable from modern Protestantism. If that happens, the demise of the institutional Church will inevitably follow, just as the irascible prelates who ruled for the four centuries from Trent to Vatican II most assuredly understood. □

Brief Reviews



LOVE AND EMPIRE by Erik Orsenna. *HarperCollins*, \$25.00. The empire is France from the 1880s to the 1950s. The love is that of Mr. Orsenna's first-person hero, Gabriel, for his wife, her sister, and women in general. Gabriel is short and roly-poly and proceeds from a liking for bouncing balls to a career in the rubber business, where he ultimately becomes a great expert on tires. From one angle Gabriel is that stock figure, the cautious, industrious bourgeois, but from another he is the third generation of a family of reckless romantics. Mr. Orsenna sends him, plausibly, up the Amazon, involves

him in the wild early days of car racing, entangles him (through his father, Louis, an impractical optimist) in international expositions, puts him to work in London for Charles de Gaulle, and finally tumbles him into the hectic French pullout from Vietnam. The story's episodes shift from lyrical to horrifying or from satirical to burlesque, with these elements often overlapping or transmogrifying as events proceed. Gabriel's narrative pauses while subsidiary characters interpose their own tales, or when the ménage à trois causes upheavals, or when Gabriel, an intelligent and witty man behind his teddy-bear façade, chooses to discuss politics or sex or history. The novel proceeds by loops and tangents, all well worth the reader's attention. This is a brilliantly idiosyncratic work of fiction.

LETTERS FROM THE LOST GENERATION:

Gerald and Sara Murphy and Friends edited by Linda Patterson Miller. *Rutgers*, \$27.95. Because the Murphys were rich, amusing, generously hospitable, and truly interested in art and literature, their friends included such people as Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, Dorothy Parker, Ernest Hemingway and assorted wives, and Archibald MacLeish—to name only some of the guests who came and went and exchanged affectionate letters. There is no reason to doubt that the affection was genuine on both sides, but its constant and sometimes effusive expression lends a touch of monotony to an otherwise varied and interesting group correspondence. These people were highly mobile, whisking from the Riviera to New York to Hollywood to Key West, where Hemingway reported "a good ocean—not as old as some and very rich in thoughtless fish. . . ." Katy Dos Passos, who seemingly always encountered complications in Provincetown, crammed an entire Christmas-party drunken brawl into one long sentence ending with "black eyes and broken friendships all over town. I am sure this is the fruit of Chamberlin's appeasement policy." The letters are not, of course, all fish and frolic. There were serious exchanges on writing and politics and, when the Murphys' adored younger son was dying of tuberculosis, an impressive rallying of allies. As moral support, Dorothy Parker accompanied

the Murphys to a Swiss sanatorium, and her letter to Robert Benchley about the miseries of the place and the courage and ingenuity with which the Murphys combated it is a memorable mixture of hilarity and heartbreak. Ms. Miller's edition of all this miscellaneous material is excellent. She has not only kept track of her subjects' whereabouts and activities but also provided background material drawn from other sources to elucidate those opinions and relationships that, because they were known to the recipients, are only implied in the letters. This is a fine, and unusual, collection of literary Americana.

AGAINST A PEACOCK SKY by *Monica Connell*. Viking, \$19.95. Ms. Connell is an anthropologist, but her memoir of life in a remote Nepalese village is happily devoid of kinship charts and professional argot. It is an unpretentious description of the Hindu family who rented her part of their house, and of how they worked, how they celebrated, and how they coped with their troubles. These Nepalese were very kind and very poor, bound by tradition but capable of inventive flexibility, ignorant of the modern world but resourceful in managing their own. Ms. Connell came to respect them deeply and causes the reader to share that respect.

ICELAND by *David Roberts and Jon Krakauer*. Abrams, \$39.95. Mr. Krakauer took the fine color photographs for this travel book, while Mr. Roberts provided the text. "Travel book" is perhaps not quite the right term. The collaborators share an enthusiasm for the Icelandic sagas, and their itinerary is based on the sites where events in the sagas took place. Sites—a few stones here, a fierce crag there—are all that remain to be viewed, because the medieval Icelanders built with materials that the island weather quickly obliterated. Mr. Roberts's text rambles pleasantly from history to translated poetry to summaries of the saga plots to scholarly opinions and back again. Icelandic buffs may find much in the book that is familiar. For other readers it offers a handsome, well-written introduction to a strangely beautiful country and its unique literature.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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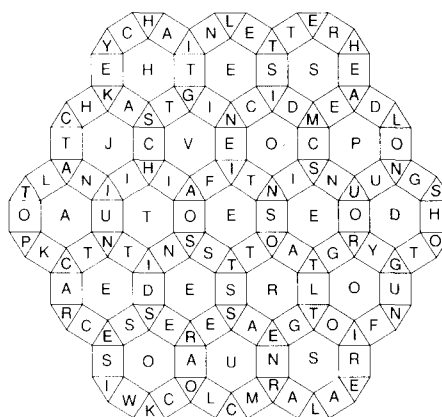
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Answers to the June Puzzler



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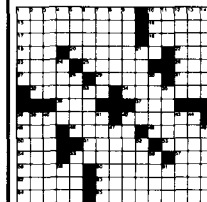
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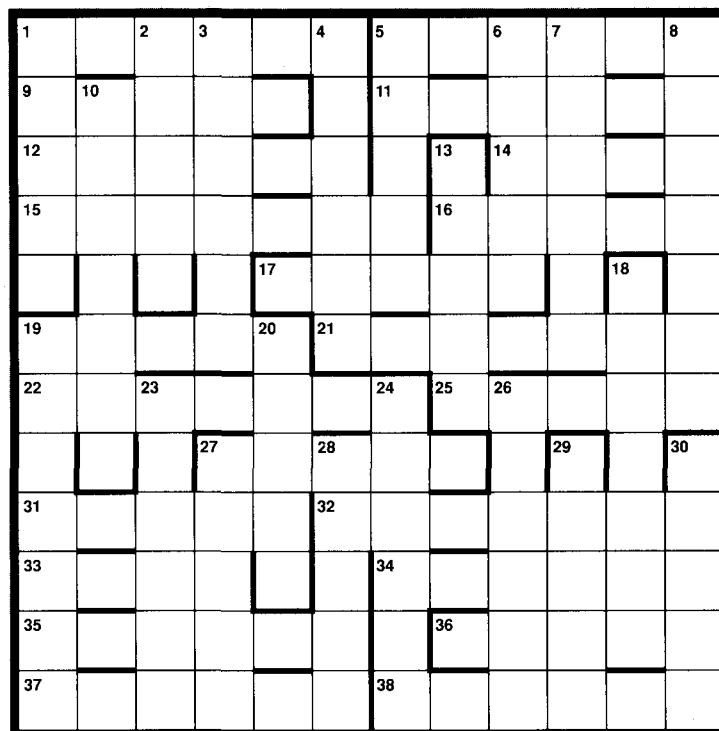
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

KANGAROOS

Twelve of this puzzle's clue answers act as kangaroos; that is, each carries an extra letter into the diagram, forming a new word there. The extra letters, which always appear *within* answer words, may be determined with the help of normal crossing entries. When the diagram is filled in, the passenger letters will be found to spell, column by column from left to right, a phrase describing what those letters do. Lengths of answers (which include four proper words) are withheld to protect the identities of the kangaroos.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 113.



ACROSS

1. Lush, bounding creature's water source
5. Evergreen shelters female marten
9. Cutting small pie
11. Give a new coat to Eva Peron, dropping on back
12. One lazily consuming piece of cake with a bite
14. Get rotary telephone
15. Put rackets back around second period
16. Temporarily deposit a garment with a hood
17. Get no credit for attending a university coded "E"
19. Enjoyable day in store
21. Plant official dividing labor
22. Hardened site in Iraq taken by one end being bombed
25. Privately provide coyote bait

27. Poet forbidden to speak
31. Finally finish off Titan of myth
32. Went ahead after skunk with wound
33. Thousands of dollars for saving last waterfowl
34. Maroon thread
35. Flower out of bed planted in row
36. The object going into Susan's apartment
37. Like having around fish oil holders?
38. In retrospect, mischievous boy on TV acted vilely

DOWN

1. Hide last of pot in window frame
2. *Flower Hour*, by a compatriot of Joyce
3. Do song about sponsors' boy
4. With tip of tongue, lick fish

5. Loving member of a noted Hollywood family, mostly
6. Sheets pulled up for pipsqueak
7. From the sound of it, Hopper expected cut
8. Quite a loss taken by bank
10. Solvent making hole in one shade
13. Promoted Spanish education
18. String along with Spielberg movie—*The Color Purple*?
19. Last bit of sodium in grinder
20. Get horseshoe out of compulsion to make ornament
23. Verne carries pint drinks
24. Doctor exploits Lebanese sect
26. Crushed under Navy's offensive football play (*two words*)
27. Foundation hosts one jazz pianist
28. A Cuban hero's pains
29. Design aircraft without tail
30. Extra notice surrounding Ike

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD HISTORIES

Etymologies derived from the files of the Dictionary of American Regional English

BY CRAIG M. CARVER

hassle

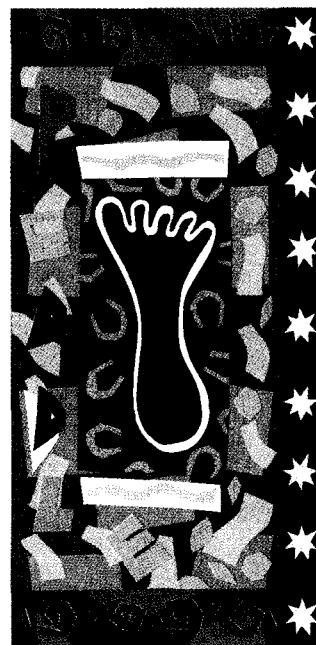
The tapes of General Manuel Noriega's prison telephone conversations which were released last December contained many cryptic exchanges, like this one between Noriega and Norma Amado, the mother of his mistress. Amado: "No, I ended up without lunch because . . ." Noriega: "Yes, yes, yes." Amado:



"Too cold . . . a *hassle*." Noriega: "Ah, uh-huh, the weather there is bad?" Amado: "Yes, yes, yes." Whether this conversation was really about large transfers of cash, as the government of Panama thought, or simply about missing lunch, Amado's use of *hassle* (a problem, difficulty, argument) shows how far afield this word has spread since it originated, probably in English and American dialect. In the southern United States to *hassle* is "to pant or breathe noisily." The English dialect version, which may be the source of the American, is *hussle*, meaning "to wheeze or breathe roughly" ("Jest listen to un how he *hussles*"—*English Dialect Dictionary*). Because heavy breathing often accompanies quarrels, this sense of the verb *hassle* may have led to the noun, meaning some form of difficulty. This latter sense first appears in the 1940s in a jazz context ("Building bands is getting to be a habit with Freddie Slack. He broke up his last few after booking *hassles*"—*Down Beat*, 1945). An alternative etymology for *hassle* holds that it is a blend of *haggle* (to wrangle or dicker) and *tussle* (a fight or scuffle).

peddle

The Senate Ethics Committee's investigation of the so-called "Keating Five"—the five senators accused of improperly intervening with regulators on behalf of Charles Keating and his Lincoln Savings and Loan—largely exonerated Senator John Glenn. But Glenn did not escape unscathed: he "exercised poor judgment," the committee concluded, though his "actions were not improper." In response Glenn wondered "whether the committee's judgment was the result of old-fashioned horse sense or old-fashioned horse-trading," and then added emphatically, "John Glenn does not *peddle* influence, period." "*Peddle* influence" is of course a permutation of "influence *peddling*" (1972), which in turn is from "influence *peddler*" (one who, for a fee, uses his connections to get contracts and favors from government officials), first recorded in 1949. *Peddle* itself might appear to derive from the Latin *pedalis* (of the foot), with reference to the walking that a *pedlar* or *peddler* does selling his wares—but in fact it does not. *Peddle* prob-



ably derives from *ped* or *pedde* (a wicker basket), the container peddlers once used to carry their goods ("Peds or Panniers carried on the backs of Horses, on which Haglers use to ride and carry their Commodities"—Thomas Fuller, *The History of the Worthies of England*, 1661). *Ped*, whose origin is unknown, yielded *pedder* (a peddler), which survives only in dialect, and then *peddler*.

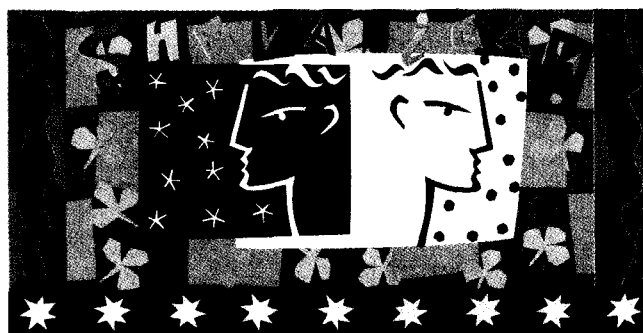
shenanigan

The 1990 census revealed that the country's largest city, New York, grew even larger during the 1980s. But the census count was not big enough for Mayor David Dinkins, who accused the Census Bureau of "statistical *shenanigans*" that masked some of the city's growth. *Shenanigan* (mischief, trickery, nonsense, foolery) seems to have, as H. L. Mencken put it, an "Irish smack" to it. The *-gan* ending, for example, looks like an Irish diminutive suffix. One proposed origin is the Irish *sionnach* (I play tricks), from *sionnach* (fox). Though the semantics

fit well enough, the Irish word is just too different in pronunciation to be a plausible origin, and the true origin is unknown. *Shenanigan* entered the American vocabulary around 1855, in California, when it appeared in the small San Fran-

cisco newspaper *Town Talk* ("Are you quite sure? No *shenanigan*?"). The California pedigree has led at least one etymologist to look for an origin in American Spanish. An 1887 poster advertising a land sale at Palomar, in Los Angeles

County, suggests one possibility: "Grand Railroad Excursion and Genuine AUCTION SALE! NO CHENANEKIN!!!" In Mexican Spanish *chanada* is a shortened form of *charranada* (a trick played on someone for the sake of mere diversion). Another educated guess seeks the origin in the German slang *schinägeln* (to work or toil, especially under strain). Proponents of the *schinägeln* theory claim that because hard labor is often done without enthusiasm, the worker striving mainly to give the impression of activity, a sense of trickery may develop. Admittedly, this explanation itself seems to toil under strain.



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